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THE

PLAYS

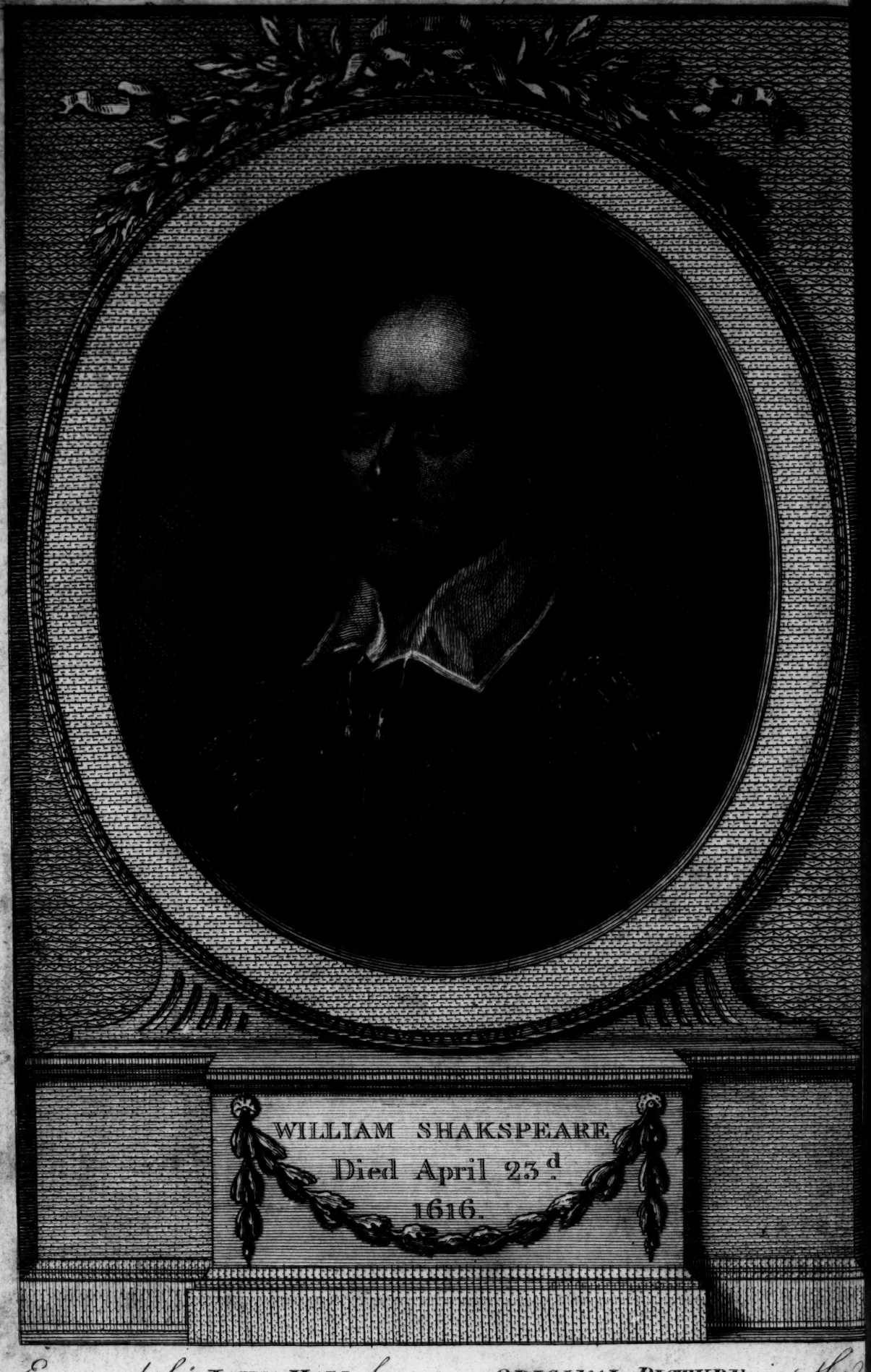
OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING

PREFACES, &c.
The TEMPEST.
The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.
The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.



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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES by SAMUEL JOHNSON

AND

GEORGE STEEVENS.

THE THIRD EDITION,

REVISED AND AUGMENTED BY THE EDITOR OF

DODSLEY's COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ.
Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ÆVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUZIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.
Virgil.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS, T. PAYNE and SON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE and SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, T. BOWLES, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, J. ROBSON, G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, H. L. GARDNER, J. NICHOLS, J. BEW, W. STUART, R. BALDWIN, J. MURRAY, A. STRAHAN, T. VERNOR, J. BARKER, W. LOWNDES, S. HAYES, G. and T. WILKIE, SCATCHERD and WHITAKER, T. and J. EGERTON, W. FOX, and E. NEWBERY.

MDCC LXXXV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE WORKS of SHAKSPEARE, during the laſt twenty years, have been the objects of publick attention more than at any former period. In that time the various editions of his performances have been examined, his obſcurities illuminated, his defects pointed out, and his beauties diſplayed, ſo fully, ſo accurately, and in ſo ſatisfactory a manner, that it might reaſonably be preſumed little would remain to be done by either new Editors or new Commentators: yet though the diligence and ſagacity of thoſe gentlemen who contributed towards the laſt Edition of this Author may ſeem to have almoſt exhauſted the ſubject, the ſame train of enquiry has brought to light new diſcoveries, and accident will probably continue to produce further illuſtrations, which may render ſome alterations neceſſary in every ſucceeding republication.

Since the laſt Edition of this Work in 1778, the zeal for elucidating Shakſpeare, which appeared in moſt of the gentlemen whoſe names

are affixed to the notes, has ſuffered little abatement. The ſame perſevering ſpirit of enquiry has continued to exert itſelf, and the ſame laborious ſearch into the literature, the manners, and the cuſtoms of the times, which was formerly ſo ſucceſsfully employed, has remained undiminiſhed. By theſe aids ſome new information has been obtained, and ſome new materials collected. From the aſſiſtance of ſuch writers, even Shakſpeare will receive no diſcredit.

When the very great and various talents of the laſt Editor, particularly for this Work, are conſidered, it will occaſion much regret to find, that having ſuperintended two Editions of his favourite Author through the preſs, he has at length declined the laborious office, and committed the care of the preſent Edition to one who laments with the reſt of the world the ſeceſſion of his predeceſſor; being conſcious, as well of his own inferiority, as of the injury the publication will ſuſtain by the change.

As ſome alterations have been made in the preſent Edition, it may be thought neceſſary to point them out. Theſe are of two kinds, additions and omiſſions. The additions are ſuch as have been ſupplied by the laſt Editor, and the principal of the living Commentators. To mention theſe aſſiſtances, is ſufficient to excite expectation; but to ſpeak any thing in their praiſe will be ſuperfluous to thoſe who are acquainted with their former labours.

Some

Some remarks are alſo added from new Commentators, and ſome notices extracted from books which have been publiſhed in the courſe of a few years paſt.

Of the omiſſions, the moſt important are ſome notes which have been demonſtrated to be ill founded, and ſome which were ſuppoſed to add to the ſize of the volumes without increaſing their value. It may probably have happened that a few are rejected which ought to have been retained; and in that caſe the preſent Editor, who has been the occaſion of their removal, will feel ſome concern from the injuſtice of his proceeding. He is however inclined to believe that what he has omitted will be pardoned by the Reader; and that the liberty which he has taken will not be thought to have been licentiouſly indulged. In all events, that the cenſure may fall where it ought, he deſires it to be underſtood that no perſon is anſwerable for any of theſe innovations but himſelf.

It has been obſerved by the laſt Editor, that the multitude of inſtances which have been produced to exemplify particular words, and explain obſolete cuſtoms, may, when the point is once known to be eſtabliſhed, be diminiſhed by any future Editor, and, in conformity to this opinion, ſeveral quotations, which were heretofore properly introduced, are now curtailed. Were an apology required on this occaſion, the

preſent Editor might ſhelter himſelf under the authority of Prior, who long ago has ſaid,

That when one's proofs are aptly choſen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.

The preſent Editor thinks it unneceſſary to ſay any thing of his own ſhare in the Work, except that he undertook it in conſequence of an application which was too flattering and too honourable to him to decline. He mentions this only to have it known that he did not intrude himſelf into the ſituation. He is not inſenſible, that the taſk would have been better executed by many other gentlemen, and particularly by ſome whoſe names appear to the notes. He has added but little to the bulk of the volumes from his own obſervations, having, upon every occaſion, rather choſen to avoid a note, than to court the opportunity of inſerting one. The liberty he has taken of omitting ſome remarks, he is confident, has been exerciſed without prejudice and without partiality; and therefore, truſting to the candour and indulgence of the public, will forbear to detain them any longer from the entertainment they may receive from the greateſt Poet of this or any other nation.

Nov. 10, 1785.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THAT praiſes are without reaſon laviſhed on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by thoſe, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the hereſies of paradox; or thoſe, who, being forced by diſappointment upon conſolatory expedients, are willing to hope from poſterity what the preſent age refuſes, and flatter themſelves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at laſt beſtowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour paſt than preſent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the ſhades of age, as the eye ſurveys the ſun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticiſm is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we eſtimate his powers by his worſt performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not abſolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raiſed upon principles demonſtrative and ſcientifick, but appealing wholly to obſervation and experience, no other teſt can be applied than length of duration and continuance of eſteem. What mankind have long poſſeſſed they have often examined and compared; and if they perſiſt to value the poſſeſſion, it is becauſe frequent compariſons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; ſo, in the productions of genius, nothing can be ſtyled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the ſame kind. Demonſtration immediately diſplays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental muſt be eſtimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is diſcovered in a long ſucceſſion of endeavours. Of the firſt building that was raiſed, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or ſquare; but whether it was ſpacious or lofty muſt have been referred to time. The Pythagorean ſcale of numbers was at once diſcovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to tranſcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than tranſpoſe his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphraſe his ſentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long ſubſiſted ariſes therefore not from any credulous confidence in the ſuperior wiſdom of paſt ages, or gloomy perſuaſion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable poſitions, that what has been longeſt known has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame and preſcriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſions, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topick of merriment, or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhips and his enmities has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as pleaſure is obtained; yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſion, they have paſt through variations of taſte and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakſpeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common ſatiety of life ſends us all in queſt; but the pleaſures of ſudden wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the mind can only repoſe on the ſtability of truth.

Shakſpeare is, above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual;

individual; in thoſe of Shakſpeare it is commonly a ſpecies.

It is from this wide extenſion of deſign that ſo much inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakſpeare with practical axioms and domeſtick wiſdom. It was ſaid of Euripides, that every verſe was a precept; and it may be ſaid of Shakſpeare, that from his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not ſhewn in the ſplendor of particular paſſages, but by the progreſs of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect quotations, will ſucceed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his houſe to ſale, carried a brick in his pocket as a ſpecimen.

It will not eaſily be imagined how much Shakſpeare excels in accommodating his ſentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was obſerved of the ancient ſchools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the ſtudent diſqualified for the world, becauſe he found nothing there which he ſhould ever meet in any other place. The ſame remark may be applied to every ſtage but that of Shakſpeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by ſuch characters as were never ſeen, converſing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never ariſe in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often ſo evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is purſued with ſo much eaſe and ſimplicity, that it

ſeems ſcarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent ſelection out of common converſation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other ſtage the univerſal agent is love, by whoſe power all good and evil is diſtributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppoſitions of intereſt, and harraſs them with violence of deſires inconſiſtent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyberbolical joy and outrageous ſorrow; to diſtreſs them as nothing human ever was diſtreſſed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the buſineſs of a modern dramatiſt. For this, probability is violated, life is miſrepreſented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many paſſions; and as it has no great influence upon the ſum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he ſaw before him. He knew that any other paſſion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cauſe of happineſs or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not eaſily diſcriminated and preſerved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his perſonages more diſtinct from each other. I will not ſay with Pope, that every ſpeech may be aſſigned to the proper ſpeaker, becauſe many ſpeeches there are which have nothing characteriſtical; but, perhaps, though ſome may be equally adapted to every perſon, it will be difficult to find any that can

be

be properly transferred from the preſent poſſeſſor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reaſon for choice.

Other dramatiſts can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that ſhould form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakſpeare has no heroes; his ſcenes are occupied only by men, who act and ſpeak as the reader thinks that he ſhould himſelf have ſpoken or acted on the ſame occaſion: even where the agency is ſupernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers diſguiſe the moſt natural paſſions and moſt frequent incidents; ſo that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakſpeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he repreſents will not happen, but, if it were poſſible, its effects would probably be ſuch as he has aſſigned; and it may be ſaid, that he has not only ſhewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be expoſed.

This therefore is the praiſe of Shakſpeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raiſe up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecſtaſies, by reading human ſentiments in human language, by ſcenes from which a

hermit may eſtimate the tranſactions of the world, and a confeſſor predict the progreſs of the paſſions.

His adherence to general nature has expoſed him to the cenſure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not ſufficiently Roman; and Voltaire cenſures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a ſenator of Rome, ſhould play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Daniſh uſurper is repreſented as a drunkard. But Shakſpeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and, if he preſerves the eſſential character, is not very careful of diſtinctions ſuperinduced and adventitious. His ſtory requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all diſpoſitions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the ſenate-houſe for that which the ſenate-houſe would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to ſhew an uſurper and a murderer not only odious, but deſpicable; he therefore added drunkenneſs to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. Theſe are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the caſual diſtinction of country and condition, as a painter, ſatisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The cenſure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick ſcenes, as it extends to all his works, deſerves more conſideration. Let the fact be firſt ſtated, and then examined.

Shak-

Shakſpeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical ſenſe either tragedies or comedies, but compoſitions of a diſtinct kind; exhibiting the real ſtate of ſublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and ſorrow, mingled with endleſs variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expreſſing the courſe of the world, in which the loſs of one is the gain of another; in which, at the ſame time, the reveller is haſting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is ſometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many miſchiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without deſign.

Out of this chaos of mingled purpoſes and caſualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which cuſtom had preſcribed, ſelected ſome the crimes of men, and ſome their abſurdities; ſome the momentous viciſſitudes of life, and ſome the lighter occurrences; ſome the terrors of diſtreſs, and ſome the gaieties of proſperity. Thus roſe the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compoſitions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and conſidered as ſo little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a ſingle writer who attempted both.

Shakſpeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and ſorrow not only in one mind, but in one compoſition. Almoſt all his plays are divided between ſerious and ludicrous characters, and, in the ſucceſſive evolutions of the deſign, ſometimes produce

duce ſerioufneſs and ſorrow, and ſometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticiſm will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticiſm to nature. The end of writing is to inſtruct; the end of poetry is to inſtruct by pleaſing. That the mingled drama may convey all the inſtruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, becauſe it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by ſhewing how great machinations and ſlender deſigns may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general ſyſtem by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of ſcenes the paſſions are interrupted in their progreſſion, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at laſt the power to move, which conſtitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reaſoning is ſo ſpecious, that it is received as true even by thoſe who in daily experience feel it to be falſe. The interchanges of mingled ſcenes ſeldom fail to produce the intended viciſſitudes of paſſion. Fiction cannot move ſo much, but that the attention may be eaſily transferred; and though it muſt be allowed that pleaſing melancholy be ſometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be conſidered likewiſe, that melancholy is often not pleaſing, and that the diſturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have

have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleaſure conſiſts in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, hiſtories, and tragedies, ſeem not to have diſtinguiſhed the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal perſons, however ſerious or diſtreſsful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion conſtituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongſt us; and plays were written, which, by changing the cataſtrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in thoſe times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous concluſion, with which the common criticiſm of that age was ſatisfied, whatever lighter pleaſure it afforded in its progreſs.

Hiſtory was a ſeries of actions, with no other than chronological ſucceſſion, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the concluſion. It is not always very nicely diſtinguiſhed from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the hiſtory of *Richard the Second*. But a hiſtory might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through

Through all theſe denominations of the drama, Shakſpeare's mode of compoſition is the ſame; an interchange of ſerioufneſs and merriment, by which the mind is ſoftened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpoſe, whether to gladden or depreſs, or to conduct the ſtory, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of eaſy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpoſe; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or ſit ſilent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakſpeare's plan is underſtood, moſt of the criticiſms of Rymer and Voltaire vaniſh away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the ſcheme of the play; though in terms which a modern audience would not eaſily endure; the character of Polonius is ſeaſonable and uſeful; and the Grave-diggers themſelves may be heard with applauſe.

Shakſpeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgement was unformed; he had no example of ſuch fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of ſuch authority as might reſtrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural diſpoſition; and his diſpoſition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and ſtudy, what is written at laſt with little felicity; but, in his comick ſcenes, he ſeems to produce, without labour,

labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome occaſion to be comick; but in comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick ſcenes there is always ſomething wanting, but his comedy often ſurpaſſes expectation or deſire. His comedy pleaſes by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy ſeems to be ſkill, his comedy to be inſtinct.

The force of his comick ſcenes has ſuffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his perſonages act upon principles ariſing from genuine paſſion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleaſures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of perſonal habits are only ſuperficial dyes, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luſtre; but the diſcriminations of true paſſion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compoſitions of heterogeneous modes are diſſolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform ſimplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increaſe, nor ſuffers decay. The ſand heaped by one flood is ſcattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The ſtream of time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble fabricks of other poets, paſſes without injury by the adamant of Shakſpeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a ſtyle which never becomes obſolete, a certain mode of phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its reſpective language, as to remain ſettled and unaltered; this ſtyle is probably to be ſought in the common intercourſe of life, among thoſe who ſpeak only to be underſtood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modiſh innovations, and the learned depart from eſtabliſhed forms of ſpeech, in hope of finding or making better; thoſe who wiſh for diſtinction forſake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a converſation above groſſneſs, and below refinement, where propriety reſides, and where this poet ſeems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the preſent age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deſerves to be ſtudied as one of the original maſters of our language.

Theſe obſervations are to be conſidered not as unexceptionably conſtant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakſpeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be ſmooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedneſs or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has ſpots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praiſed as natural, though their ſentiments are ſometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is ſpherical, though its ſurface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shak-

Shakſpeare with his excellencies has likewiſe faults, and faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candour higher than truth.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings indeed a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them, and ſo careleſsly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him, and apparently rejects

thoſe exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the ſake of thoſe which are more eaſy.

It may be obſerved, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himſelf near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he ſhortened the labour to ſnatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he ſhould moſt vigorouſly exert them, and his cataſtrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly repreſented.

He had no regard to diſtinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without ſcruple, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of poſſibility. Theſe faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Ariſtotle, when we ſee the loves of Theſeus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakſpeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the ſame age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the paſtoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and ſecurity, with thoſe of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic ſcenes he is ſeldom very ſucceſsful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of ſmartneſs and conteſts of ſarcaſm; their jeſts are commonly groſs, and their pleaſantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor

are

are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he repreſented the real converſation of his time is not eaſy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly ſuppoſed to have been a time of ſtatelineſs, formality, and reſerve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that ſeverity were not very elegant. There muſt, however, have been always ſome modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuſe the beſt.

In tragedy his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion, which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetick; but whenever he ſolicits his invention, or ſtrains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tedioufneſs, and obſcurity.

In narration he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearifome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakſpeare found it an incumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendor.

His declamations or ſet ſpeeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick

writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, inſtead of inquiring what the occaſion demanded, to ſhew how much his ſtores of knowledge could ſupply, he ſeldom eſcapes without the pity or reſentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy ſentiment, which he cannot well expreſs, and will not reject; he ſtruggles with it a while, and, if it continues ſtubborn, compriſes it in words ſuch as occur, and leaves it to be diſentangled and evolved by thoſe who have more leiſure to beſtow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is ſubtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the quality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial ſentiments and vulgar ideas diſappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by ſonorous epithets and ſwelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have moſt reaſon to complain when he approaches neareſt to his higheſt excellence, and ſeems fully reſolved to ſink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatneſs, the danger of innocence, or the croſſes of love. What he does beſt, he ſoon ceaſes to do. He is not ſoft and pathetick without ſome idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and terror and pity, as they are riſing in the mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakſpeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is ſure to lead him out of his way, and ſure to engulf him in the mire. It has ſome malignant power over his mind, and its faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amuſing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in ſuſpenſe, let but a quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his work unfiniſhed. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aſide from his career, or ſtoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch delight, that he was content to purchaſe it, by the ſacrifice of reaſon, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he loſt the world, and was content to loſe it.

It will be thought ſtrange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of thoſe laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint authority of poets and criticks.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I reſign him to critical juſtice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the cenſure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I ſhall, with due reverence to that learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His hiſtories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not ſubject to any of their laws; nothing more is neceſſary to all the praiſe which they expect, than that the changes of action be ſo prepared as to be underſtood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters conſiſtent, natural, and diſtinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be ſought.

In his other works he has well enough preſerved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his deſign only to diſcover it, for this is ſeldom the order of real events, and Shakſpeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Ariſtotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the concluſion follows by eaſy conſequence. There are perhaps ſome incidents that might be ſpared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the ſtage; but the general ſyſtem makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has ſhewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they ſtand will diminiſh their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by diſcovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleaſure to the auditor.

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The neceſſity of obſerving the unities of time and place ariſes from the ſuppoſed neceſſity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impoſſible, that an action of months or years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three hours; or that the ſpectator can ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the theatre, while ambaſſadors go and return between diſtant kings, while armies are levied and towns beſieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his miſtreſs, ſhall lament the untimely fall of his ſon. The mind revolts from evident falſehood, and fiction loſes its force when it departs from the reſemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time neceſſarily ariſes the contraction of place. The ſpectator, who knows that he ſaw the firſt act at Alexandria, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at Rome, at a diſtance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in ſo ſhort a time, have tranſported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itſelf; that what was a houſe cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Perſepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the miſery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without reſiſtance or reply. It is time therefore, to tell him by the authority of Shakſpeare, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtionable principle, a poſition, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his underſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any repreſentation is miſtaken

for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a ſingle moment, was ever credited.

The objection ariſing from the impoſſibility of paſſing the firſt hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, ſuppoſes, that when the play opens the ſpectator really imagines himſelf at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæſar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharſalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſcriptions of terreſtrial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtacy ſhould count the clock, or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to ſome action, and an action muſt be

be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete ſtory may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent firſt Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a moderate theatre.

By ſuppoſition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapſes for the moſt part between the acts; for, of ſo much of the action as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt Mithridates are repreſented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without abſurdity, be repreſented, in the cataſtrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions; and why may not the ſecond imitation repreſent an action that happened years after the firſt, if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of exiſtence, moſt obſequious to the imagination; a lapſe of years is as eaſily conceived as a paſſage of hours. In contemplation we eaſily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their imitation.

It will be aſked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juſt

picture of a real original; as repreſenting to the auditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The reflection that ſtrikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility than ſuppoſe the preſence of miſery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when ſhe remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleaſure, not becauſe they are miſtaken for realities, but becauſe they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landſcape, the trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us ſhade, or the fountains coolneſs; but we conſider how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the hiſtory of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increaſe or diminiſh its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always leſs. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what geſture can hope to add dignity or force to the ſoliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not ſuppoſed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or ſhorter time may be allowed to paſs, and that no more account of ſpace or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may paſs in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakſpeare knew the unities, and rejected them by deſign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to enquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, when he roſe to notice, he did not want the counſels and admonitions of ſcholars and criticks, and that he at laſt deliberately perſiſted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is eſſential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place ariſe evidently from falſe aſſumptions, and, by circumſcribing the extent of the drama, leſſen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not obſerved: nor, if ſuch another poet could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely poſitive become the comprehenſive genius of Shakſpeare, and ſuch cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender criticiſm of Voltaire:

Non uſque adeo permiſcuit imis
Longus ſumma dies, ut non, ſi voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæſare tolli.

Yet

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced againſt me; before ſuch authorities I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe perhaps have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reſult of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama, that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and inſtruction; and that a play written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious art, by which is ſhewn, rather what is poſſible, than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own temerity; and when I eſtimate the fame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion,

opinion, am ready to ſink down in reverential ſilence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he ſaw Neptune ſhaking the wall, and Juno heading the beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my arguments cannot perſuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakſpeare, will eaſily, if they conſider the condition of his life, make ſome allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the ſtate of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worſe or better for the circumſtances of the author, yet as there is always a ſilent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his deſigns, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we ſhall place any particular performance, curioſity is always buſy to diſcover the inſtruments, as well as to ſurvey the workmanſhip, to know how much is to be aſcribed to original powers, and how much is to caſual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houſes of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with aſtoniſhment, who remembered that they were built without the uſe of iron?

The Engliſh nation, in the time of Shakſpeare, was yet ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been tranſplanted hither in the reign

reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been ſucceſsfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Aſcham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal ſchools; and thoſe who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spaniſh poets. But literature was yet confined to profeſſed ſcholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was groſs and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accompliſhment ſtill valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curioſity, being yet unacquainted with the true ſtate of things, knows not how to judge of that which is propoſed as its reſemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childiſh credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The ſtudy of thoſe who then aſpired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feaſted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taſte of the inſipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impreſſion; he that wrote for ſuch an audience was under the neceſſity of looking round for ſtrange

events

events and fabulous tranſactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unſkilful curioſity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he choſe the moſt popular, ſuch as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the ſtory in their hands.

The ſtories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time acceſſible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is ſuppoſed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of thoſe times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain Engliſh proſe, which the criticks have now to ſeek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His Engliſh hiſtories he took from Engliſh chronicles and Engliſh ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by verſions, they ſupplied him with new ſubjects; he dilated ſome of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been tranſlated by North.

His plots, whether hiſtorical or fabulous, are always crouded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more eaſily caught than by ſentiment or argumentation; and ſuch is the power of the marvellous, even over thoſe who deſpiſe it, that every

every man finds his mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the tragedies of Shakſpeare than of any other writer: others pleaſe us by particular ſpeeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in ſecuring the firſt purpoſe of a writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable curioſity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The ſhows and buſtle with which his plays abound have the ſame original. As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Thoſe to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more ſkill in pomps or proceſſions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we ſtill find that on our ſtage ſomething muſt be done as well as ſaid, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be anſwered, that Addiſon ſpeaks the language of poets; and Shakſpeare, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction

junction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of obſervation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a ſplendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers juſt and noble ſentiments, in diction eaſy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the compoſition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addiſon*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with ſhades, and ſcented with flowers; the compoſition of Shakſpeare is a foreſt, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds and brambles, and ſometimes giving ſhelter to myrtles and to roſes; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity. Other poets diſplay cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought into ſhape, and poliſhed into brightneſs. Shakſpeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhauſtible plenty, though clouded by incruſtations, debaſed by impurities, and mingled with a maſs of meaner minerals.

It has been much diſputed, whether Shakſpeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of ſcholaſtick education, the precepts of critical ſcience, and the examples of ancient authors.

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There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakſpeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much ſkill in the dead languages. Jonſon, his friend, affirms, that *he had ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek*; who, beſides that he had no imaginable temptation to falſehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquiſitions of Shakſpeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controverſy, unleſs ſome teſtimony of equal force could be oppoſed.

Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books tranſlated in his time; or were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who conſider the ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in converſation, and are tranſmitted through the world in proverbial ſentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important ſentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a tranſlation of, *I prae, ſequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleaſing dream, ſays, *I cry'd to ſleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the ſame wiſh on the ſame occaſion.

There are a few paſſages which may paſs for imitations, but ſo few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he uſed what he had, would have uſed more if he had obtained it.

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The *Comedy of Errors* is confeſſedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of Plautus which was then in Engliſh. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that thoſe which were not tranſlated were inacceſſible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have ſome French ſcenes proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without aſſiſtance. In the ſtory of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is obſerved to have followed the Engliſh tranſlation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing againſt his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his audience.

It is moſt likely that he had learned Latin ſufficiently to make him acquainted with conſtruction, but that he never advanced to an eaſy peruſal of the Roman authors. Concerning his ſkill in modern languages, I can find no ſufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been diſcovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in eſteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than Engliſh, and choſe for his fables only ſuch tales as he found tranſlated.

That much knowledge is ſcattered over his works is very juſtly obſerved by Pope, but it is often ſuch

knowledge as books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand Shakſpeare muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet, he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; moſt of the topicks of human diſquiſition had found Engliſh writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the Engliſh ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. Shakſpeare may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unſettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps*

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We are not to look for his beginning, like thoſe of other writers, in his leaſt perfect works; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that for aught I know, ſays he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, were the beſt.* But the power of nature is only the power of uſing to any certain purpoſe the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity ſupplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by ſtudy and experience, can only aſſiſt in combining or applying them. Shakſpeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he muſt increaſe his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay life better, as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.

There is a vigilance of obſervation and accuracy of diſtinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakſpeare muſt have looked upon mankind with perſpicacity, in the higheſt degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diverſify them only by the accidental appendages of preſent manners; the dreſs is a little varied, but the body is the ſame. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in Engliſh, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which ſhewed life in its native colours.

The conteſt about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the mind, to trace the paſſions to their ſources, to unfold the ſeminal principles of vice and virtue, or ſound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All thoſe enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the faſhionable ſtudy, have been made ſometimes with nice diſcernment, but often with idle ſubtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the cloſet; he that would know the world, was under the neceſſity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its buſineſs and amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by facilitating his acceſs. Shakſpeare had no ſuch advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in ſtates of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them is inclined to think that he ſees enterprize and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them. The genius of Shakſpeare was not to be depreſſed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation to which men in want are inevitably condemned;

demned; the incumbrances of his fortune were ſhaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpſiotions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himſelf imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his ſucceſſors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact ſurveyor of the inanimate world; his deſcriptions have always ſome peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt poets of many nations preſerve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a ſhort celebrity, ſink into oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their ſentiments and deſcriptions immediately from knowledge; the reſemblance is therefore juſt, their deſcriptions are verified by every eye, and their ſentiments acknowledged by every breaſt. Thoſe whom their fame invites to the ſame ſtudies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain ſuch authority, as to ſtand in

the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at laſt capricious and caſual. Shakſpeare, whether life or nature be his ſubject, ſhews plainly, that he has ſeen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or diſtorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his repreſentations to be juſt, and the learned ſee that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be eaſy to find any author, except Homer, who invented ſo much as Shakſpeare, who ſo much advanced the ſtudies which he cultivated, or effuſed ſo much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the ſhows of the Engliſh drama are his. *He ſeems*, ſays Dennis, *to have been the very original of our Engliſh tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verſe, diverſified often by diſſyllable and triſſyllable terminations. For the diverſity diſtinguiſhes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common uſe makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verſe we make when we are writing proſe; we make ſuch verſe in common converſation.*

I know not whether this praiſe is rigorouſly juſt. The diſſyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confeſſedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo* *, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reaſon to believe at leaſt as old as his earlieſt plays. This however is cer-

* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590. STEEVENS.

tain,

tain, that he is the firſt who taught either tragedy or comedy to pleaſe, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are ſought becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce, had they been much eſteemed.

To him we muſt aſcribe the praiſe, unleſs Spenſer may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to how much ſmoothneſs and harmony the Engliſh language could be ſoftened. He has ſpeeches, perhaps ſometimes ſcenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to ſtrike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpoſe better, than when he tries to ſooth by ſoftneſs.

Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that, if much of his praiſe is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewiſe given by cuſtom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we ſhould in another loath or deſpiſe. If we endured without praiſing, reſpect for the father of our drama might excuſe us; but I have ſeen, in the book of ſome modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which ſhew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has ſcenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were

now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the concluſion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were ſuch as would ſatisfy the audience, they ſatisfied the writer. It is ſeldom that authors, though more ſtudious of fame than Shakſpeare, riſe much above the ſtandard of their own age; to add a little to what is beſt will always be ſufficient for preſent praiſe, and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiaſts, and to ſpare the labour of contending with themſelves.

It does not appear, that Shakſpeare thought his works worthy of poſterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further proſpect, than of preſent popularity and preſent profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he ſolicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no ſcruple to repeat the ſame jeſts in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the ſame knot of perplexity, which may be at leaſt forgiven him, by thoſe who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a maſk, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careleſs was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to eaſe and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be diſguſted with fatigue, or diſabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor deſired to

reſcue

reſcue thoſe that had been already publiſhed from the depravations that obſcured them, or ſecure to the reſt a better deſtiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine ſtate.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakſpeare in the late editions, the greater part were not publiſhed till about ſeven years after his death; and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thruſt into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publiſhers, clandeſtine or profeſſed, the negligence and unſkilfulneſs has by the late reviſers been ſufficiently ſhewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and groſs, and have not only corrupted many paſſages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into ſuſpicion, which are only obſcured by obſolete phraſeology, or by the writer's unſkilfulneſs and affectation. To alter is more eaſy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Thoſe who ſaw that they muſt employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author publiſhed his own works, we ſhould have ſat quietly down to diſentangle his intricacies, and clear his obſcurities; but now we tear what we cannot looſe, and eject what we happen not to underſtand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many cauſes. The ſtyle of Shakſpeare was in itſelf ungrammatical, perplexed, and obſcure; his works were tranſcribed for the players

players by thoſe who may be ſuppoſed to have ſeldom underſtood them; they were tranſmitted by copiers equally unſkilful, who ſtill multiplied errors; they were perhaps ſometimes mutilated by the actors, for the ſake of ſhortening the ſpeeches; and were at laſt printed without correction of the preſs.

In this ſtate they remained, not as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, becauſe they were unregarded, but becauſe the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our anceſtors were accuſtomed to ſo much negligence of Engliſh printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At laſt an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not becauſe a poet was to be publiſhed by a poet, for Rowe ſeems to have thought very little on correction or explanation; but that our author's works might appear like thoſe of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorouſly blamed for not performing what he did not undertake; and it is time that juſtice be done him, by confeſſing, that though he ſeems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his ſucceſſors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with cenſures of the ſtupidity by which the faults were committed, with diſplays of the abſurdities which they involved, with oſtentatious expoſitions of the new reading, and ſelf-congratulations on the happineſs of diſcovering.

As of the other editors I have preſerved the prefaces, I have likewiſe borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though not written with much elegance or ſpirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deſerves to paſs through all ſucceeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true ſtate of Shakſpeare's text, ſhewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reaſon to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and reſtored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticiſm, he rejected whatever he diſliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for diſtinguiſhing the genuine from the ſpurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condel, the firſt editors; and thoſe which he rejected, though, according to the licentiouſneſs of the preſs in thoſe times, they were printed during Shakſpeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This is a work which Pope ſeems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to ſuppreſs his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He underſtood

ſtood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious taſks, is very neceſſary; but an emendatory critick would ill diſcharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulneſs. In peruſing a corrupted piece, he muſt have before him all poſſibilities of meaning, with all poſſibilities of expreſſion. Such muſt be his comprehenſion of thought, and ſuch his copiouſneſs of language. Out of many readings poſſible, he muſt be able to ſelect that which beſt ſuits with the ſtate, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular caſt of thought, and turn of expreſſion. Such muſt be his knowledge, and ſuch his taſte. Conjectural criticiſm demands more than humanity poſſeſſes, and he that exerciſes it with moſt praiſe, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common conſequence of ſucceſs. They whoſe excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are univerſal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was ſo much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he paſſed the latter part of his life in a ſtate of hoſtility with verbal criticiſm.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of ſo great a writer may be loſt; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of compoſition and juſtneſs of remark, and containing a general criticiſm on his author,

thor, ſo extenſive that little can be added, and ſo exact that little can be diſputed, every editor has an intereſt to ſuppreſs, but that every reader would demand its inſertion.

Pope was ſucceeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehenſion, and ſmall acquiſitions, with no native and intrinſic ſplendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in purſuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man ſo anxiouſly ſcrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be truſted without examination. He ſpeaks ſometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two firſt folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the firſt is equivalent to all others, and that the reſt only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting thoſe diverſities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards uſed only the firſt.

Of his notes I have generally retained thoſe which he retained himſelf in his ſecond edition, except when they were confuted by ſubſequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preſervation. I have ſometimes adopted his reſtoration of a comma, without inſerting the

the panegyrick in which he celebrated himſelf for his atchievement. The exuberant excreſcence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have ſometimes ſuppreſſed, and his contemptible oſtentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in ſome places ſhewn him, as he would have ſhewn himſelf, for the reader's diverſion, that the inflated emptineſs of ſome notes may juſtify or excuſe the contraction of the reſt.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithleſs, thus petulant and oſtentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has eſcaped, and eſcaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world ſupport thoſe who ſolicit favour, againſt thoſe who command reverence; and ſo eaſily is he praiſed, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for ſuch ſtudies. He had, what is the firſt requiſite to emendatory criticiſm, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately diſcovered, and that dexterity of intellect which diſpatches its work by the eaſieſt means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with cuſtoms, opinions, and traditions, ſeems to have been large; and he is often learned without ſhew. He ſeldom paſſes what he does not underſtand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and ſometimes haſtily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is ſolicitous to reduce to grammar what he could not be ſure that his author intended

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to be grammatical. Shakſpeare regarded more the ſeries of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being deſigned for the reader's deſk, was all that he deſired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently cenſured. He found the meaſure reformed in ſo many paſſages, by the ſilent labours of ſome editors, with the ſilent acquieſcence of the reſt, that he thought himſelf allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried ſo far without reprehenſion; and of his corrections in general, it muſt be confeſſed, that they are often juſt, and made commonly with the leaſt poſſible violation of the text.

But, by inſerting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predeceſſors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himſelf and others, was too great; he ſuppoſes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he ſeems not to ſuſpect a critick of fallibility; and it was but reaſonable that he ſhould claim what he ſo liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent conſideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wiſh for more.

Of

Of the laſt editor it is more difficult to ſpeak. Reſpect is due to high place, tenderneſs to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be juſtly offended at that liberty of which he has himſelf ſo frequently given an example, nor very ſolicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have conſidered as part of his ſerious employments, and which, I ſuppoſe, ſince the ardor of compoſition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effuſions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquieſcence in his firſt thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by conſciouſneſs of quick diſcernment; and that confidence which preſumes to do, by ſurveying the ſurface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit ſometimes perverſe interpretations, and ſometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the ſentence admits, and at another diſcovers abſurdities, where the ſenſe is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewiſe often happy and juſt; and his interpretation of obſcure paſſages learned and ſagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected thoſe, againſt which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I ſuppoſe, the author himſelf would deſire to be forgotten. Of the reſt, to part I have given the higheſt approbation, by inſerting

ſerting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though ſpecious; and part I have cenſured without reſerve, but I am ſure without bitterneſs of malice, and, I hope, without wantonneſs of inſult.

It is no pleaſure to me, in reviſing my volumes, to obſerve how much paper is waſted in confutation. Whoever conſiders the revolutions of learning, and the various queſtions of greater or leſs importance, upon which wit and reaſon have exerciſed their powers, muſt lament the unſucceſsfulneſs of enquiry, and the ſlow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the deſtruction of thoſe that went before him. The firſt care of the builder of a new ſyſtem, is to demoliſh the fabricks which are ſtanding. The chief deſire of him that comments an author, is to ſhew how much other commentators have corrupted and obſcured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controverſy, are confuted and rejected in another, and riſe again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progreſs. Thus ſometimes truth and error, and ſometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invaſion. The tide of ſeeming knowledge, which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the ſudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to ſhoot their beams into the regions of obſcurity, on a ſudden withdraw their luſtre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The canons of criticism*, and of *The revisal of Shakspeare's text*; of which one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let

Let me however do them juſtice. One is a wit, and one a ſcholar *. They have both ſhewn acuteneſs ſufficient in the diſcovery of faults, and have both advanced ſome probable interpretations of obſcure paſſages; but when they aſpire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falſely we all eſtimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical Obſervations on Shakſpeare* had been publiſhed by Mr. Upton †, a man ſkilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who ſeems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taſte. Many of his explanations are curious and uſeful, but he likewiſe, though he profeſſed to oppoſe the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to reſtrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill ſeconded by his ſkill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a ſucceſsful experiment, ſwells into a theoriſt, and the laborious collator at ſome unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, hiſtorical, and explanatory notes have been likewiſe publiſhed upon Shakſpeare by Dr. Grey,

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman ſhould attempt ſo voluminous a work, as the *Reviſal of Shakſpeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, "he was not ſo fortunate as to be furniſhed with either of the folio editions, much leſs any of the ancient quartos: and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's performance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's repreſentation." FARMER.

† Republiſhed by him in 1748, after Dr. Warburton's edition, with alterations, &c. STEEVENS.

whoſe diligent peruſal of the old Engliſh writers has enabled him to make ſome uſeful obſervations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticiſm, he employs rather his memory than his ſagacity. It were to be wiſhed that all would endeavour to imitate his modeſty, who have not been able to ſurpaſs his knowledge.

I can ſay with great ſincerity of all my predeceſſors, what I hope will hereafter be ſaid of me, that not one has left Shakſpeare without improvement; nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for aſſiſtance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In ſome perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or leſs, ſhould be transferred to the firſt claimant, for his right, and his alone, ſtands above diſpute; the ſecond can prove his pretenſions only to himſelf, nor can himſelf always diſtinguiſh invention, with ſufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of obſerving to one another. It is not eaſy to diſcover from what cauſe the acrimony of a ſcholiaſt can naturally proceed. The ſubjects to be diſcuſſed by him are of very ſmall importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the intereſt of ſect or party. The

various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a paſſage, ſeem to be queſtions that might exerciſe the wit, without engaging the paſſions. But whether it be, that *ſmall things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches ſmall occaſions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in thoſe that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentators a ſpontaneous ſtrain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the moſt furious controvertiſt in politicks againſt thoſe whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightneſs of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be inveſtigated is ſo near to inexiſtence, as to eſcape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original ſtate, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to ſupply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a ſpacious ſurface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to ſpirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illuſtrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations tranſcribed from others, if I do not ſubjoin any other interpretation, I ſuppoſe commonly to be right, at leaſt I intend by acquieſcence

to confeſs, that I have nothing better to propoſe.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many paſſages which appeared to me likely to obſtruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their paſſage. It is impoſſible for an expoſitor not to write too little for ſome, and too much for others. He can only judge what is neceſſary by his own experience; and how long ſoever he may deliberate, will at laſt explain many lines which the learned will think impoſſible to be miſtaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. Theſe are cenſures merely relative, and muſt be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither ſuperfluouſly copious, nor ſcrupulouſly reſerved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning acceſſible to many, who before were frighted from peruſing him, and contributed ſomething to the publick, by diffuſing innocent and rational pleaſure.

The complete explanation of an author not ſyſtematick and conſequential, but deſultory and vagrant, abounding in caſual alluſions and light hints, is not to be expected from any ſingle ſcholiaſt. All perſonal reflections, when names are ſuppreſſed, muſt be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and cuſtoms, too minute to attract the notice of law, ſuch as modes of dreſs, formalities of converſation, rules of viſits, diſpoſition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are ſo fugitive and unſubſtantial, that they are not eaſily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the receſſes of obſcure and

obſolete

obſolete papers, peruſed commonly with ſome other view. Of this knowledge every man has ſome, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention, thoſe who can add any thing to his illuſtration, communicate their diſcoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to reſign many paſſages, which, though I did not underſtand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illuſtrated ſome, which others have neglected or miſtaken, ſometimes by ſhort remarks, or marginal directions, ſuch as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will ſeem to deſerve; but that which is moſt difficult is not always moſt important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obſcured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to obſerve. Some plays have more, and ſome fewer judicial obſervations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but becauſe I gave this part of my deſign to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is ſeldom pleaſed to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by ſubmiſſion to dictatorial deciſions, as the memory grows torpid by the uſe of a table-book. Some initiation is however neceſſary; of all ſkill, part is infuſed by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore ſhewn ſo much

as may enable the candidate of criticiſm to diſcover the reſt.

To the end of the plays I have added ſhort ſtrictures, containing a general cenſure of faults, or praiſe of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of ſingularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be ſuppoſed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praiſed, and in theſe which are praiſed much to be condemned.

The part of criticiſm in which the whole ſucceſſion of editors has laboured with the greateſt diligence, which has occaſioned the moſt arrogant oſtentation, and excited the keeneſt acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted paſſages, to which the publick attention having been firſt drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the perſecution, which, with a kind of conſpiracy, has been ſince raiſed againſt all the publiſhers of Shakſpeare.

That many paſſages have paſſed in a ſtate of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of theſe the reſtoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or ſagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is ſafe and eaſy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril muſt not be avoided, nor the difficulty refuſed.

Of

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, ſome from the labours of every publiſher I have advanced into the text; thoſe are to be conſidered as in my opinion ſufficiently ſupported; ſome I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; ſome I have left in the notes without cenſure or approbation, as reſting in equipoiſe between objection and defence; and ſome, which ſeemed ſpecious but not right, I have inſerted with a ſubſequent animadverſion.

Having claſſed the obſervations of others, I was at laſt to try what I could ſubſtitute for their miſtakes, and how I could ſupply their omiſſions. I collated ſuch copies as I could procure, and wiſhed for more, but have not found the collectors of theſe rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindneſs put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I ſoon found that the later publiſhers, with all their boaſts of diligence, ſuffered many paſſages to ſtand unauthorized, and contented themſelves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little conſideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of theſe alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. Theſe corruptions I have often ſilently rectified; for the hiſtory of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preſerved, by keeping the text of authors free from

from adulteration. Others, and thoſe very frequent, ſmoothed the cadence, or regulated the meaſure; on theſe I have not exerciſed the ſame rigour; if only a word was tranſpoſed, or a particle inſerted or omitted, I have ſometimes ſuffered the line to ſtand; for the inconſtancy of the copies is ſuch, as that ſome liberties may be eaſily permitted. But this practice I have not ſuffered to proceed far, having reſtored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reaſon be preferred.

The emendations, which compariſon of copies ſupplied, I have inſerted in the text; ſometimes, where the improvement was ſlight, without notice, and ſometimes with an account of the reaſons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be ſometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiouſly indulged. It has been my ſettled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be diſturbed for the ſake of elegance, perſpicuity, or mere improvement of the ſenſe. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the firſt publiſhers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made ſtrange miſtakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore ſomething may be properly attempted by criticiſm, keeping the middle way between preſumption and timidity.

Such

Such criticiſm I have attempted to practiſe, and, where any paſſage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to diſcover how it may be recalled to ſenſe, with leaſt violence. But my firſt labour is, always to turn the old text on every ſide, and try if there be any interſtice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himſelf condemn me, as refuſing the trouble of reſearch, for the ambition of alteration. In this modeſt induſtry I have not been unſucceſsful. I have reſcued many lines from the violations of temerity, and ſecured many ſcenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman ſentiment, that it is more honourable to ſave a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preſerved the common diſtribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almoſt all the plays void of authority. Some of thoſe which are divided in the later editions have no diviſion in the firſt folio, and ſome that are divided in the folio have no diviſion in the preceding copies. The ſettled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play; but few, if any, of our author's compoſitions can be properly diſtributed in that manner. An act is ſo much of the drama as paſſes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pauſe makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the reſtriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakſpeare knew, and this he practiſed; his plays were written, and at firſt printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited

with ſhort pauſes, interpoſed as often as the ſcene is changed, or any conſiderable time is required to paſs. This method would at once quell a thouſand abſurdities.

In reſtoring the author's works to their integrity, I have conſidered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and ſentences. Whatever could be done by adjuſting points, is therefore ſilently performed, in ſome plays, with much diligence, in others with leſs; it is hard to keep a buſy eye ſteadily fixed upon evaneſcent atoms, or a diſcurſive mind upon evaneſcent truth.

The ſame liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of ſlight effect. I have ſometimes inſerted or omitted them without notice. I have done that ſometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the ſtate of the text may ſufficiently juſtify.

The greater part of readers, inſtead of blaming us for paſſing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles ſo much labour is expended, with ſuch importance of debate, and ſuch ſolemnity of diction. To theſe I anſwer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not underſtand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promiſe that they would become in general, by learning criticiſm, more uſeful, happier, or wiſer.

As

As I practiſed conjecture more, I learned to truſt it leſs; and after I had printed a few plays, reſolved to inſert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myſelf, for every day encreaſes my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it muſt not be conſidered as very reprehenſible, if I have ſuffered it to play ſome freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be propoſed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, thoſe changes may be ſafely offered, which are not conſidered even by him that offers them as neceſſary or ſafe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been oſtentatiouſly diſplayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, firſt by railing at the ſtupidity, negligence, ignorance, and aſinine taſteleſſneſs of the former editors, and ſhewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and abſurdity of the old reading; then by propoſing ſomething, which to ſuperficial readers would ſeem ſpecious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphraſe, and concluding with loud acclamations on the diſcovery, and a ſober wiſh for the advancement and proſperity of genuine criticiſm.

All this may be done, and perhaps done ſometimes without impropriety. But I have always ſuſpected that

that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without ſo much labour appear to be right. The juſtneſs of a happy reſtoration ſtrikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticiſm, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the ſhore which he ſees ſpread with wrecks, is natural to the ſailor. I had before my eye ſo many critical adventures ended in miſcarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit ſtruggling with its own ſophiſtry, and learning confuſed by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to cenſure thoſe whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was diſpoſſeſſing their emendations, how ſoon the ſame fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by ſome other editor defended and eſtabliſhed.

Criticks I ſaw, that other's names efface,
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critick ſhould often be miſtaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himſelf, if it be conſidered, that in his art there is no ſyſtem, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates ſubordinate poſitions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the paſſage, a ſlight miſapprehenſion of a phraſe, a caſual inattention to the parts connected, is ſufficient to make him

him not only fail, but fail ridiculouſly; and when he ſucceeds beſt, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that ſuggeſts another will always be able to diſpute his claims.

It is an unhappy ſtate, in which danger is hid under pleaſure. The allurements of emendation are ſcarcely reſiſtible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once ſtarted a happy change, is too much delighted to conſider what objections may riſe againſt it.

Yet conjectural criticiſm has been of great uſe in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a ſtudy, that has exerciſed ſo many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the biſhop of Aleria to Engliſh Bentley. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exerciſe of their ſagacity, many aſſiſtances, which the editor of Shakſpeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and ſettled languages, whoſe conſtruction contributes ſo much to perſpicuity, that Homer has fewer paſſages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuſcripts than one; and they do not often conſpire in the ſame miſtakes. Yet Scaliger could confeſs to Salmaſius how little ſatisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ noſtræ, quarum nos pudet, poſteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipſius could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis*

remediis laboratur. And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be uſed, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipſius, notwithſtanding their wonderful ſagacity and erudition, are often vague and diſputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more cenſured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raiſing in the publick expectations, which at laſt I have not anſwered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to ſatisfy thoſe who know not what to demand, or thoſe who demand by deſign what they think impoſſible to be done. I have indeed diſappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my taſk with no ſlight ſolicitude. Not a ſingle paſſage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to reſtore; or obſcure, which I have not endeavoured to illuſtrate. In many I have failed, like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confeſſed the repulſe. I have not paſſed over, with affected ſuperiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myſelf, but, where I could not inſtruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might eaſily have accumulated a maſs of ſeeming learning upon eaſy ſcenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was neceſſary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have ſaid enough, I have ſaid no more.

Notes are often neceſſary, but they are neceſſary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the

powers of Shakſpeare, and who deſires to feel the higheſt pleaſure that the drama can give, read every play, from the firſt ſcene to the laſt, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not ſtoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is ſtrongly engaged, let it diſdain alike to turn aſide to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightneſs and obſcurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preſerve his comprehenſion of the dialogue and his intereſt in the fable. And when the pleaſures of novelty have ceaſed, let him attempt exactneſs, and read the commentators.

Particular paſſages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal ſubject; the reader is weary, he ſuſpects not why; and at laſt throws away the book which he has too diligently ſtudied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been ſurveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteneſs neceſſary for the comprehenſion of any great work in its full deſign and in its true proportions; a cloſe approach ſhews the ſmaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is diſcerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to conſider how little the ſucceſſion of editors has added to this author's power of pleaſing. He was read, admired, ſtudied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could ac-

cumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakspeare was the man, "who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, "had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All "the images of nature were still present to him, and "he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when "he describes any thing, you more than see it, you "feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted "learning, give him the greater commendation: he "was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles "of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and "found her there. I cannot say he is every where "alike; were he so, I should do him injury to com-"pare him with the greatest of mankind. He is "many times flat and insipid; his comick wit de-"generating into clenches, his serious swelling into "bombast. But he is always great, when some great "occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he "ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then "raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakspeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that supe-

riority of mind, which deſpiſed its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged thoſe works unworthy to be preſerved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of reſtoring and explaining.

Among theſe candidates of inferior fame, I am now to ſtand the judgment of the publick; and wiſh that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I ſhould feel little ſolicitude about the ſentence, were it to be pronounced only by the ſkilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this reviſal, an account is given in the following pages by Mr. Steevens, who might have ſpoken both of his own diligence and ſagacity, in terms of greater ſelf-approbation, without deviating from modeſty or truth.

JOHNSON.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

(Prefixed to the ſecond Edition.)

THE want of adherence to the old copies, which has been complained of, in the text of every modern republication of Shakſpeare, is fairly deducible from Mr. Rowe's inattention to one of the firſt duties of an editor *. Mr. Rowe did not print from the earlieſt and moſt correct, but from the moſt remote and inaccurate of the four folios. Between the years 1623 and 1685 (the dates of the firſt and laſt) the errors of every play, at leaſt, were trebled. Several pages in each of theſe ancient editions have been examined, that the aſſertion might come more fully ſupported. It may be added, that as every freſh editor continued to make the text

* "I muſt not (ſays Mr. Rowe in his dedication to the duke of Somerſet) pretend to have reſtor'd this work to the exactneſs of the author's original manuſcripts; thoſe are loſt, or, at leaſt, are gone beyond any inquiry I could make; ſo that there was nothing left, but to *compare the ſeveral editions*, and give the true reading as well as I could from thence. This I have endeavour'd to do pretty carefully, and rendered very many places intelligible, that were not ſo before. In ſome of the editions, eſpecially the laſt, there were many lines (and in Hamlet one whole ſcene) left out together; theſe are now all ſupply'd. I fear your grace will find ſome faults, but I hope they are moſtly literal, and the errors of the preſs." Would not any one, from this declaration, ſuppoſe that Mr. Rowe (who does not appear to have conſulted a ſingle quarto) had at leaſt *compared* the folios with each other?

of

of his predeceſſor the ground-work of his own (never collating but where difficulties occurred) ſome deviations from the originals had been handed down, the number of which are leſſened in the impreſſion before us, as it has been conſtantly compared with the moſt authentic copies, whether collation was abſolutely neceſſary for the recovery of ſenſe, or not. The perſon who undertook this taſk may have failed by inadvertency, as well as thoſe who preceded him; but the reader may be aſſured, that he, who thought it his duty to free an author from ſuch modern and unneceſſary innovations as had been cenſured in others, has not ventured to introduce any of his own.

It is not pretended that a complete body of various readings is here collected; or that all the diverſities which the copies exhibit, are pointed out; as near two thirds of them are typographical miſtakes, or ſuch a change of inſignificant particles, as would crowd the bottom of the page with an oſtentation of materials, from which at laſt nothing uſeful could be ſelected.

The dialogue might indeed ſometimes be lengthened by other inſertions than have hitherto been made, but without advantage either to its ſpirit or beauty; as in the following inſtance:

Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.

Here the quartos add:

Lear. *No, no, they would not.*
Kent. *Yes, they have.*

By the admiſſion of this negation and affirmation, has any new idea been gained?

The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boaſt, that many valuable readings have been retrieved; though it may be fairly aſſerted, that the text of Shakſpeare is reſtored to the condition in which the author, or rather his firſt publiſhers, appear to have left it, ſuch emendations as were abſolutely neceſſary, alone admitted: for where a particle, indiſpenſably neceſſary to the ſenſe, was wanting, ſuch a ſupply has been ſilently adopted from other editions; but where a ſyllable, or more, had been added for the ſake of the metre only, which at firſt might have been irregular, ſuch interpolations are here conſtantly retrenched, ſometimes with, and ſometimes without notice. Thoſe ſpeeches, which in the elder editions are printed as proſe, and from their own conſtruction are incapable of being compreſſed into verſe, without the aid of ſupplemental ſyllables, are reſtored to proſe again; and the meaſure is divided afreſh in others, where the maſs of words had been inharmoniouſly ſeparated into lines.

The ſcenery, throughout all the plays, is regulated in conformity to a rule, which the poet, by his general practice, ſeems to have propoſed to himſelf. Several of his pieces are come down to us, divided into ſcenes as well as acts. Theſe diviſions were probably

probably his own, as they are made on ſettled principles, which would hardly have been the caſe, had the taſk been executed by the players. A change of ſcene, with Shakſpeare, moſt commonly implies a change of place, but always an entire evacuation of the ſtage. The cuſtom of diſtinguiſhing every entrance or exit by a freſh ſcene, was adopted, perhaps very idly, from the French theatre.

For the length of many notes, and the accumulation of examples in others, ſome apology may be likewiſe expected. An attempt at brevity is often found to be the ſource of an imperfect explanation. Where a paſſage has been conſtantly miſunderſtood, or where the jeſt or pleaſantry has been ſuffered to remain long in obſcurity, more inſtances have been brought to clear the one, or elucidate the other, than appear at firſt ſight to have been neceſſary. For theſe, it can only be ſaid, that when they prove that phraſeology or ſource of merriment to have been once general, which at preſent ſeems particular, they are not quite impertinently intruded; as they may ſerve to free the author from a ſuſpicion of having employed an affected ſingularity of expreſſion, or indulged himſelf in alluſions to tranſient cuſtoms, which were not of ſufficient notoriety to deſerve ridicule or reprehenſion. When examples in favour of contradictory opinions are aſſembled, though no attempt is made to decide on either part, ſuch neutral collections ſhould always be regarded as materials for future critics, who may hereafter apply them with ſucceſs. Authorities, whether in reſpect of words, or things, are not always producible from the moſt celebrated

writers *, yet ſuch circumſtances as fall below the notice of hiſtory, can only be ſought in the jeſt-book, the ſatire, or the play; and the novel, whoſe faſhion did not outlive a week, is ſometimes neceſſary to throw light on thoſe annals which take in the compaſs of an age. Thoſe, therefore, who would wiſh to have the peculiarities of Nym familiarized to their ideas, muſt excuſe the inſertion of ſuch an epigram as beſt ſuits the purpoſe, however tedious in itſelf;

* Mr. T. Warton, in his excellent *Remarks on the Fairy Queen of Spenſer*, offers a ſimilar apology for having introduced illuſtrations from obſolete literature. "I fear (ſays he) I ſhall be cenſured for quoting too many pieces of this ſort. But experience has fatally proved, that the commentator on Spenſer, Jonſon, and the reſt of our elder poets, will in vain give ſpecimens of his claſſical erudition, unleſs, at the ſame time, he brings to his work a mind intimately acquainted with thoſe books, which, though now forgotten, were yet in common uſe and high repute about the time in which his authors reſpectively wrote, and which they conſequently muſt have read. While theſe are unknown, many alluſions and many imitations will either remain obſcure, or loſe half their beauty or propriety: "as the figures vaniſh when the canvas is decayed."

"Pope laughs at Theobald for giving us, in his edition of SHAKSPEARE, a ſample of

—— all ſuch READING *as was never read.*

But theſe ſtrange and ridiculous books which Theobald quoted, were unluckily the very books which SHAKSPEARE himſelf had ſtudied; the knowledge of which enabled that uſeful editor to explain ſo many difficult alluſions and obſolete cuſtoms in his poet, which otherwiſe could never have been underſtood. For want of this ſort of literature, Pope tells us that the *dreadful Sagittary* in Troilus and Creſſida, ſignifies Teucer, ſo celebrated for his ſkill in archery. Had he deigned to conſult an old hiſtory, called the *Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which was the delight of SHAKSPEARE and of his age, he would have found that this formidable archer, was no other than an imaginary beaſt, which the Grecian army brought againſt Troy. If SHAKSPEARE is worth reading, he is worth explaining; and the reſearches uſed for ſo valuable and elegant a purpoſe, merit the thanks of genius and candour, not the ſatire of prejudice and ignorance. That labour, which ſo eſſentially contributes to the ſervice of true taſte, deſerves a more honourable repoſitory than *The Temple of Dullneſs*."

and ſuch as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falſtaff's alluſion to *ſtewed prunes*, ſhould not be diſguſted at a multitude of inſtances, which, when the point is once known to be eſtabliſhed, may be diminiſhed by any future editor. An author, who *catches* (as Pope expreſſes it) at *the Cynthia of a minute*, and does not furniſh notes to his own works, is ſure to loſe half the praiſe which he might have claimed, had he dealt in alluſions leſs temporary, or cleared up for himſelf thoſe difficulties which lapſe of time muſt inevitably create.

The author of the additional notes has rather been deſirous to ſupport old readings, than to claim the merit of introducing new ones. He deſires to be regarded as one, who found the taſk he undertook more arduous than it ſeemed, while he was yet feeding his vanity with the hopes of introducing himſelf to the world as an editor in form. He, who has diſcovered in himſelf the power to rectify a few miſtakes with eaſe, is naturally led to imagine, that all difficulties muſt yield to the efforts of future labour; and perhaps feels a reluctance to be undeceived at laſt.

Mr. Steevens deſires it may be obſerved, that he has ſtrictly complied with the terms exhibited in his propoſals, having appropriated all ſuch aſſiſtances, as he received, to the uſe of the preſent editor, whoſe judgment has, in every inſtance, determined on their reſpective merits. While he enumerates his obligations to his correſpondents, it is neceſſary that one comprehenſive remark ſhould be made on ſuch communications

munications as are omitted in this edition, though they might have proved of great advantage to a more daring commentator. The majority of theſe were founded on the ſuppoſition, that Shakſpeare was originally an author correct in the utmoſt degree, but maimed and interpolated by the neglect or preſumption of the players. In conſequence of this belief, alterations have been propoſed wherever a verſe could be harmonized, an epithet exchanged for one more appoſite, or a ſentiment rendered leſs perplexed. Had the general current of advice been followed, the notes would have been filled with attempts at emendation apparently unneceſſary, though ſometimes elegant, and as frequently with explanations of what none would have thought difficult. A conſtant peruſer of Shakſpeare will ſuppoſe whatever is eaſy to his own apprehenſion, will prove ſo to that of others, and conſequently may paſs over ſome real perplexities in ſilence. On the contrary, if in conſideration of the different abilities of every claſs of readers, he ſhould offer a comment on all harſh inverſions of phraſe, or peculiarities of expreſſion, he will at once excite the diſguſt and diſpleaſure of ſuch as think their own knowledge or ſagacity undervalued. It is difficult to fix a medium between doing too little and too much in the taſk of mere explanation. There are yet many paſſages unexplained and unintelligible, which may be reformed, at hazard of whatever licence, for exhibitions on the ſtage, in which the pleaſure of the audience is chiefly to be conſidered; but muſt remain untouched by the critical editor, whoſe conjectures

are

are limited by narrow bounds, and who gives only what he at leaſt ſuppoſes his author to have written.

If it is not to be expected that each vitiated paſſage in Shakſpeare can be reſtored, till a greater latitude of experiment ſhall be allowed; ſo neither can it be ſuppoſed that the force of all his alluſions will be pointed out, till ſuch books are thoroughly examined, as cannot eaſily at preſent be collected, if at all. Several of the moſt correct liſts of our dramatic pieces exhibit the titles of plays, which are not to be met with in the completeſt collections. It is almoſt unneceſſary to mention any other than Mr. Garrick's, which, curious and extenſive as it is, derives its greateſt value from its acceſſibility *.

To

* There is reaſon to think, that about the time of the Reformation great numbers of plays were printed, though few of that age are now to be found; for part of queen Elizabeth's INJUNCTIONS in 1559, are particularly directed to the ſuppreſſing of "Many pamphlets, PLAYES, and ballads: that no manner of perſon ſhall enterprize to print any ſuch, &c. but under certain reſtrictions." Vide Sect. V. This obſervation is taken from Dr. Percy's Additions to his Eſſay on the Origin of the Engliſh Stage. It appears likewiſe from a page at the concluſion of the ſecond volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' company, that in the 41ſt year of queen Elizabeth, many new reſtraints on booksellers were laid. Among theſe are the following, "That no plaies be printed excepte they bee allowed by ſuch as have auctoritye." The records of the Stationers however contain the entries of ſome which have never yet been met with by the moſt ſucceſsful collectors; nor are their titles to be found in any regiſters of the ſtage, whether ancient or modern. It ſhould ſeem from the ſame volumes that it was cuſtomary for the Stationers to ſeize the whole impreſſion of any work that had given offence, and burn it publickly at their hall, in obedience to the edicts of the archbiſhop of Canterbury, and the biſhop of London, who ſometimes enjoyed theſe literary executions at their reſpective palaces.

Among

To the other evils of our civil war muſt be added the interruption of polite learning, and the ſuppreſſion of many dramatic and poetical names, which were plunged in obſcurity by tumults and revolutions, and have never ſince attracted curioſity. The utter neglect of ancient Engliſh literature continued ſo long, that many books may be ſuppoſed to be loſt; and that curioſity, which has been now for ſome years increaſing among us, wants materials for its operations. Books and pamphlets, printed originally in ſmall numbers, being thus neglected, were ſoon deſtroyed; and though the capital authors were preſerved, they were preſerved to languiſh without regard. How little Shakſpeare himſelf was once read, may be underſtood from Tate *, who,

Among other works condemned to the flames by theſe diſcerning prelates, were the complete ſatires of biſhop Hall.

Mr. Theobald, at the concluſion of the preface to his firſt edition of Shakſpeare, aſſerts, that excluſive of the dramas of Ben Jonſon, and Beaumont and Fletcher, he had read "above 800 of old Engliſh plays." He omitted this aſſertion, however, on the republication of the ſame work, and, I hope, he did ſo, through a conſciouſneſs of its utter falſhood; for if we except the plays of the authors already mentioned, it would be difficult to diſcover half the number that were written early enough to ſerve the purpoſe for which he pretends to have peruſed this imaginary ſtock of ancient literature.

I might add, that the private collection of Mr. Theobald, which, including the plays of Jonſon, Fletcher, and Shakſpeare, did not amount to many more than an hundred, remained entire in the hands of the late Mr. Tonſon, till the time of his death. It does not appear that any other collection but the Harleian was at that time formed; nor does Mr. Theobald's edition contain any intrinſic evidences of ſo comprehenſive an examination of our eldeſt dramatic writers, as he aſſumes to himſelf the merit of having made.

* In the year 1707 Mr. N. Tate publiſhed a tragedy called *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*, and in the title page of it calls himſelf, "*Author* of the tragedy called *King Lear*."

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who, in his dedication to the altered play of *King Lear*, ſpeaks of the original as of an obſcure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author

In a book called *The Actor, or a Treatiſe on the Art of Playing*, 12mo. publiſhed in 1750, and imputed to Dr. Hill, is the following pretended extract from *Romeo and Juliet*, with the author's remark on it:

" The ſaints that heard our vows and know our love,
" Seeing thy faith and thy unſpotted truth,
" Will ſure take care, and let no wrongs annoy thee.
" Upon my knees I'll aſk them every day
" How my kind Juliet does; and every night,
" In the ſevere diſtreſſes of my fate,
" As I perhaps ſhall wander through the deſert,
" And want a place to reſt my weary head on,
" I'll count the ſtars, and bleſs 'em as they ſhine,
" And court them all for my dear Juliet's ſafety."

" The reader will pardon us on this and ſome other occaſions, that where we quote paſſages from plays, we give them *as the author gives them, not as the butcherly hand of a blockhead prompter may have lopped them, or as the unequal genius of ſome bungling critic may have attempted to mend them.* Whoever remembers the merit of the player's ſpeaking the things we celebrate them for, we are pretty confident will wiſh he ſpoke them *abſolutely as we give them, that is, as the author gives them.*"

Perhaps it is unneceſſary to inform the reader that not one of the lines above quoted is to be found in the Romeo and Juliet of Shakſpeare. They are copied from the *Caius Marius* of Otway.

How little Shakſpeare himſelf was once read, &c.]

Though no author appears to have been more admired in his lifetime than Shakſpeare, at no very diſtant period after his death his compoſitions ſeem to have been neglected. Jonſon had long endeavoured to depreciate him, but he and his partiſans were unſucceſsful in their efforts; yet about the year 1640, whether from ſome capricious viciſſitude in the publick taſte, or from a general inattention to the drama, we find Shirley complaining that no company came to our author's performances.

——— " You ſee
" What audience we have; *what company*
" *To Shakſpeare comes?* whoſe mirth did once beguile
" Dull hours, and buſkin'd make even ſorrow ſmile;

" So

author of the *Tatler*, having occaſion to quote a few lines out of *Macbeth*, was content to receive them from D'Avenant's alteration of that celebrated drama, in which almoſt every original beauty is either awkwardly diſguiſed, or arbitrarily omitted. So little were the defects or peculiarities of the old writers known, even at the beginning of our century, that though the cuſtom of alliteration had prevailed to that degree in the time of Shakſpeare, that it became contemptible and ridiculous, yet it is made one of Waller's praiſes by a writer of his life, that he firſt introduced this practice into Engliſh verſification.

" So lovely were the wounds, that men would ſay
" They could endure the bleeding a whole day;
" *He has but few friends lately.*"

Prologue to *The Siſters*.

After the Reſtoration, on the revival of the theatres, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were eſteemed ſo much ſuperior to thoſe of our author, that we are told by Dryden, " two of their pieces were acted, through the year, for one of Shakſpeare's." If his teſtimony needed any corroboration, the following lines in a *Satire* publiſhed in 1680, would afford it:

" At every ſhop while *Shakſpeare*'s lofty ſtyle
" Neglected lies, to mice and worms a ſpoil,
" Gilt on the back, juſt ſmoking from the preſs;
" The apprentice ſhews you D'Urfey's *Hudibras*,
" Crown's *Maſk*, bound up with Settle's choiceſt labours,
" And promiſes ſome new eſſay of Babor's."

See alſo the prologue to Shirley's *Love Tricks*, 1667.

" In our old plays the humour, love, and paſſion,
" Like doublet, hoſe, and cloak, are out of faſhion;
" That which the world call'd wit in Shakſpeare's age,
" Is laugh'd at as improper for our ſtage."

From the inſtances mentioned by Mr. Steevens, he appears to have been equally neglected in the time of Queen Anne. During theſe laſt fifty years ample compenſation has been made to him for the bad taſte and inattention of the periods above mentioned.

MALONE.

It

It will be expected, that ſome notice ſhould be taken of the laſt editor of Shakſpeare, and that his merits ſhould be eſtimated with thoſe of his predeceſſors. Little, however, can be ſaid of a work, to the compoſition of which both a large proportion of the commentary and various readings is yet wanting. *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* is the only play from that edition, which has been conſulted in the courſe of this work; for as ſeveral paſſages there are arbitrarily omitted, and as no notice is given when other deviations are made from the old copies, it was of little conſequence to examine any further. This circumſtance is mentioned, leſt ſuch accidental coincidences of opinion, as may be diſcovered hereafter, ſhould be interpreted into plagiariſm.

It may occaſionally happen, that ſome of the remarks long ago produced by others, are offered again as recent diſcoveries. It is likewiſe abſolutely impoſſible to pronounce with any degree of certainty, whence all the hints, which furniſh matter for a commentary, have been collected, as they lay ſcattered in many books and papers, which were probably never read but once, or the particulars which they contain received only in the courſe of common converſation; nay, what is called plagiariſm, is often no more than the reſult of having thought alike with others on the ſame ſubject.

The diſpute about the learning of Shakſpeare being now finally ſettled, a catalogue is added of thoſe tranſlated authors, whom Mr. Pope has thought proper to call

The claſſics of an age that heard of none.

The

The reader may not be diſpleaſed to have the Greek and Roman poets, orators, &c. who had been rendered acceſſible to our author, expoſed at one view; eſpecially as the liſt has received the advantage of being corrected and amplified by the Reverend Dr. Farmer, the ſubſtance of whoſe very deciſive pamphlet is interſperſed through the notes which are added in this reviſal of Dr. Johnſon's Shakſpeare.

To thoſe who have advanced the reputation of our Poet, it has been endeavoured, by Dr. Johnſon, in the foregoing preface, impartially to allot their dividend of fame; and it is with great regret that we now add to the catalogue, another, the conſequence of whoſe death will perhaps affect not only the works of Shakſpeare, but of many other writers. Soon after the firſt appearance of this edition, a diſeaſe, rapid in its progreſs, deprived the world of Mr. JACOB TONSON; a man, whoſe zeal for the improvement of Engliſh literature, and whoſe liberality to men of learning, gave him a juſt title to all the honours which men of learning can beſtow. To ſuppoſe that a perſon employed in an extenſive trade, lived in a ſtate of indifference to loſs and gain, would be to conceive a character incredible and romantic; but it may be juſtly ſaid of Mr. TONSON, that he had enlarged his mind beyond ſolicitude about petty loſſes, and refined it from the deſire of unreaſonable profit. He was willing to admit thoſe with whom he contracted, to the juſt advantage of their own labours; and had never learned to conſider the author as an under-

under-agent to the bookſeller. The wealth which he inherited or acquired, he enjoyed like a man conſcious of the dignity of a profeſſion ſubſervient to learning. His domeſtic life was elegant, and his charity was liberal. His manners were ſoft, and his converſation delicate: nor is, perhaps, any quality in him more to be cenſured, than that reſerve which confined his acquaintance to a ſmall number, and made his example leſs uſeful, as it was leſs extenſive. He was the laſt commercial name of a family which will be long remembered; and if Horace thought it not improper to convey the Sosii to poſterity; if rhetoric ſuffered no diſhonour from Quintilian's dedication to TRYPHO; let it not be thought that we diſgrace Shakſpeare, by appending to his works the name of TONSON.

To this prefatory advertiſement I have now ſubjoined a chapter extracted from the *Guls Hornbook*, (a ſatirical pamphlet written by Decker in the year 1609) as it affords the reader a more complete idea of the cuſtoms peculiar to our ancient theatres, than any other publication which has hitherto fallen in my way. See this performance, page 27.

"CHAP. VI.

How a Gallant ſhould behave himſelf in a Play houſe.

The *theater* is your poet's Royal Exchange, upon which, their muſes (that are now turn'd to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, *plaudities* and the *breath* of the great *beaſt*, which (like the threatnings of two cowards) vaniſh all into aire. *Plaiers* and their *factors*, who put away the ſtuffe and make the beſt of it they poſſibly can (as indeed 'tis their

parts ſo to doe) your gallant, your courtier, and your captain, had wont to be the ſoundeſt paymaſters, and I thinke are ſtill the ſureſt chapmen: and theſe by meanes that their heades are well ſtockt, deale upon this comical freight by the groſſe; when your *groundling*, and *gallery commoner* buyes his ſport by the penny, and, like a *bagler*, is glad to utter it againe by retailing.

Sithence then the place is ſo free in entertainment, allowing a ſtoole as well to the farmer's ſonne as to your Templer: that your ſtinkard has the ſelfe ſame libertie to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your ſweet courtier hath: and that your carman and tinker claime as ſtrong a voice in their ſuffrage, and fit to give judgment on the plaies' life and death, as well as the proudeſt *M mus* among the tribe of *critick*; it is fit that hee, whom the moſt tailors' bils do make room for, when he comes, ſhould not be baſely (like a vyoll) cas'd up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private play-houſe ſtand to receive the afternoone's rent, let our gallant (having paid it) preſently advance himſelfe up to the throne of the ſtage. I meane not into the lords' roome (which is now but the ſtage's ſuburbs). No, thoſe boxes by the iniquity of cuſtome, conſpiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen-uſhers, that there ſweat together, and the covetous ſharers, are contemptibly thruſt into the reare, and much new ſatten is there dambd by being ſmothered to death in darkneſſe. But on the very ruſhes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the ſtate of *Cambiſes* himſelfe muſt our feather'd eſtridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly (becauſe impudently) beating downe the mewes and hiſſes of the oppoſed raſcality.

For do but caſt up a reckoning, what large cummings in are purs'd up by ſitting on the ſtage. Firſt a conſpicuous eminence is gotten, by which meanes the beſt and moſt eſſencial parts of a gallant (good cloathes, a proportionable legge, white hand, the Perſian locke, and a tollerable beard,) are perfectly revealed.

By ſitting on the ſtage you have a ſign'd pattent to engroſſe the whole commodity of cenſure; may lawfully preſume to be a girder; and ſtand at the helme to ſteere the paſſage of ſcænes, yet no man ſhall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an inſolent over-weening coxcombe.

By

By ſitting on the ſtage, you may (without trauelling for it) at the very next doore, aſke whoſe play it is: and by that queſt of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much miſtaking: if you know not the author, you may raile againſt him; and peradventure ſo behave yourſelfe, that you may enforce the author to know you.

By ſitting on the ſtage, if you be a knight, you may happily get you a miſtreſſe: if a meere *Fleet-ſtreet* gentleman, a wife: but aſſure yourſelfe by continuall reſidence, you are the firſt and principall man in election to begin the number of *We three*.

By ſpreading your body on the ſtage, and by being a juſtice in examining of plaies, you ſhall put yourſelfe into ſuch a true ſcænical authority, that ſome poet ſhall not dare to preſent his muſe rudely before your eyes, without having firſt unmaſkt her, rifled her, and diſcovered all her bare and moſt myſtical parts before you at a taverne, when you moſt knightly, ſhall for his paines, pay for both their ſuppers.

By ſitting on the ſtage, you may (with ſmall coſt) purchaſe the deere acquaintance of the boyes: have a good ſtoole for ſixpence: at any time know what particular part any of the infants preſent: get your match lighted, examine the play-ſuits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, &c. And to conclude, whether you be a foole or a juſtice of peace, a cuckold or a capten, a lord maior's ſonne or a dawcocke, a knave or an under ſhriefe, of what ſtamp ſoever you be, currant or counterfet, the ſtagelike time will bring you to moſt perfect light, and lay you open: neither are you to be hunted from thence though the ſcar-crowes in the yard hoot you, hiſſe at you, ſpit at you, yea throw dirt even in your teeth: 'tis moſt gentleman-like patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the ſilly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, crie, away with the foole, you were worſe than a mad-man to tarry by it: for the gentleman and the foole ſhould never ſit on the ſtage together.

Mary, let this obſervation go hand in hand with the reſt: or rather, like a country-ſerving man, ſome five yards before them. Preſent not your ſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that hees upon point to enter: for then it is time, as though you were one of the *properties*, or that you dropt of the *hangings* to creep from behind the arras, with your

tripos or three-legged ſtoole in one hand, and a teſton mounted betweene a fore-finger and a thumbe, in the other: for if you ſhould beſtow your perſon upon the vulgar, when the belly of the houſe is but halfe full, your apparell is quite eaten up, the faſhion loſt, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured, then if it were ſerved up in the Counter amongſt the Poultry: avoid that as you would the baſtome. It ſhall crowne you with rich commendation to laugh alowd in the middeſt of the moſt ſerious and ſaddeſt ſcene of the terribleſt tragedy: and to let that clapper (your tongue) be toſt ſo high that all the houſe may ring of it: your lords uſe it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do ſo too: your inne-a-court-man is zany to the knights, and (many very ſcurvily) comes likewiſe limping after it: bee thou a beagle to them all, and never lin ſnuffing till you have ſented then: for by talking and laughing (like a ploughman in a morris) you heape *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, glory upon glory: as firſt all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and onely follow you: the ſimpleſt dolt in the houſe ſnatches up your name, and when he meetes you in the ſtreetes, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word ſhall be taken for you: heele cry, *Hees ſuch a gallant*, and you paſſe. Secondly you publiſh your temperance to the world, in that you ſeeme not to reſort thither to taſte vaine pleaſures with a hungrie appetite; but onely as a gentleman, to ſpend a fooliſh houre or two, becauſe you can doe nothing elſe. Thirdly you mightily diſreliſh the audience, and diſgrace the author: marry, you take up (though it be at the worſt hand) a ſtrong opinion of your owne judgement, and inforce the poet to take pity of your weakeneſſe, and by ſome dedicated ſonnet to bring you into a better paradice, onely to ſtop your mouth.

If you can (either for love or money) provide your ſelfe a lodging by the water ſide: for above the conveniencie it brings to ſhun ſhoulder-clapping, and to ſhip away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it addes a kind of ſtate unto you, to be carried from thence to the ſtaires of your play-houſe: hate a ſculler (remember that) worſe then to be acquainted with one ath' ſcullery. No, your oares are your onely ſea-crabs, boord them, and take heed you never go twice together with one paire: often ſhifting is a great credit to gentlemen: and that dividing of your fare wil make the poore waterſnaks be ready to pul you in peeces to enjoy your cuſtome. No matter whether upon landing you have

money or no; you may ſwim in twentie of their boates over the river upon *ticket:* mary, when ſilver comes in, remember to pay trebble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to ſend more thankes after you, when you doe not draw, then when you doe: for they know, it will be their owne another daie.

Before the play begins, fall to cardes; you may win or looſe (as fencers doe in a prize) and beate one another by confederacie, yet ſhare the money when you meete at ſupper: notwithſtanding, to gul the ragga-muffins that ſtand a looſe gaping at you, throw the cards (having firſt torne foure or five of them) round about the ſtage, juſt upon the third ſound, as though you had loſt: it ſkils not if the foure knaves ly on their backs, and outface the audience, there's none ſuch fooles as dare take exceptions at them, becauſe ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now, Sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigram'd you, or hath had a flirt at your miſtris, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, &c. on the ſtage, you ſhall diſgrace him worſe then by toſſing him in a blanket, or givin him the baſtinado in a taverne, if in the middle of his play, (bee it paſtorall or comedy, morall or tragedie) you riſe with a ſkreud and diſcontented face from your ſtoole to be gone: no matter whether the ſcenes be good or no; the better they are, the worſe doe you diſtaſt them: and beeing on your feete, ſneake not away like a coward, but ſalute all your gentle acquaintance that are ſpred either on the ruſhes or on ſtooles about you, and draw what troope you can from the ſtage after you: the *mimicks* are beholden to you, for allowing them elbow roome: their poet cries perhaps, a pox go with you, but care not you for that; there's no muſick without frets.

Mary, if either the company, or indiſpoſition of the weather binde you to ſit it out, my counſell is then that you turn plaine ape: take up a ruſh and tickle the earneſt eares of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing; mewe at the paſſionate ſpeeches, blare at merrie, finde fault with the muſicke, whewe at the children's action, whiſtle at the ſongs; and above all, curſe the ſharers, that whereas the ſame day you had beſtowed forty ſhillings on an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch-faſhion) for your miſtres in the court, or your punck in the cittie, within

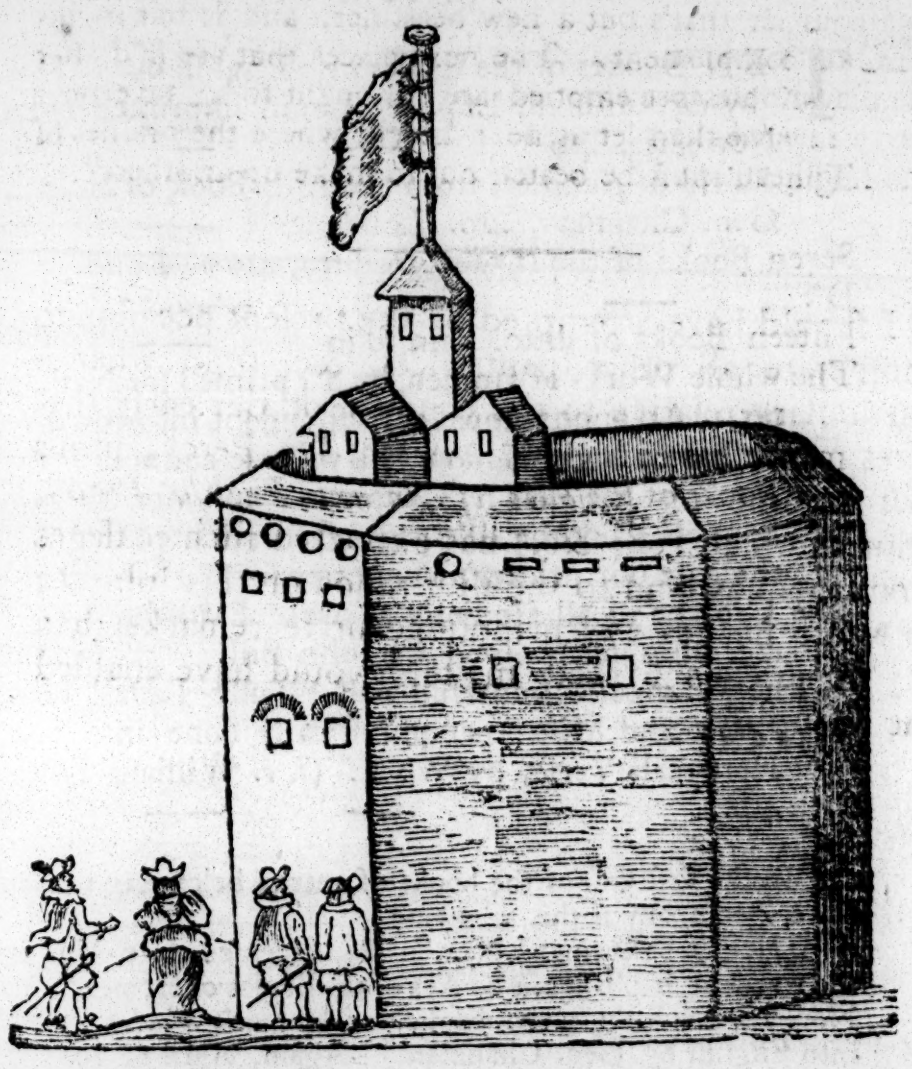
two houres after, you encounter with the very ſame block on the ſtage, when the haberdaſher ſwore to you the impreſſion was extant but that morning.

To conclude, hoord up the fineſt play-ſcraps you can get, upon which your leane wit may moſt ſavourly feede, for want of other ſtuffe, when the *Arcadian* and *Euphuis'd* gentlewomen have their tongues ſharpened to ſet upon you: that qualitie (next to your ſhittlecocke) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his ABC of complement. The next places that are fil'd after the play-houſes bee emptied are (or ought to be) tavernes: into a taverne then let us next march, where the braines of one hogſhead muſt be beaten out to make up another."

I ſhould have attempted on the preſent occaſion to enumerate all other pamphlets, &c. from whence particulars relative to the conduct of our early theatres might be collected, but that Dr. Percy, in his firſt volume of *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, (third edit. p. 128, &c.) has extracted ſuch paſſages from them as tend to the illuſtration of this ſubject; to which he has added more accurate remarks than my experience in theſe matters would have enabled me to ſupply.

The GLOBE on the BANCKE SIDE, where SHAKSPEARE acted.

From the long Antwerp View of London in the Pepysian Library.



With the drawing from which this cut was made, I was favoured by the Reverend Mr. Henley, of Harrow on the Hill.

STEEVENS.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CLASSIC AUTHORS.

HOMER.

TEN Bookes of the Iliades into Engliſh out of French, by Arthur Hall, Eſquire. Lond. imprinted by Ralph Newberie, 4to * —— — 1581

The Shield of Achilles, from the 18th Book of Homer, by Geo. Chapman, 4to. Lond. —— 1596

Seven Books of the Iliades, by ditto, 4to †. Lond. 1596

D°. —— —— —— 1598

Fifteen Books of ditto, thin folio —— 1600

The whole Works of Homer, by d°, printed for Nath. Butter. An anonymous correſpondent informs me that he has in his poſſeſſion "a volume containing twelve Books of the Iliad by Chapman; and after them ſome Sonnets; but the title page is ſo mutilated that neither the date nor printer's name remain" — *no date*

The Crowne of all Homer's Works, Batrachomymachia, &c. thin fol. printed by John Bill. *no date* ‡.

"The Strange Wonderfull and bloudy Battell between Frogs and Miſe; paraphraſtically done into Engliſh Heroycall Verſe, by W. F. (*i. e.* William Fowldes) 4to. —— —— —— 1603

* In the firſt vol. of the books of entries belonging to the Stationers' company is the following:

"Henry Bynneman] Nov. 1580, lycenſed unto him under the wardens' hands tenne bookes of the Iliades of Homer." Again, Nov. 14, 1608. "Seven bookes of Homer's Iliades tranſlated into Engliſh by Geo. Chapman." Again, April 8, 1611, "A booke called Homer's Iliades in Engliſhe, containing 24 Bookes." Again, Nov. 2, 1614, "Homer's Odiſſes 24 bookes tranſlated by George Chapman."

† Meres, in his *Second part of Wit's Common-wealth*, 1598, ſays that *Chapman* is "of good note for his inchoate *Homer*."

‡ In the firſt volume of the entries of the Stationers' company is the following:

"T. Purfoote.] The Battell of the Frogges and Myce, and certain orations of Iſocrates. Jan. 4th 1579."

HESIOD.

The Georgics of Heſiod, by G. Chapman, 4to. 1618

MUSÆUS.

Marloe's Hero and Leander, with the firſt Book of Lucan, 4to. —— —— —— 1600

There muſt have been a former Edition, as a ſecond Part was publiſhed by Henry Petowe* —— 1598

Muſæus's Poem of Hero and Leander, imitated by Chriſtopher Marlow, and finiſhed by Geo. Chapman, 8vo. Lond. —— —— —— 1606

EURIPIDES.

Jocaſta, a Tragedy, from the Phœniſſa of Euripides, by Geo. Gaſcoigne, and Mr. Francis Kinwelmerſhe, 4to. Lond. —— —— —— 1556

PLATO.

Axiochus, a Dialogue, attributed to Plato, by Edm. Spenſer, 4to †. —— —— 1592

DEMOSTHENES.

The Three Orations of Demoſthenes, chiefe Orator among the Grecians, in Favour of the Olynthians, with thoſe

* This tranſlation, or at leaſt Marlow's part in it, muſt have been publiſhed before 1599, being twice mentioned in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff, &c.* which bears that date. "*Leander* and *Hero* of whom divine *Muſæus* ſung, and a diviner muſe than him, *Kit Marlow*." Again, "She ſprung after him, and ſo reſigned up her prieſthood, and left worke for *Muſæus* and *Kit Marlow*."

Among the entries at Stationers' hall I find the following made by John Wolfe in 1593, Sept. 8th, "A booke entitled Hero and Leander, being an amorous poem deviſed by Chriſtopher Marlow."

At the ſame time, "Lucan's firſt booke of the famous Cyvill Warr betwixt Pompey and Cæſar. Engliſhed by Chriſtopher Marlow."

Again, in 1597, "A booke in Engliſh called Hero and Leander."

Again, April 1598, "The ſeconde Part of Hero and Leander by Henry Petowe." Andrew Harris enter'd it.

Again, in 1600, "Hero and Leander by Marlowe."

In 1614 an entire tranſlation of Lucan was publiſhed by Sir Arthur Gorges, and enter'd as ſuch on the ſame books.

† This book was entered in May 1592, at Stationers' hall.

his

his fower againſt Philip of Macedon, &c. by Tho. Wylſon, Doctor of the Civill Lawes, 4to. — 1570

ISOCRATES.

Iſocrates's ſage Admonition to Demonicus, by R. Nutthall, 8vo. Lond. 1557, 12mo. and 1585

Iſocrates's Doctrinal of Princes, by Syr Tho. Elliot, Lond. 8vo. —— —— —— 1534

Iſocrates's Orat. intitled Evagoras, by Jer. Wolfe, 8vo. 1581

Three Orations of moral Inſtructions, one to Demonicus, and two to Nicocles, King of Salamis, tranſlated from Iſocrates, by Tho. Forreſt, 4to. —— 1580

LUCIAN.

Necromantia, a Dialog of the Poete Lucyen between Menippus and Philonides, for his Fanteſye faynyd for a mery Paſtyme, in Engliſh Verſe and Latin Proſe.

Toxaris, or the Frendſhip of Lucian, by A. Q. Lond. 8vo. 1565

HERODOTUS.

The famous Hyſtory of Herodotus *, in nine Bookes, &c. by B. R. Lond. —— —— 1584

N. B. *This Piece contains only the two firſt Books, viz. the Clio and Euterpe. The Tranſlator ſays in his Preface, "As theſe ſpeede, ſo the reſt will follow."* 4to.

THUCYDIDES.

The Hyſtory writtone by Thucydides, &c. tranſlated out of the Frenche of Claude de Seyſſel, Biſhop of Marſeilles, into the Engliſhe language, by Tho. Nicolls, Citizeine and Goldſmyth of London, fol. —— 1550†

POLYBIUS.

Hyſtories of the moſt famous and worthy Cronographer,

* Among the entries in the books at Stationers-hall this appears to be one.

"John Denham.] The famous Hiſtorye of Herodotus in Englyſhe, June 13, 1581."

† On the Stationers' books in 1607 either this or ſome other tranſlation is enter'd, called "The Hiſtory of Thucidides the Athenian tranſlated into Engliſh."

Polybius,

Polybius, by Chriſtopher Watſon, 8vo. — 1568
This Work conſiſts of the firſt Book.

DIODORUS SICULUS*.

The Hiſtory of the Succeſſors of Alexander, &c. out of Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch, by Tho. Stocker. Lond. 4to. —— —— —— 1569

APPIAN.

An aunciente Hiſtorie, &c. by Appian† of Alexandria, tranſlated out of diverſe Languages, &c. by W. B. 4to. Lond. 1578

JOSEPHUS.

Joſephus's Hiſtory, &c. tranſlated into Engliſh, by Tho. Lodge, fol. Lond. — 1602—1609, &c.

ÆLIAN.

Ælian's Regiſtre of Hyſtories, by Abraham Fleming, 4to. 1576

HERODIAN.

The Hiſtorie of Herodian, &c. tranſl. oute of Greeke into Latin, by Angelus Politianus, and out of Latin into Englyſhe, by Nich. Smyth. Imprinted at London, by William Coplande, 4to‡.

PLUTARCH.

Plutarch's Lives§, by Sir Tho. North, from the Fr. of Amyot, Biſhop of Auxerre, fol. 1579, 1602, 1603

* Caxton tells us, that "Skelton had tranſlated *Diodorus Si-*
"*culus*, *the Epiſtles of Tulle*, and diverſe other Workes; but I know not that they were ever printed.

† In the firſt volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, Feb. 5, 1577, is the following:
"Henry Binneman. Appianus Alexandrinus of the Romaine Civill Warres."

‡ Oct. 1591, *Herodian in Engliſh* was entered at Stationers-hall by —— Adams.

§ Thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company.
"April 1579—Vautrouller—Wright, a booke in Engliſhe called Plutarch's Lyves."

Plutarch's

Plutarch's Morals, by Dr. Philemon Holland 1603 *
Plutarch of the Education of Children, by Sir Tho. Elyott, 4to.
The Preceptes of that excellent Clerke and grave Philosopher Plutarche, for the Preservation of Healthe, 8vo. 1543

ARISTOTLE.

The Ethiques of Aristotle, &c. by John Wylkinson. Printed by Grafton, Printer to K. Edw. VI. 8vo. B. L. 1547 †
The Secrete of Secretes of Aristotle, &c. translated out of the Frenche, &c. Lond. 8vo. —— 1528
Aristotle's Politiques, &c ‡. from the Fr. by J. D. fol. Lond. 1598

XENOPHON.

The eight Bookes of Xenophon, containing the Institution, Schole, and Education of Cyrus, the noble King of Persye, &c. transl. out of Gr. into Engl. by Mr. William Bercher. Lond. 12mo. 1567 and 1569
D°. by Dr. Philemon Holland.
Xenophon's Treatise of House-hold right, connyngly transl. out of the Greke tongue, &c. by Gentian Hervet, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1532. 8vo. 1534. 1544. 8vo. 1573
The Arte of Riding from Xenophon, &c. Lond. 4to. 1584

EPICTETUS §.

The Manuell of Epictetus, transl. out of Greeke into French,

* On the Stationers' books in the year 1600 is the following entry.

"A booke to be translated out of Frenche into Englishe, and so printed, called the Morall Woorkes of Plutarque." Again in 1602. Again in the same year, "The morral worke of Plutarque, being translated out of French into English."

† Of the *Ethicks of Aristotle* some more early translation must have appeared; as Sir Tho. Elyot in his *Boke named the Governour*, 1537, says, "they are to be learned in Greke; for *the translations that we have*, be but a rude and grosse shadowe of the eloquence and wysdome of Aristotle."

‡ This translation is entered in the books at Stationers hall. "Adam Islip] Aristole's Politiques with expositions; to be translated into Englyshe by the Frenche copie, 1598."

§ In the books of the Stationers' company, Feb. 12, 1581, Tho. Easte entered Enchiridon in English.

and

and now into Engliſh, &c. Alſo the Apothegmes, &c. by James Sandford. Lond. 12mo. 1567

EUNAPIUS SARDIANUS*.

The Lyves of Philoſophers and Orators, from the Greek of Eunapius, 4to. 1579

ACHILLES TATIUS.

The moſt delectable and pleaſant Hiſt. of Clitophon and Lucippe, from the Greek of Achilles Statius, &c. by W. B. 4to. —— —— — 1597†

M. ANTONINUS‡.

The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and eloquent Orator, 12mo. Lond. —— 1553
Tranſlated out of Fr. into Eng. by Sir John Bourchier, Kt. &c. &c.
Other editions of this are in 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1559, 1586, 1588.

DIONYSIUS.

Dionyſius's Deſcription of the Worlde. Englyſhed by Tho. Twine, 8vo. Lond. —— 1572

EUCLID.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry, tranſl. into Eng. by Rich. Candiſh, who flouriſhed, A. D. —— 1556
Euclid's Elements, Pref. by John Dee. Lond. 1570

* Thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company. "Richard Jones. The Lives of divers excellente Orators and Philoſophers written in Greeke by Enapius of the city of Sardis in Lydia, and tranſlated into Engliſhe by ——"

† This book was entered in the ſame year by Thomas Creede, on the books of the Stationers' company.

‡ This book is only introduced, that an opportunity may be obtained of excluding it from any future catalogue of tranſlated claſſics. It was a fraud of Guevara's. See his article in Bayle. Our countryman Elyott did ſomewhat of the ſame kind. He pretended to tranſlate the Actes and Sentences notable, of the Emperor *Alexander Severus*, (from the Greek of Encolpius. See *Fabricius*' and Tanner's Bibliothec. &c.

HIPPOCRATES.

The Aphoriſmes of Hippocrates, redacted into a certaine Order, and tranſlated by Humfrie Llhyd, 8vo. 1585

GALEN.

Galen's Two Books of Elements, tranſlated into Engl. by J. Jones, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1574
Third and fourth Books by G. Baker, 4to. —— 1579
Certaine Workes of Galen, englyſhed by Tho. Gale, 4to. 1586

HELIODORUS.

The Beginning of Æthiopical Hiſtory in Engl. Hexameters, by Abrah. Fraunce, 8vo. Lond. —— 1591 *
Heliodorus's Æthiopic Hiſt. tranſl. by Tho. Underdown, B. L. 4to. Lond. —— 1577 and 1587

VIRGIL.

The Boke of Eneydos, &c. by Caxton, fol. Lond. *proſe* 1490
The thirteen Bukes of Eneados in Scottiſh Metir, by Gawain Douglas, 4to. Lond. —— 1553
Certain Bookes of Virgile's Æneis † turned into Engliſh Metir, by the right honourable Lorde, Henry Earle of Surrey, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1557
The firſt ſeven Bookes of the Eneidos, by Phaer. Lond. 4to. B. L. —— —— 1558
This Tranſlation is in rhyme of fourteen ſyllables.
The nyne firſt Bookes, &c. by Phaer, 4to. Lond. 1562
The thirteene Bookes of Eneidos, by Phaer and Twyne, 4to. Lond. —— 1584, 1596, 1607, &c ‡.
The firſt foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, tranſlated into

* A tranſlation of the ſame book is likewiſe entered at Stationers' hall 1602, and again twice in 1604, for different printers.

† This is a tranſlation of the ſecond and fourth books into blank verſe, and is perhaps the oldeſt ſpecimen of that metre in the Engliſh language.

‡ Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, is the following. "Tho. Creede.] Virgil's Æneidos in Engliſhe verſe, 1595." Again in 1600. Again his Bucolics and Georgics in the ſame year.

Engl.

Engl. heroic Verſe, by Richard Stanyhurſt *, &c. 12mo. Lond. —— —— 1583

The Bucolickes of Publius Virgilius Maro, &c. by Abraham Fleming, drawn into plaine and familiar Englyſhe, Verſe for Verſe, 4to. B. L. —— 1575

Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks, traſlated into Verſe, by the ſame Author, Lond. —— 1589

The Lamentation of Corydon for the Love of Alexis, Verſe for Verſe, out of Latine.

This is tranſlated into Engliſh Hexameters, and printed at the end of the Counteſſe of Pembroke's Ivychurch 1591. *By Abraham Fraunce.*

Virgil's Culex paraphraſed, by Spenſer. See his works.

HORACE.

Two Bookes of Horace his Satyres Englyſhed, accordyng to the Preſcription of Saint Hierome, 4to. B. L. Lond. 1566

Horace his Arte of Poetrie, Piſtles † and Satyrs Engliſhed, by Tho. Drant, 4to. Lond. —— 1567

OVID.

The fifteene Bookes of Metamorphoſeos. In which ben contaynid the Fables of Ovid, by William Caxton, Weſtm. fol. —— —— 1480

The four firſt Books of Ovid, tranſl. from the Latin into Engliſh Meetre, by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. B. L. Lond. — — — 1565

The fifteene Bookes of P. Ovidius Naſo, &c. by Arthur Golding, 4to. Bl. L. Lond. —— 1576

Another in 1575, according to Ames, and another earlier than either in 1567, *if we may believe the Date of the Dedication.*

[*A former Edition was in* 1572, *in Rawlinſon's catal.*]

D° —— —— 1587. D° 1612.

The pleaſant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. 8vo. Lond. —— —— —— 1565

The Fable of Ovid treating of Narciſſus, tranſl. out of Latin into Eng. Mytre, with a Moral therunto very pleſante to rede, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1560

* The copy, which I have ſeen, was in 4to, printed at Leiden, and was entered as ſuch on the books of the Stationers on the 24th of January, 1582.

† There is an entry at Stationers' hall of the Epiſtles of Horace in 1591.

The Heroycall Epiſtles, &c. ſet out and tranſlated by Geo. Turbervile, Gent. &c. B. L. 4to. Lond*. 1567, 1569, and 1600

The three firſt Bookes of Ovid de Triſtibus, tranſl. into Engliſh, by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. Lond. 1580†

Ovid his Invective againſt Ibis, tranſlated into Eng. Meeter, &c. 12mo. Lond. —— —— 1569‡

And 157 , by Tho. Underwood.

Certaine of Ovid's Elegies by C. Marlow §. 12mo. At Middleburgh —— —— *no date.*

All Ovid's Elegies, three Bookes. By C. M. At Middleburgh. 12mo. Somewhat larger than the preceding edition. Ovidius Naſo, his *Remedy of Love*, tranſlated and entituled to the youth of England, 4to. Lond. 1600

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, by Fra. Beaumont, 4to. 1602

He likewiſe tranſlated a Part of the Remedy of Love. There was another Tranſlation of the whole, by Sir Tho. Overbury 8vo. without date ‖

PLAUTUS.

Menæchmi, by W. W. Lond. ¶

MARTIAL. 1597

Flowers of Epigrams (from Martial particularly) by Tim. Kendall, 8vo**. —— —— 1575

* Among the Stationers' entries I find, in 1594, "A booke entitled *Oenone and Paris*, wherein is deſcribed the extremity of love, &c." This may be a tranſlation from Ovid.

† This book was entered at Stationers' hall by Tho. Eaſte, July 1, 1577, and by Thomas Orwin in 1591.

‡ Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' company is the following. Henry Bynneman] July 1, 1577, Ovid's Invective againſt Ibis. Bought of Tho. Eaſte.

§ In the forty-firſt of Q. Eliz. theſe tranſlations from Ovid were commanded, by the archbiſhop of Canterbury and the biſhop of London, to be burnt at Stationers' hall.

‖ On the books of the Stationers' company, Dec. 23, 1599, is entered "Ovidius Naſo his Remedy of Love." Again, in the ſame year. "Ovydes Epiſtles in Englyſhe," and "Ovydes Metamorphoſis in Englyſhe."

¶ This piece was enter'd at Stationers' hall June 10th, 1594. In 1520, viz. the 11th year of Hen. VIII. it appears from Holinſhed, that a comedy of Plautus was played before the king.

** Entered at Stationers' hall Feb. 1576.

TE-

TERENCE.

Terens in Englyſh, or the tranſlacyon out of Latin into Englyſh of the firſt comedy of Tyrens callyd Andria. *Suppoſed to be printed by J. Raſtell* *.

Andria,

* As the following metrical introduction to this play relates chiefly to the improvements at that time ſuppoſed to have been made in the Engliſh language, I could not prevail on myſelf to ſuppreſs it.

The Poet.

The famous renown through the worlde is ſprong
Of poetys ornate that usyd to indyte
Of dyvers matters in theyr moder tong
Some toke uppon them tranſlacions to wryte
Some to compile bokys for theyr delyte
But in our Engliſh tong for to ſpeke playn
I rede but of few have take any gret payn.

Except maſter Gowre which furſt began
And of moralite wrote ryght craftely
Than maſter Chaucer that excellent man
Which wrote as compendious as elygantly
As in any other tong ever dyd any
Ludgate alſo which adournyd our tong
Whoſe noble famys through the world be ſprong.

By theſe men our tong is amplyfyed ſo
That we therin now tranſlate as well may
As in eny other tongis other can do
Yet the Greke tong and Laten dyvers men ſay
Have many wordys can not be Englyſhid this day
So lyke wyſe in Englyſh many wordys do habound
That no Greke nor Laten for them can be found.

And the cauſe that our tong is ſo plenteouſe now
For we kepe our Englyſh contynually
And of other tongis many wordis we borow
Which now for Englyſh we uſe and occupy
Theſe thingis have gyven corage gretly
To dyvers and ſpecyally now of late
To them that this comedy have tranſlate.

Which all diſcrete men now do beſech
And ſpecyally lernyd men to take no dyſdayn
Though this be compylyd in our vulgare ſpech
Yet lernyng thereby ſome men may attayn
For they that in this comedy have take payn

Andria, the firſt Comedy of Terence, by Maurice Kyffin, 4to. —— —— —— 1588

Terence in Engliſh, by Richard Bernard, 4to. Cambridge* 1598

Floures for Latin ſpeaking gathered oute of Terence, by G. Nic. Udall —— —— 1560

SENECA.

Seneca his Tenne Tragedies †, tranſlated into Englyſh by different Tranſlators, 4to. Lond. —— 1581

Seneca's Forme and Rule of Honeſt Living, by Rob. Whyttington, 8vo. —— —— 1546

Seven Bookes of Benefyting ‡, by Arthur Golding, 4to. 1577

LIVY.

Livius (Titus §) and other Authores Hiſtorie of Annibal and Scipio, tranſlated into Engliſh, by Anthony Cope, Eſquier, B. L. 4to. Lond. —— 1545

Pray you to correct where faut ſhal be found
And of our matter ſo here is the ground.

In the metrical peroration to this piece, is the following ſtanza;

Wherefore the tranſlatours now require you this
Yf ought be amys ye wold conſyder
The Englyſh almoſt as ſhort as the Latten is
And ſtill to kepe ryme a diffycult matter
To make the ſentence opynly to appere
Which if it had a long expocyſion
Then were it a comment and no tranſlacyon.

* At Stationers' hall in 1597, "the ſecond comedy of Terence, called *Eunuchus*" was entered by W. Leake; and the firſt and ſecond comedie in 1600.

† In the firſt volume of the entries of the Stationers' company, Aug. 1579, Rich. Jones, and John Charlewood, entered the 4th tragedie of Seneca. And again all the ten in 1581.

‡ In the firſt volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers' company is the following, "March 26, 1579, *Seneca de Beneficiis* in Englyſhe."

§ In the firſt volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, anno 1597, is the following note, "Memorandum that Mr. Alexander Nevill, Gent. is appointed to tranſlate *Titus Livius* into the Englyſhe tongue: expreſſed, the ſame is not to be printed, by anie man, but only ſuch as ſhall have his tranſlacion." Again, in 1598, "The hiſtory of Titus Livius" was entered by Adam Iſlip.

The

The Romane Hiſt. &c. by T. Livius of Padua. Alſo the Breviaries of L. Florus, &c. by Dr. Philemon Holland, fol. Lond. —— —— 1600

TACITUS.

The End of Nero and Beginning of Galba. Fower Bookes of the Hiſtories of Cornelius Tacitus. The Life of Agricola, by Sir Hen. Saville, 4to. Lond. 1591
Annales of Tacitus, by Richard Grenaway, fol. 1598

SALLUST*.

The Famous Cronycle of the Warre, which the Romyns had againſt Jugurth, &c. compyled in Lat. by the renowned Romayn Salluſt, &c. tranſlated into Englyſhe, by Sir Alex. Barclay Preeſt, &c. Printed by Pynſon, fol. D°.
Lond. pr. by Joh. Waley, 4to. —— 1557
The Conſpiracie of Lucius Cataline, tranſlated into Eng. by Tho. Paynell, 4to. Lond. 1541 and 1557
The two moſt worthy and notable Hiſtories, &c. Both written by C. C. Salluſtius, and tranſlated by Tho. Heywood, Lond. ſm. fol. 1608

SUETONIUS.

Suetonius, tranſlated by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol. Lond. 1606†

CÆSAR‡.

Ceaſar's Commentaries, as touching Britiſh affairs. Without name, printer, place, or date; but by the type it appears to be Raſtell's.
Ames, p. 148.
The eight Bookes of Caius Julius Cæſar, tranſlated by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. Lond. 1560 and 1590
Cæſar's Commentaries (de Bello Gallico) five Bookes, by Clement Edmundes, with Obſervations, &c. Fol. 1600

* A tranſlation of Salluſt was entered at Stationers' hall in 1588. Again, in 1607. "The hiſtorie of Salluſt in Engliſhe."
† This tranſlation was entered at Stationers' hall, 1604.
‡ In the entries made in the books of the Stationers' company is the following:
"John Charlewood] Sept. 1581, Abſtracte of the hiſtorie of Ceſar and Pompeius.

De Bello Civili, by D° three Bookes. Fol. 1609
D° by Chapman —— —— 1604

JUSTIN.

The Hiſt. of Juſtine, &c. by A. G. [Arthur Golding] Lond. 4to. — — 1564 and 1578
D°. by Dr. Phil. Holland —— 1606
D°. by G. W. with an Epitomie of the Lives, &c. of the Romaine Emperors, from Aurelius Victor, fol. 1606

Q. CURTIUS.

The Hiſtorie of Quintus Curtius, &c. tranſlated, &c. by John Brende, 4to. Lond. —— 1553
Other Editions were in 1561, 1584, 1570, 1592*

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius engliſhed, by Nic. Haward, 8vo. 1564

A. MARCELLINUS.

Ammianus Marcellinus, tranſlated by Dr. P. Holland. Lond. fol. —— —— 1609

CICERO.

Cicero's Familiar Epiſtles, by J. Webbe, ſm. 8vo. *no date*
Certain ſelect Epiſtles into Engliſh, by Abra. Flemming, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1576
Thoſe Fyve Queſtions which Marke Tullye Cicero diſputed in his Manor of Tuſculanum, &c. &c. Englyſhed by John Dolman, ſm. 8vo. Lond. ——— 1561
† Marcus Tullius Cicero, three Bookes of Duties, tourned out of Latin into Engliſh by Nic. Grimalde 1555, 1556, 1558, 1574.
Ames ſays 1553; *perhaps by miſtake.*
The thre Bokes of Tullius Offyce, &c. tranſlated, &c. by

* In the Stationers' books this or ſome other tranſlation of the ſame author was entered by Richard Tottell, Feb. 1582, and again by Tho. Creede, &c. 1599.

† Maittaire ſays [Ann. Typog. B. 5. 290.] "In florulentâ tituli marguncula (vulgo vignette) ſuperiore, inſcribitur 1534. This was a wooden block uſed by the Printer Tottel, for many Books in ſmall 8vo. and by no means determines their Date. There may, however, have been ſome earlier tranſlation than any here enumerated, as in Sir Tho. Elyot's *Boke named the Governour*, 1537, is mentioned "the worke of Cicero, called in Latine *De Officiis*, whereunto yet is no *propre* Engliſh word, &c."

R. Whyt-

R. Whyttington, Poet Laureat, 12mo. Lond. 1533. 1534, 1540, and 1553 *

The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, tranſlated by Will. Wyrceſtre, alias Botaner. Caxton, 4to. 1481

De Senectute, by Whyttington, 8vo. —— *no date*

An Epiſtle or Letter of Exhortation written in Latyne by Marcus Tullius Cicero, to his Brother Quintus, the Proconſul, or Deputy of Aſia, wherein the Office of a Magiſtrate is cunningly and wiſely deſcribed, tranſlated into Englyſhe by G. G. ſet forth and authoriſed according to the Queenes Majeſties Injunctions. Prynted at London, by Rouland Hall, dwelling in Golding Lane, at the ſygne of the three arrowes, 12mo. —— —— 1561

** The worthie Booke of Old Age, otherwiſe intitled The elder Cato, &c. 12mo. Lond. —— 1569

** Tullius Cicero on Old Age, by Tho. Newton, 8vo. Lond. —— —— 1569

Tullies Friendſhip, Olde Age, Paradoxe, and Scipio's Dream, by Tho. Newton, 4to. —— 1577

Tullius de Amicitia, tranſlated into our maternal Englyſhe Tongue, by the E. of Worceſter. Printed by Caxton, with the Tranſlation of *De Senectute*, fol.

The Paradoxe of M. T. Cicero, &c. by Rob. Whyttington, Poet Laureat. Printed in Southwarke, 12mo. 1540

Webbe tranſlated all the ſixteen Books of Cicero's Epiſtles, but probably they were not printed together in Shakſpeare's Lifetime. I ſuppoſe this from a paſſage in his Dedication, in which he ſeems to mean Bacon, *by a great* Lord Chancellor.

BOETHIUS.

Boethius, by Chaucer. Printed by Caxton, fol.

Boethius in Engliſh Verſe, by Tho. Rychard. Imprinted in the exempt Monaſtery of Taviſtock, 4to. 1525

Eng. and Lat. by Geo. Colville, 4to. 1556 †

* In the books belonging to Stationers' hall, "Tullies Offices in Latin and Engliſh" is entered Feb. 1582, for R. Tottell. Again, by Tho. Orwin, 1591.

** Theſe are perhaps the ſame.

† In the Stationers' books Jan. 13th, 1608, Matthew Lownes entered "Anitius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boethius, a Chriſtian Conſul of Rome, newly tranſlated out of Latin, together with original notes explaining the obſcureſt places."

APULEIUS.

Apuleius's Golden Asse, translated into Eng. by Wm. Adlington, 4to. Lond. —— 1566 and 1571*

FRONTINUS.

Stratagemes, Sleightes, and Policies of Warre, gathered by S. Julius Frontinus. Translated by Richard Morisine, 8vo. Printed by Tho. Berthelet — 1539

PLINY JUNr.

Some select Epistles of Pliny the Younger into Eng. by Abr. Flemming, 4to. Lond. ——— 1576

POMPONIUS MELA.

Pomponius Mela, by A. Golding, 4to. — 1590

PLINY.

Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol †. 1601

SOLINUS.

Julius Solinus Polyhistor, by A. Golding 4to. 1587

VEGETIUS.

The four Bookes of Flavius Vegetius, concerning martial Policye, by John Sadler, 4to. — 1572

RUTILIUS RUFUS.

A View of Valiaunce, translated from Rutilius Rufus, by Tho. Newton, 8vo. ——— —— 1580

DARES Phryg. and DICTYS Cret.

Dares and Dictys's Trojan War. in Verse 1555

CATO and P. SYRUS.

Caton ‡, translated into Englysshe by Master Benet Burgh, &c. mentioned by Caxton.

* There is an entry of this translation in the books at Stationers' hall in 1595. Valentine Simes is the name of the printer who entered it. It is again entered by Clement Knight in 1600.

† On the books of the Stationers' company is this entry. "Adam Islip, 1600. The xxxvii. bookes of C. Plinius Secundus his hisiorie of the worlde. To be translated out of Latin into Englysshe and so printed."

‡ Probably this was never printed.

Cathon [Parvus and Magnus] transl. &c. by Caxton 1483*
Preceptes of Cato, with Annotations of Erasmus, &c.
24mo. Lond —— —— 1560 and 1562

Ames mentions a Discourse of Human Nature, translated from Hippocrates, p. 428; an Extract from Pliny, translated from the French, p. 312; Æsop †, &c by Caxton and others; and there is no doubt, but many Translations at present unknown may be gradually recovered, either by Industry or Accident.

* There is an entry of *Caton* at Stationers' hall in 1591 by —— Adams, Eng. and Lat. Again in the year 1591 by Tho. Orwin. Again in 1605. "Four bookes of morall sentences entituled Cato, translated out of Latin into English by J. M. Master of Arts."

† "Æsop's Fables in Englishe" were entered May 7th 1590, on the books of the Stationers' company. Again, Oct. 1591. Again, Esop's Fables in Meter, Nov. 1598. Some few of them had been paraphrased by Lydgate, and I believe are still unpublished. See the Brit. Mus. MSS. Harl. 2251.

It is much to be lamented that *Andrew Maunsell*, a bookseller in Lothbury, who published two parts of a catalogue of English printed books, fol. 1595, did not proceed to his third collection. This, according to his own account of it, would have consisted of "Grammar, Logick, and Rhetoricke. Lawe, Historie. Poetrie, Policie, &c." which, as he tells us, "for the most part concerne matters of delight and pleasure."

APPENDIX

To Mr. Colman's Tranſlation of Terence Octavo Edition.

THE reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare*, having done me the honour to animadvert on ſome paſſages in the preface to this tranſlation, I cannot diſmiſs this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out careleſsly on the ſubject of this pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the liſts as a champion to defend either ſide of the queſtion.

It is moſt true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Suppoſes*, nor has it ever yet fallen into my hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakſpeare borrowed part of the plot of The Taming of the Shrew, from that old tranſlation of Arioſto's play, by George Gaſcoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede alſo to the truth of Dr. Johnſon's and Mr. Farmer's obſervation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it ſtands in Shakſpeare, is extant in Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakſpeare's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it muſt be granted, that ſuch books are put into the hands of thoſe who are learning thoſe languages, in which claſs we muſt neceſſarily rank Shakſpeare, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that ſo rapid a genius ſhould not have made ſome further progreſs. "Our author, "(ſays Dr. Johnſon, as quoted by Mr. Farmer) had this line "from Lilly; which I mention, that it may not be brought "as an argument of his learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it ſeems

ſeems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* had at leaſt read Ovid; from whoſe Epiſtle we find theſe lines.

Hàc ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

And what does Dr. Johnſon ſay on this occaſion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer ſay on this occaſion? Nothing.

In Love's Labour Loſt, which, bad as it is, is aſcribed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf to Shakſpeare, there occurs the word *thraſonical*; another argument which ſeems to ſhew that he was not unacquainted with the comedies of Terence; not to mention, that the character of the ſchoolmaſter in the ſame play could not poſſibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic, hæc, hoc.*

In Henry the Sixth we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?

But this, it ſeems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the Taming of the Shrew; for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakſpeare's property in the comedy to be extremely diſputable; and he has no doubt but Henry the Sixth had the ſame author with Edward the Third, which had been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's Proluſions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakſpeare's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens.* In this play we have a familiar quotation from Horace,

Ira furor brevis eſt.

I will not maintain but this hemiſtich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleaſure*, or the *Engliſh Plutarch*; or that it was not originally foiſted in by the players: it ſtands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens.*

The world in general, and thoſe who purpoſe to comment on Shakſpeare in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whoſe reſearches into our old authors throw a luſtre on many paſſages, the obſcurity of which muſt elſe have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's tranſlation for Shakſpeare's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dares Phrygius, and *the Troye booke*

booke of Lydgate. The hiſtorie of Hamblet, in *black letter*, will for ever ſuperſede Saxo Grammaticus; tranſlated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the ſources of Romeo, Lear, and the Merchant of Venice; and Shakſpeare himſelf, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will ſtand convicted of having *tranſverſed* the proſe of Holingſhed; and, at the ſame time, to prove "that his *ſtudies* lay in his "own language," the tranſlations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

"That his *ſtudies* were moſt demonſtratively confined to "*nature*, and his *own language*," I readily allow: but does it hence follow that he was ſo deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead, that he only "remembered, "perhaps, enough of his *ſchoolboy* learning to put the *hig*, "*hag*, *hog*, into the mouth of Sir H. Evans; and might pick "up in the writers of the time, or the courſe of his converſa-"tion, a familiar phraſe or two of French or Italian?" In Shakſpeare's plays both theſe laſt languages are plentifully ſcattered; but then, we are told, they might be impertinent additions of the players. Undoubtedly they might: but there they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had much more learning than Shakſpeare.

Mr. Farmer himſelf will allow that Shakſpeare began to learn Latin: I will allow that his *ſtudies* lay in Engliſh: but why inſiſt that he neither made any progreſs at ſchool; nor improved his acquiſitions there? The general encomiums of Suckling, Denham, Milton, &c. on his *native genius**, prove nothing;

* Mr. Farmer cloſes the general teſtimonies of Shakſpeare's having been only indebted to nature, by ſaying, "He came out "of her hand, *as ſome one elſe expreſſes it*, like Pallas out of Jove's "head, at full growth and mature." It is whimſical enough, that this *ſome one elſe*, whoſe expreſſion is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakſpeare's want of literature, ſhould be no other than myſelf. Mr. Farmer does not chuſe to mention where he met with the expreſſion of *ſome one elſe*; and *ſome one elſe* does not chuſe to mention where he dropt it †.

† *It will appear ſtill more whimſical that this* ſome one elſe *whoſe expreſſion is here quoted, may have his claim to it ſuperſeded by that of the late Dr. Young, who in his* Conjectures on Original Compoſition *(p. 100. Vol. V. Edit. 1773) has the following ſentence.* "*An adult genius comes out of Nature's hands, as Pallas out of* "*Jove's head, at full growth and mature. Shakeſpeare's genius*

"*was*

nothing: and Ben Jonſon's celebrated charge of Shakſpeare's *ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek* *, ſeems abſolutely to decide that he had *ſome* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is ſeldom without a very competent ſhare of Latin; and yet ſuch a man is very likely to ſtudy Plutarch in Engliſh, and to read tranſlations of Ovid.

See Dr. Farmer's reply to theſe remarks by Mr. Colman, in a note on LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, *Act IV. Sc.* ii. *p.* 456.

" *was of this kind.*" *Where* ſome one elſe *the* firſt *may have intermediately dropped the conteſted expreſſion I cannot aſcertain; but* ſome one elſe *the ſecond tranſcribed it from the author already mentioned.* ANON.

* In defence of the various reading of this paſſage, given in the preface to the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, " ſmall Latin, and " *no* Greek," Mr. Farmer tells us, that " it was adopted above " a century ago by W. Towers, in a panegyrick on Cartwright." Surely, Towers having ſaid that Cartwright had *no* Greek, is no proof that Ben Jonſon ſaid ſo of Shakſpeare.

THE

THE

DEDICATION of the PLAYERS.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM

Earle of PEMBROKE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſtie;

AND

PHILIP

Earle of MONTGOMERY, &c. Gentleman of his Majeſties Bed-chamber.

Both Knights of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and our ſingular good LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we ſtudie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt diverſe things that can be, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we value the places your H. H. ſuſtaine, wee cannot but know the dignity greater, than to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourſelves of the defence of our dedication. But ſince your L. L. have been pleaſed to thinke theſe trifles ſomething, heeretofore; and have proſequuted both them, and their authour living, with ſo much favour: we hope (that they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will uſe the ſame indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke

booke chooſe his patrones, or finde them: this hath done both. For, ſo much were your L. L. likings of the ſeverall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publiſhed, the volume aſked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphanes, guardians; without ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keep the memory of ſo worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKSPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we have juſtly obſerved, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath been the height of our care, who are the preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo crave our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approch their gods by what meanes they could: and the moſt, though meaneſt of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe remaines of your ſervant SHAKSPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the fault ours, if any be committed, by a paire ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

THE

THE PREFACE OF THE PLAYERS.

To the great Variety of READERS.

FROM the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: there you are number'd, we had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well! it is now publique, and you will ſtand for your priviledges, wee know: to read, and cenſure. Doe ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a booke, the ſtationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoever your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame and ſpare not. Judge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your five ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Cenſure will not drive a trade, or make the jacke goe. And though you be a magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the ſtage at Black-friars, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne plays dailie, know, theſe playes have had their triall already, and ſtood out all appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchas'd letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeſſe, worthie to have been wiſhed, that the author himſelfe had liv'd to have ſet forth, and overſeen his owne writings; but ſince it has been ordained otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publiſhed them; and ſo to have publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers ſtolne and ſurreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of injurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: even thoſe are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and

and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee have ſcarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province who onely gather his workes, and give them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit no more can lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: and if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to underſtand him. And ſo we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourſelves, and others. And ſuch readers we wiſh him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

Mr. POPE's

Mr. POPE's

PREFACE.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a criticiſm upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh poets Shakſpeare muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a deſign, which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtick excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatick writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any author deſerved the name of an *original*, it was Shakſpeare. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Ægyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakſpeare was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an imitator, as an inſtrument, of nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His

His *characters* are ſo much nature itſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every ſingle character in Shakſpeare is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch, as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will, upon compariſon, be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *power* over our *paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: we are ſurpriſed the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurpriſed if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, laughter and ſpleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the paſſions; in the coolneſs of reflection and reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *ſentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but, by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and public ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that, with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that ſtage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the populace, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakſpeare, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies have their ſcene among *tradeſmen* and *mechanicks*: and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurprize* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſt of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonſon, getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth

of

of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakſpeare by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them; without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleaſed to call immortality; ſome or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakſpeare, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propa-

gated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences: as, the comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; *The Hiſtory of Henry the Sixth*, which was firſt publiſhed under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaſter*; and that *of Henry the Fifth*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet*, enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt; and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome; and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects, but ſuperfœtations, and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, &c. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of the people, and to keep the worſt of company), if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt genius upon earth. Nay, the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: there is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhewn between the

the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakſpeare. We have tranſlations from *Ovid* publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton); he appears alſo to have been converſant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonſon: as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that, becauſe Ben Jonſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that Shakſpeare had none at all; and becauſe Shakſpeare had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakſpeare

borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Jonſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Jonſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakſpeare wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly, as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus: and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon:

——*Si ultra placitum laudârit baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne vati noceat——

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonſon was introduced upon the ſtage, and his firſt works encouraged, by Shakſpeare; and after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakſpeare*; which ſhews as if the friendſhip had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *ſparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenſer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æſchylus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſsly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhould be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the players. Ben Jonſon might indeed be ſparing

in his commendations (though certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance), partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers, were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their *heads* at leaſt may have ſomething human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakſpeare's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches ſolus* *. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Jonſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay, the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory in any language: ſo could not be Shakſpeare's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay that not Shakſpeare only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

* *Enter three witches ſolus.*] This blunder appears to be of Mr. Pope's own invention. It is not to be found in any one of the four folio copies of Macbeth; and there is no quarto edition of it extant. STEEVENS.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſsneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, and *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, might have been ſo, becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus and Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, or even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different play-houſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quartos.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe quartos, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there.

In

In others, the low ſcenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages, which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems, without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the play-houſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: for in ſome places their very * names are through careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *Perſonæ Dramatis*; and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often when there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed: fromwhence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

* *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. *Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of *Balthaſar*. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp* conſtantly through a whole ſcene.
Edit. fol. of 1623, and 1632.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakſpeare introduces a kind of maſter of the revels called *Philoſtrate*; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the ſubſequent editions: ſo alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: or ſometimes, perhaps, for no better reaſon than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt play-houſes were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.), ſo the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage: they were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette; and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakſpeare publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage), we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine, but ſhould find, in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of theothers (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſioned ſome

plays

plays to be ſuppoſed Shakſpeare's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakſpeare the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe (as we learn from what Ben Jonſon ſays of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New-Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs, I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakſpeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakſpeare's writings lie at preſent; for, ſince the above-mentioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any

any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakſpeare himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages, which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations by being ſo inſerted, that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context), are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly, that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently; and ſometimes, without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of criticiſm (namely the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authorized (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them). Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakſpeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of *Gothick* architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough

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to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

Mr. THEOBALD's

*PREFACE.

THE attempt to write upon SHAKSPEARE is like going into a large, a ſpacious, and a ſplendid dome through the conveyance of a narrow and obſcure entry. A glare of light ſuddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue at firſt promiſed; and a thouſand beauties of genius and character, like ſo many gaudy apartments pouring at once upon the eye, diffuſe and throw themſelves out to the mind. The proſpect is too wide to come within the compaſs of a ſingle view: it is a gay confuſion of pleaſing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration: and they muſt be ſeparated, and eyed diſtinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

And as, in great piles of building, ſome parts are often finiſhed up to hit the taſte of the *connoiſſeur*; others more negligently put together, to ſtrike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder; ſome parts are made ſtupendouſly magnificent and grand, to ſurpriſe with the vaſt deſign and execution of the architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you with his neatneſs and elegance in little: ſo, in Shakſpeare, we may find *traits* that will ſtand the teſt of the ſevereſt judgment; and ſtrokes as careleſly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities; ſome deſcriptions raiſed to that pitch of grandeur, as to aſtoniſh you with the compaſs and elevation of his thought; and others copying nature within ſo narrow, ſo confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at drawing in miniature.

In how many points of light muſt we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! In how many branches of excellence to conſider and admire him! Whether we view him on the ſide of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention: whether we reſpect the force and greatneſs of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and addreſs with which he throws out and applies either nature or

* This is Mr. Theobald's preface to his ſecond edition in 1740, and had been much curtailed by himſelf after its appearance before the impreſſion in 1733. STEEVENS.

learn-

learning, there is ample ſcope both for our wonder and pleaſure. If his diction, and the cloathing of his thoughts attract us, how much more muſt we be charmed with the richneſs and variety of his images and ideas! If his images and ideas ſteal into our ſouls, and ſtrike upon our fancy, how much are they improved in price, when we come to reflect with what propriety and juſtneſs they are applied to character! If we look into his characters, and how they are furniſhed and proportioned to the employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the maſtery of his portraits! What draughts of nature! What variety of originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dreſſed from the ſtores of his own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each of them are the ſtandards of faſhion for themſelves: like gentlemen that are above the direction of their taylors, and can adorn themſelves without the aid of imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or coxcomb, there is the ſame reſemblance in them, as in that painter's draughts who was happy only at forming a roſe; you find them all younger brothers of the ſame family, and all of them have a pretence to give the ſame creſt: but Shakſpeare's clowns and fops come all of a different houſe; they are no farther allied to one another than as man to man, members of the ſame ſpecies; but as different in features and lineaments of character, as we are from one another in face or complexion. But I am unawares launching into his character as a writer, before I have ſaid what I intended of him as a private member of the republick.

Mr. Rowe has very juſtly obſerved, that people are fond of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity; and that the common accidents of their lives naturally become the ſubject of our critical enquiries; that however trifling ſuch a curioſity at the firſt view may appear, yet, as for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may, perhaps, ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his works; and, indeed, this author's works, from the bad treatment he has met with from copyiſts and editors, have ſo long wanted a comment, that one would zealouſly embrace every method of information that could contribute to recover them from the injuries with which they have ſo long lain overwhelmed.

It is certain, that if we have firſt admired the man in his writings, his caſe is ſo circumſtanced, that we muſt naturally

rally admire the writings in the man: that if we go back to take a view of his education, and the employment in life which fortune had cut out for him, we ſhall retain the ſtronger ideas of his extenſive genius.

His father, we are told, was a conſiderable dealer in wool; but having no fewer than ten children, of whom our Shakſpeare was the eldeſt, the beſt education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own buſineſs and employment. I cannot affirm with any certainty how long his father lived; but I take him to be the ſame Mr. John Shakſpeare who was living in the year 1599, and who then, in honour of his ſon, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in Warwickſhire; and that he enjoyed ſome hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved ſervice to king Henry VII.

Be this as it will, our Shakſpeare, it ſeems, was bred for ſome time at a free-ſchool; the very free-ſchool, I preſume, founded at Stratford: where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but that his father being obliged, through narrowneſs of circumſtance, to withdraw him too ſoon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages; a point that will deſerve ſome little diſcuſſion in the ſequel of this diſſertation.

How long he continued in his father's way of buſineſs, either as an aſſiſtant to him, or on his own proper account, no notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn preciſely at what period of life he quitted his native Stratford, and began his acquaintance with London and the *ſtage*.

In order to ſettle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. Rowe acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did ſo: for by the monument in Stratford church, erected to the memory of his daughter Suſanna, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears, that ſhe died on the 2d of July, in the year 1649, aged 66. So that ſhe was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old; who was himſelf born in the year 1564. Nor was ſhe his eldeſt child, for he had another daughter, Judith, who was born before her

her *, and who was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney. So that Shakſpeare muſt have entered into wedlock by that time he was turned of ſeventeen years.

Whether the force of inclination merely, or ſome concurring circumſtances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry ſo early, is not eaſy to be determined at this diſtance; but, it is probable, a view of intereſt might partly ſway his conduct in this point: for he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a ſubſtantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and ſhe had the ſtart of him in age no leſs than eight years. She ſurvived him notwithſtanding ſeven ſeaſons, and died that very year the *players* publiſhed the firſt edition of his works in *folio*, anno Dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewiſe learn from her monument in Stratford church.

How long he continued in this kind of ſettlement, upon his own native ſpot, is not more eaſily to be determined. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forced him both to quit his country and way of living, to wit, his being engaged, with a knot of young deer-ſtealers, to rob the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot near Stratford, the enterprize ſavours ſo much of youth and levity, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it was before he could write full man. Beſides, conſidering he has left us ſix and thirty plays at leaſt, avowed to be genuine; and conſidering too that he had retired from the ſtage, to ſpend the latter part of his days at his own native Stratford; the interval of time neceſſarily required for the finiſhing ſo many dramatick pieces obliges us to ſuppoſe he threw himſelf very early upon the play-houſe. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; ſome time muſt be loſt, even after he had commenced player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the ſcience to qualify himſelf for turning author.

It has been obſerved by Mr. Rowe, that, amongſt other extravagances, which our author has given to his Sir John Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, he has made him a deer-ſtealer; and, that he might at the ſame time remember his Warwickſhire proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice Shallow, he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms,

* This is a miſtake. Suſanna was the poet's eldeſt daughter. See the extracts from the regiſter-book of the pariſh of Stratford, in one of the following pages. STEEVENS.

which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, deſcribes for a family there. There are two coats, I obſerve, in Dugdale, where three ſilver fiſhes are borne in the name of Lucy; and another coat, to the monument of Thomas Lucy, ſon of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered, in four ſeveral diviſions, twelve little fiſhes, three in each diviſion, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, ſeems alluded to in Shallow's giving the *dozen* white *Luces*, and in Slender ſaying *he may quarter*. When I conſider the exceeding candour and good-nature of our author (which inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him); and that he ſhould throw this humourous piece of ſatire at his proſecutor, at leaſt twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently perſuaded it muſt be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the proſecutor's ſide: and, if this was the caſe, it were pity but the diſgrace of ſuch an inveteracy ſhould remain as a laſting reproach, and Shallow ſtand as a mark of ridicule to ſtigmatize his malice.

It is ſaid, our author ſpent ſome years before his death in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends, at his native Stratford. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquiſhed the ſtage. I know, it has been miſtakenly thought by ſome, that Spenſer's *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muſes*, where ſhe laments the loſs of her Willy in the comick ſcene, has been applied to our author's quitting the ſtage. But Spenſer himſelf, it is well known, quitted the ſtage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakſpeare's name among the actors in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*, which firſt made its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, ſurely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, ſince that very year a licence under the privy-ſeal was granted by K. James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Hemings, Condel, &c. authorizing them to exerciſe the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their uſual houſe called *The Globe* on the other ſide of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his majeſty's pleaſure (a copy of which licence is preſerved in *Rymer's Fœdera*). Again, it is certain, that Shakſpeare did not exhibit his *Macbeth* till after the Union was brought about, and till after K. James I. had begun to touch for the *evil:* for, it is plain, he has inſerted compliments, on both thoſe accounts, upon his royal maſter in

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that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatick pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that period. So that what Spenſer there ſays, if it relate at all to Shakſpeare, muſt hint at ſome occaſional receſs he made for a time upon a diſguſt taken: or the Willy, there mentioned, muſt relate to ſome other favourite poet. I believe, we may ſafely determine, that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For, in his *Tempeſt*, our author makes mention of the Bermuda iſlands, which were unknown to the Engliſh, till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and diſcovered them, and afterwards invited ſome of his countrymen to ſettle a plantation there. That he became the private gentleman, at leaſt three years before his deceaſe, is pretty obvious from another circumſtance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known ſtory, which Mr. Rowe has given us of our author's intimacy with Mr. John Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury; and upon whom Shakſpeare made the following facetious epitaph:

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd;
If any man aſk, who lies in this tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

This ſarcaſtical piece of wit was, at the gentleman's own requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. John Combe I take to be the ſame, who, by Dugdale in his *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have died in the year 1614 *, and for whom, at the upper end of the quire of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a ſtatue thereon cut in alabaſter, and in a gown, with this epitaph. "Here lieth interred the body "of John Combe, eſq; who died the 10th of July, 1614, "who bequeathed ſeveral annual charities to the pariſh of "Stratford, and 100l. to be lent to fifteen poor tradeſmen "from three years to three years, changing the parties every "third year, at the rate of fifty ſhillings *per annum*, the in-"creaſe to be diſtributed to the almes-poor there."—The donation has all the air of a rich and ſagacious uſurer.

* By Mr. Combe's Will, which is now in the Prerogative-office in London, Shakſpeare had a legacy of five pounds bequeathed to him. The Will is without any date. EDITOR.

Shakſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. Combe long, for he died in the year 1616, the 53d of his age. He lies buried on the north ſide of the chancel in the great church at Stratford; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed againſt the wall. He is repreſented under an arch in a ſitting poſture, a cuſhion ſpread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left reſted on a ſcrowl of paper. The Latin diſtich, which is placed under the cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. Pope, or his graver, in this manner:

INGENIO Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.

I confeſs, I do not conceive the difference betwixt *ingenio* and *genio* in the firſt verſe. They ſeem to me intirely ſynonymous terms; nor was the Pylian ſage Neſtor celebrated for his ingenuity, but for an experience and judgment owing to his long age. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, has copied this diſtich with a diſtinction which Mr. Rowe has followed, and which certainly reſtores us the true meaning of the epitaph:

JUDICIO Pylium, genio Socratem, &c.*

In 1614, the greater part of the town of Stratford was conſumed by fire; but our Shakſpeare's houſe, among ſome others, eſcaped the flames. This houſe was firſt built by Sir

* The firſt ſyllable in *Socratem* is here made ſhort, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we ſhould read *Sophoclem*. Shakſpeare is then appoſitely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients: but ſtill it ſhould be remembered that the elogium is leſſened while the metre is reformed; and it is well known that ſome of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their proſody, eſpecially in proper names. The thought of this diſtich, as Mr. Tollet obſerves, might have been taken from the Faëry Queene of Spenſer, b. ii. c. 9. ſt. 48, and c. 10. ſt. 3.

To this Latin inſcription on Shakſpeare ſhould be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument.

Stay, paſſenger, why doſt thou go ſo faſt?
Read, if thou canſt, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakſpeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd, whoſe name doth deck the tomb
Far more than coſt; ſince all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to ſerve his wit.

Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, who took their name from the manor of Clopton. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and lord-mayor in the reign of king Henry VII. To this gentleman the town of Stratford is indebted for the fine ſtone-bridge, conſiſting of fourteen arches, which, at an extraordinary expence, he built over the Avon, together with a cauſeway running at the weſt-end thereof; as alſo for rebuilding the chapel adjoining to his houſe, and the croſs-iſle in the church there. It is remarkable of him, that, though he lived and died a batchelor, among the other extenſive charities which he left both to the city of London and town of Stratford, he bequeathed conſiderable legacies for the marriage of poor maidens of good name and fame both in London and at Stratford. Notwithſtanding which large donations in his life, and bequeſts at his death, as he had purchaſed the manor of Clopton, and all the eſtate of the family; ſo he left the ſame again to his elder brother's ſon with a very great addition (a proof how well beneficence and œconomy may walk hand in hand in wiſe families): good part of which eſtate is yet in the poſſeſſion of Edward Clopton, eſq; and Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. lineally deſcended from the elder brother of the firſt Sir Hugh, who particularly bequeathed to his nephew, by his will, his houſe, by the name of his *Great Houſe* in Stratford.

The eſtate had now been ſold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakſpeare became the purchaſer; who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New-place*, which the manſion-houſe, ſince erected upon the ſame ſpot, at this day retains. The houſe and lands, which attended it, continued in Shakſpeare's deſcendants to the time of the *Reſtoration*; when they were re-purchaſed by the Clopton family, and the manſion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-houſe, of which, I preſume, Mr. Rowe never was apprized.

Again, near the wall on which this monument is erected, is a plain free-ſtone, under which his body is buried, with another epitaph, expreſſed in the following uncouth mixture of ſmall and capital letters:

Good Friend for Ieſus SAKE forbeare
To digg ꝼE Duſt EncloAſed HERe
Blese be ꝼE Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ ſpares ꝼEs Stones
And curst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones. STEEVENS.

 When

When the civil war raged in England, and king Charles the First's queen was driven by the neceſſity of affairs to make a receſs in Warwickſhire, ſhe kept her court for three weeks in New-place. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe it then the beſt private houſe in the town; and her majeſty preferred it to the college, which was in the poſſeſſion of the Combe family, who did not ſo ſtrongly favour the king's party.

How much our author employed himſelf in poetry, after his retirement from the ſtage, does not ſo evidently appear: very few poſthumous ſketches of his pen have been recovered, to aſcertain that point. We have been told, indeed, in print *, but not till very lately, that two large cheſts full of this great man's looſe papers and manuſcripts, in the hands of an ignorant baker of Warwick (who married one of the deſcendants from our Shakſpeare), were careleſsly ſcattered and thrown about as garret-lumber and litter, to the particular knowledge of the late Sir William Biſhop, till they were all conſumed in the general fire and deſtruction of that town. I cannot help being a little apt to diſtruſt the authority of this tradition, becauſe his wife ſurvived him ſeven years; and, as his favourite daughter Suſanna ſurvived her twenty-ſix years, it is very improbable they ſhould ſuffer ſuch a treaſure to be removed, and tranſlated into a remoter branch of the family, without a ſcrutiny firſt made into the value of it. This, I ſay, inclines me to diſtruſt the authority of the relation: but, notwithſtanding ſuch an apparent improbability, if we really loſt ſuch a treaſure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into ſuch ignorant and neglectful hands, I agree with the *relater*, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To theſe particulars, which regard his perſon and private life, ſome few more are to be gleaned from Mr. Rowe's *account of his Life and Writings*: let us now take a ſhort view of him in his publick capacity as a *writer*: and, from thence, the tranſition will be eaſy to the *ſtate* in which his *writings* have been handed down to us.

No age, perhaps, can produce an author more various from himſelf, than Shakſpeare has been univerſally acknowledged to be. The diverſity in ſtyle, and other parts of compoſition, ſo obvious in him, is as variouſly to be acounted for. His education, we find, was at beſt but begun; and

* See an anſwer to Mr. Pope's Preface to Shakſpeare, by a Strolling Player, 8vo. 1729, p. 45. EDITOR.

he ſtarted early into a ſcience from the force of genius, unequally aſſiſted by acquired improvements. His fire, ſpirit, and exuberance of imagination, gave an impetuoſity to his pen: his ideas flowed from him in a ſtream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its ſhores. The eaſe and ſweetneſs of his temper might not a little contribute to his facility in writing; as his employment, as a *player*, gave him an advantage and habit of fancying himſelf the very character he meant to delineate. He uſed the helps of his function in forming himſelf to create and expreſs that *ſublime*, which other actors can only copy, and throw out, in action and graceful attitude. But, *Nullum ſine veniâ placuit ingenium*, ſays Seneca. The genius, that gives us the greateſt pleaſure, ſometimes ſtands in need of our indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to Shakſpeare, I would willingly impute it to a vice of *his times*. We ſee complaiſance enough, in our days, paid to a *bad taſte*. So that his *clinches*, *falſe wit*, and deſcending beneath himſelf, may have proceeded from a deference paid to the then *reigning barbariſm*.

I have not thought it out of my province, whenever occaſion offered, to take notice of ſome of our poet's grand touches of nature; ſome, that do not appear ſufficiently ſuch, but in which he ſeems the moſt deeply inſtructed; and to which, no doubt, he has ſo much owed that happy preſervation of his *characters*, for which he is juſtly celebrated. Great geniuſes, like his, naturally unambitious, are ſatisfied to conceal their art in theſe points. It is the foible of your worſer poets to make a parade and oſtentation of that little ſcience they have; and to throw it out in the moſt ambitious colours. And whenever a writer of this claſs ſhall attempt to copy theſe artful concealments of our author, and ſhall either think them eaſy, or practiſed by a writer for his eaſe, he will ſoon be convinced of his miſtake by the difficulty of reaching the imitation of them.

Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtráque laboret,
Auſus idem:——

Indeed, to point out and exclaim upon all the beauties of Shakſpeare, as they come ſingly in review, would be as inſipid, as endleſs; as tedious, as unneceſſary: but the explanation of thoſe beauties that are leſs obvious to common readers, and whoſe illuſtration depends on the rules of juſt

criticiſm, and an exact knowledge of human life, ſhould deſervedly have a ſhare in a general critique upon the author. But to paſs over at once to another ſubject:——

It has been allowed on all hands, how far our author was indebted to *nature*; it is not ſo well agreed, how much he owed to *languages* and acquired *learning*. The deciſions on this ſubject were certainly ſet on foot by the hint from Ben Jonſon, that he had ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek: and from this tradition, as it were, Mr. Rowe has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It is without controverſy, "he had no knowledge of the writings of the ancient poets, "for that in his works we find no traces of any thing which "looks like an imitation of the ancients. For the delicacy "of his taſte (continues he) and the natural bent of his own "great genius (equal, if not ſuperior, to ſome of the beſt "of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and ſtu-"dy them with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine "images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, "and been mixed with, his own writings: and ſo his not "copying, at leaſt, ſomething from them, may be an ar-"gument of his never having read them." I ſhall leave it to the determination of my learned readers, from the numerous paſſages which I have occaſionally quoted in my notes, in which our poet ſeems cloſely to have imitated the claſſicks, whether Mr. Rowe's aſſertion be ſo abſolutely to be depended on. The reſult of the controverſy muſt certainly, either way, terminate to our author's honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that point be allowed; or how gloriouſly he could think like them, without owing any thing to imitation.

Though I ſhould be very unwilling to allow Shakſpeare ſo poor a ſcholar, as many have laboured to repreſent him, yet I ſhall be very cautious of declaring too poſitively on the other ſide of the queſtion; that is, with regard to my opinion of his knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the paſſages, that I occaſionally quote from the claſſicks, ſhall not be urged as proofs that he knowingly imitated thoſe originals; but brought to ſhew how happily he has expreſſed himſelf upon the ſame topicks. A very learned critick of our own nation has declared, that a ſameneſs of thought and ſameneſs of expreſſion too, in two writers of a different age, can hardly happen, without a violent ſuſpicion of the latter copying from his predeceſſor. I ſhall not therefore run any great riſque of a cenſure, though I

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ſhould venture to hint, that the reſemblances in thought and expreſſion of our author and an ancient (which we ſhould allow to be imitation in the one, whoſe learning was not queſtioned) may ſometimes take its riſe from ſtrength of memory, and thoſe impreſſions which he owed to the ſchool. And if we may allow a poſſibility of this, conſidering that, when he quitted the ſchool, he gave into his father's profeſſion and way of living, and had, it is likely, but a ſlender library of claſſical learning; and conſidering what a number of tranſlations, romances, and legends, ſtarted about his time, and a little before (moſt of which, it is very evident, he read); I think it may eaſily be reconciled, why he rather ſchemed his *plots* and *characters* from theſe more latter informations, than went back to thoſe fountains, for which he might entertain a ſincere veneration, but to which he could not have ſo ready a recourſe.

In touching on another part of his learning, as it related to the knowledge of *hiſtory* and *books*, I ſhall advance ſomething that, at firſt ſight, will very much wear the appearance of a paradox. For I ſhall find it no hard matter to prove, that, from the groſſeſt blunders in hiſtory, we are not to infer his real ignorance of it; nor from a greater uſe of Latin words, than ever any other Engliſh author uſed, muſt we infer his intimate acquaintance with that language.

A reader of taſte may eaſily obſerve, that though Shakſpeare, almoſt in every ſcene of his hiſtorical plays, commits the groſſeſt offences againſt chronology, hiſtory, and ancient politicks; yet this was not through ignorance, as is generally ſuppoſed, but through the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once raiſed, made all acquired knowledge vaniſh and diſappear before it. But this licence in him, as I have ſaid, muſt not be imputed to ignorance, ſince as often we may find him, when occaſion ſerves, reaſoning up to the truth of hiſtory; and throwing out ſentiments as juſtly adapted to the circumſtances of his ſubject, as to the dignity of his characters, or dictates of nature in general.

Then to come to his knowledge of the Latin tongue, it is certain, there is a ſurpriſing effuſion of Latin words made Engliſh, far more than in any one Engliſh author I have ſeen; but we muſt be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the Engliſh tongue, in this age, began extremely to ſuffer by an inundation of Latin: and this, to be

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ſure, was occaſioned by the pedantry of thoſe two monarchs, Elizabeth and James, both great Latiniſts. For it is not to be wondered at, if both the court and ſchools, equal flatterers of power, ſhould adapt themſelves to the royal taſte.

But now I am touching on the queſtion (which has been ſo frequently agitated, yet ſo entirely undecided) of his learning and acquaintance with the languages; an additional word or two naturally falls in here upon the genius of our author, as compared with that of Jonſon his contemporary. They are confeſſedly the greateſt writers our nation could ever boaſt of in the *drama*. The firſt, we ſay, owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and the other a great deal to his art and learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable appearance in their writings. Beſides thoſe wonderful maſter-pieces of art and genius, which each has given us; they are the authors of other works very unworthy of them, but with this difference, that in Jonſon's bad pieces we do not diſcover one ſingle trace of the author of *The Fox* and *Alchymiſt*; but, in the wild extravagant notes of Shakſpeare, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize the divine compoſer. This difference may be thus accounted for. Jonſon, as we ſaid before, owing all his excellence to his art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when at other times he unbent and played with his ſubject, having nothing then to ſupport him, it is no wonder that he wrote ſo far beneath himſelf. But Shakſpeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to acquired talents, in his moſt negligent hours could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing force and ſplendor.

As I have never propoſed to dilate farther on the character of my author, than was neceſſary to explain the nature and uſe of this edition, I ſhall proceed to conſider him as a genius in poſſeſſion of an everlaſting name. And how great that merit muſt be, which could gain it againſt all the diſadvantages of the horrid condition in which he has hitherto appeared! Had Homer, or any other admired author, firſt ſtarted into publick ſo maimed and deformed, we cannot determine whether they had not ſunk for ever under the ignominy of ſuch an ill-appearance. The mangled condition of Shakſpeare has been acknowledged by Mr. Rowe, who publiſhed him indeed, but neither corrected his text, nor collated the old copies. This gentleman had abilities, and

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ſufficient knowledge of his author, had but his induſtry been equal to his talents. The ſame mangled condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. Pope, who publiſhed him likewiſe, pretended to have collated the old copies, and yet ſeldom has corrected the text but to its injury. I congratulate with the *manes* of our poet, that this gentleman has been ſparing in *indulging his private ſenſe*, as he phraſes it; for he, who tampers with an author, whom he does not underſtand, muſt do it at the expence of his ſubject. I have made it evident throughout my remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended a cure. He has acted with regard to our author, as an editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus eſt neſcio quis* Popa, *qui non* vitia *ejus*, *ſed* ipſum *excîdet*. He has attacked him like an unhandy *ſlaughterman*; and not lopped off the *errors*, but the *poet*.

When this is found to be fact, how abſurd muſt appear the praiſes of ſuch an editor! It ſeems a moot point, whether Mr. Pope has done moſt injury to Shakſpeare, as his editor and encomiaſt; or Mr. Rymer done him ſervice, as his rival and cenſurer. They have both ſhewn themſelves in an equal *impuiſſance* of ſuſpecting or amending the corrupted paſſages: and though it be neither prudence to cenſure or commend what one does not underſtand; yet, if a man muſt do one when he plays the critic, the latter is the more ridiculous office; and by that Shakſpeare ſuffers moſt. For the natural veneration which we have for him makes us apt to ſwallow whatever is given us as *his*, and ſet off with encomiums; and hence we quit all ſuſpicions of depravity: on the contrary, the cenſure of ſo divine an author ſets us upon his defence; and this produces an exact ſcrutiny and examination, which ends in finding out and diſcriminating the true from the ſpurious.

It is not with any ſecret pleaſure, that I ſo frequently animadvert on Mr. Pope as a critick; but there are provocations, which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with ſo much inveteracy, that, not to diſpute whether they *ſhould* come from a *chriſtian*, they leave it a queſtion whether they *could* come from a *man*. I ſhould be loth to doubt, as Quintus Serenus did in a like caſe:

Sive homo, ſeu ſimilis turpiſſima hoſtia nobis
Vulnera dente dedit,

The

The indignation, perhaps, for being repreſented a *blockhead*, may be as ſtrong in us, as it is in the ladies for a reflexion on their *beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to him for ſome *flagrant civilities*; and I ſhall willingly devote a part of my life to the honeſt endeavour of quitting ſcores: with this exception, however, that I will not return thoſe civilities in his *peculiar* ſtrain, but confine myſelf, at leaſt, to the limits of *common decency*. I ſhall ever think it better to want *wit*, than to want *humanity*: and impartial poſterity may, perhaps, be of my opinion.

But to return to my ſubject, which now calls upon me to enquire into thoſe cauſes, to which the depravations of my author originally may be aſſigned. We are to conſider him as a writer, of whom no authentick manuſcript was left extant; as a writer, whoſe pieces were diſperſedly performed on the ſeveral *ſtages* then in being. And it was the cuſtom of thoſe days for the poets to take a price of the *players* for the pieces they from time to time furniſhed; and thereupon it was ſuppoſed they had no farther right to print them without the conſent of the *players*. As it was the intereſt of the *companies* to keep their plays unpubliſhed, when any one ſucceeded, there was a conteſt betwixt the curioſity of the town, who demanded to ſee it in print, and the policy of the *ſtagers*, who wiſhed to ſecrete it within their own walls. Hence many pieces were taken down in ſhort-hand, and imperfectly copied by ear from a *repreſentation*: others were printed from piece-meal parts ſurreptitiouſly obtained from the theatres, uncorrect, and without the poet's knowledge. To ſome of theſe cauſes we owe the train of blemiſhes, that deform thoſe pieces which ſtole ſingly into the world in our author's life-time.

There are ſtill other reaſons, which may be ſuppoſed to have affected the whole ſet. When the *players* took upon them to publiſh his works entire, every theatre was ranſacked to ſupply the copy; and *parts* collected, which had gone through as many changes as performers, either from mutilations or additions made to them. Hence we derive many chaſms and incoherences in the ſenſe and matter. Scenes were frequently tranſpoſed, and ſhuffled out of their true place, to humour the caprice, or ſuppoſed convenience, of ſome particular actor. Hence much confuſion and impropriety has attended and embarraſſed the buſineſs and fable. To theſe obvious cauſes of corruption it muſt be added, that our author has lain under the diſadvantage of having his errors

rors propagated and multiplied by time: becauſe, for near a century, his works were publiſhed from the faulty copies, without the aſſiſtance of any intelligent editor: which has been the caſe likewiſe of many a *claſſick* writer.

The nature of any diſtemper once found has generally been the immediate ſtep to a cure. Shakſpeare's caſe has in a great meaſure reſembled that of a corrupt *claſſick*; and, conſequently, the method of cure was likewiſe to bear a reſemblance. By what means, and with what ſucceſs, this cure has been effected on ancient writers, is too well known, and needs no formal illuſtration. The reputation, conſequent on taſks of that nature, invited me to attempt the method here; with this view, the hopes of reſtoring to the publick their greateſt poet in his original purity, after having ſo long lain in a condition that was a diſgrace to common ſenſe. To this end I have ventured on a labour, that is the firſt aſſay of the kind on any modern author whatſoever. For the late edition of Milton, by the learned Dr. Bentley, is, in the main, a performance of another ſpecies. It is plain, it was the intention of that great man rather to correct and pare off the excreſcencies of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, in the manner that Tucca and Varius were employed to criticize the *Æneis of Virgil*, than to reſtore corrupted paſſages. Hence, therefore, may be ſeen either the iniquity or ignorance of his cenſurers, who, from ſome expreſſions would make us believe the *doctor* every where gives us his corrections as the original text of the author; whereas the chief turn of his criticiſm is plainly to ſhew the world, that, if Milton did not write as he would have him, he ought to have wrote ſo.

I thought proper to premiſe this obſervation to the readers, as it will ſhew that the critique on Shakſpeare is of a quite different kind. His genuine text is for the moſt part religiouſly adhered to, and the numerous faults and blemiſhes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is altered but what by the cleareſt reaſoning can be proved a corruption of the true text; and the alteration, a real reſtoration of the genuine reading. Nay, ſo ſtrictly have I ſtrove to give the true reading, though ſometimes not to the advantage of my author, that I have been ridiculouſly ridiculed for it by thoſe, who either were iniquitouſly for turning every thing to my diſadvantage; or elſe were totally ignorant of the true duty of an editor.

The

The ſcience of criticiſm, as far as it affects an editor, ſeems to be reduced to theſe three claſſes; the emendation of corrupt paſſages; the explanation of obſcure and difficult ones; and an enquiry into the beauties and defects of compoſition. This work is principally confined to the two former parts: though there are ſome ſpecimens interſperſed of the latter kind, as ſeveral of the emendations were beſt ſupported, and ſeveral of the difficulties beſt explained, by taking notice of the beauties and defects of the compoſition peculiar to this immortal poet. But this was but occaſional, and for the ſake only of perfecting the two other parts, which were the proper objects of the editor's labour. The third lies open for every willing undertaker: and I ſhall be pleaſed to ſee it the employment of a maſterly pen.

It muſt neceſſarily happen, as I have formerly obſerved, that where the aſſiſtance of manuſcripts is wanting to ſet an author's meaning right, and reſcue him from thoſe errors which have been tranſmitted down through a ſeries of incorrect editions, and a long intervention of time, many paſſages muſt be deſperate, and paſt a cure; and their true ſenſe irretrievable either to care or the ſagacity of conjecture. But is there any reaſon therefore to ſay, that becauſe all cannot be retrieved, all ought to be left deſperate? We ſhould ſhew very little honeſty, or wiſdom, to play the tyrants with an author's text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all adventures, and to the utter detriment of his ſenſe and meaning: but to be ſo very reſerved and cautious, as to interpoſe no relief or conjecture, where it manifeſtly labours and cries out for aſſiſtance, ſeems, on the other hand, an indolent abſurdity.

As there are very few pages in Shakſpeare, upon which ſome ſuſpicions of depravity do not reaſonably ariſe; I have thought it my duty in the firſt place, by a diligent and laborious collation, to take in the aſſiſtances of all the older copies.

In his *hiſtorical plays*, whenever our Engliſh chronicles, and in his tragedies, when Greek or Roman ſtory could give any light, no pains have been omitted to ſet paſſages right, by comparing my author with his originals; for, as I have frequently obſerved, he was a cloſe and accurate copier where-ever his *fable* was founded on *hiſtory*.

Where-ever the author's ſenſe is clear and diſcoverable (though, perchance, low and trivial), I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an oſtentation of endea-

endeavouring to make him ſpeak better than the old copies have done.

Where, through all the former editions, a paſſage has laboured under flat nonſenſe and invincible darkneſs, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, or a tranſpoſition in the pointing, I have reſtored to him both ſenſe and ſentiment; ſuch corrections, I am perſuaded, will need no indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavoured to ſupport my corrections and conjectures by parallel paſſages and authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt means of expounding any author whatſoever. *Cette voïe d'interpreter un autheur par lui-meme eſt plus ſure que tous les commentaires*, ſays a very learned French critick.

As to my *notes* (from which the common and learned, readers of our author, I hope, will derive ſome ſatisfaction,) I have endeavoured to give them a variety in ſome proportion to their number. Wherever I have ventured at an emendation, a *note* is conſtantly ſubjoined to juſtify and aſſert the reaſon of it. Where I only offer a conjecture, and do not diſturb the text, I fairly ſet forth my grounds for ſuch conjecture, and ſubmit it to judgment. Some remarks are ſpent in explaining paſſages, where the wit or ſatire depends on an obſcure point of hiſtory: others, where alluſions are to divinity, philoſophy, or other branches of ſcience. Some are added, to ſhew where there is a ſuſpicion of our author having borrowed from the ancients: others, to ſhew where he is rallying his contemporaries; or where he himſelf is rallied by them. And ſome are neceſſarily thrown in, to explain an obſcure and obſolete *term*, *phraſe*, or *idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *gloſſary*; but as I have been importuned, and am prepared to give a correct edition of our author's POEMS (in which many terms occur that are not to be met with in his *plays*), I thought a *gloſſary* to all Shakſpeare's works more proper to attend that volume.

In reforming an infinite number of paſſages in the *pointing*, where the ſenſe was before quite loſt, I have frequently ſubjoined notes, to ſhew the *depraved*, and to prove the *reformed*, pointing: a part of labour in this work which I could very willingly have ſpared myſelf. May it not be objected, why then have you burdened us with theſe notes? The anſwer is obvious, and, if I miſtake not, very material.

terial. Without ſuch notes, theſe paſſages in ſubſequent editions would be liable, through the ignorance of printers and correctors, to fall into the old confuſion: whereas, a note on every one hinders all poſſible return to depravity: and for ever ſecures them in a ſtate of purity and integrity not to be loſt or forfeited.

Again, as ſome notes have been neceſſary to point out the detection of the corrupted text, and eſtabliſh the reſtoration of the genuine readings; ſome others have been as neceſſary for the explanation of paſſages obſcure and difficult. To underſtand the neceſſity and uſe of this part of my taſk, ſome particulars of my author's character are previouſly to be explained. There are *obſcurities* in him, which are common to him with all poets of the ſame ſpecies; there are others, the iſſue of the times he lived in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himſelf. The nature of comick poetry being entirely ſatirical, it buſies itſelf more in expoſing what we call caprice and humour, than vices cognizable to the laws. The Engliſh, from the happineſs of a free conſtitution, and a turn of mind peculiarly ſpeculative and inquiſitive, are obſerved to produce more *humouriſts*, and a greater variety of original *characters*, than any other people whatſoever: and theſe owing their immediate birth to the peculiar genius of each age, an infinite number of things alluded to, glanced at, and expoſed, muſt needs become obſcure, as the *characters* themſelves are antiquated and diſuſed. An editor therefore ſhould be well verſed in the hiſtory and manners of his author's age, if he aims at doing him a ſervice in this reſpect.

Beſides, *wit* lying moſtly in the aſſemblage of *ideas*, and in putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance, or congruity, to make up pleaſant pictures, and agreeable viſions in the fancy; the writer, who aims at wit, muſt of courſe range far and wide for materials. Now the age in which Shakſpeare lived, having, above all others, a wonderful affection to appear learned, they declined vulgar images, ſuch as are immediately fetched from nature, and ranged through the circle of the ſciences, to fetch their ideas from thence. But as the reſemblances of ſuch ideas to the ſubject muſt neceſſarily lie very much out of the common way, and every piece of wit appear a riddle to the vulgar; this, that ſhould have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural tract they were in (and induce them to follow a more natural one),

was

was the very thing that kept them attached to it. The oſtentatious affectation of abſtruſe learning, peculiar to that time, the love that men naturally have to every thing that looks like myſtery, fixed them down to the habit of obſcurity. Thus became the poetry of DONNE (though the wittieſt man of that age), nothing but a continued heap of riddles. And our Shakſpeare, with all his eaſy nature about him, for want of the knowledge of the true rules of art, falls frequently into this vicious manner.

The third ſpecies of *obſcurities* which deform our author, as the effects of his own genius and character, are thoſe that proceed from his peculiar manner of *thinking*, and as peculiar a manner of *cloathing* thoſe *thoughts*. With regard to his *thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of all the ſciences: but his acquaintance was rather that of a traveller than a native. Nothing in philoſophy was unknown to him; but every thing in it had the grace and force of novelty. And as novelty is one main ſource of admiration, we are not to wonder that he has perpetual alluſions to the moſt recondite parts of the ſciences: and this was done not ſo much out of affectation, as the effect of admiration begot by novelty. Then, as to his *ſtyle* and *diction*, we may much more juſtly apply to SHAKSPEARE, what a celebrated writer ſaid of MILTON: *Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.* He therefore frequently uſes old words, to give his diction an air of ſolemnity; as he coins others, to expreſs the novelty and variety of his ideas.

Upon every diſtinct ſpecies of theſe *obſcurities*, I have thought it my province to employ a note for the ſervice of my author, and the entertainment of my readers. A few tranſient remarks too I have not ſcrupled to intermix, upon the poet's *negligences* and *omiſſions* in point of art; but I have done it always in ſuch a manner, as will teſtify my deference and veneration for the immortal author. Some cenſurers of Shakſpeare, and particularly Mr. Rymer, have taught me to diſtinguiſh betwixt the *railer and critick*. The outrage of his quotations is ſo remarkably violent, ſo puſhed beyond all bounds of decency and ſober reaſoning, that it quite carries over the mark at which it was levelled. Extravagant abuſe throws off the edge of the intended diſparagement, and turns the madman's weapon into his own boſom. In ſhort, as to Rymer, this is my opinion

of him, from his *criticiſms* on the *tragedies* of the laſt age. He writes with great vivacity, and appears to have been a ſcholar: but as for his knowledge of the art of poetry, I cannot perceive it was any deeper than his acquaintance with Boſſu and Dacier, from whom he has tranſcribed many of his beſt reflexions. The late Mr. Gildon was one attached to Rymer by a ſimilar way of thinking and ſtudies. They were both of that ſpecies of critics who are deſirous of diſplaying their powers rather in finding faults, than in conſulting the improvement of the world; the *hyper-critical* part of the ſcience of *criticiſm*.

I had not mentioned the modeſt liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the ſplenetick exaggerations of my adverſaries on this head. From paſt experiments I have reaſon to be conſcious, in what light this attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modeſt liberty* will, by a little of their dexterity, be inverted into downright *impudence*. From a hundred mean and diſhoneſt artifices employed to diſcredit this edition, and to cry down its editor, I have all the grounds in nature to beware of attacks. But though the malice of wit, joined to the ſmoothneſs of verſification, may furniſh ſome ridicule; fact, I hope, will be able to ſtand its ground againſt banter and gaiety.

It has been my fate, it ſeems, as I thought it my duty, to diſcover ſome *anachroniſms* in our author; which might have ſlept in obſcurity but for *this Reſtorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleaſed affectionately to ſtyle me: as for inſtance, where Ariſtotle is mentioned by Hector in *Troilus and Creſſida*; and Galen, Cato, and Alexander the Great, in *Coriolanus*. Theſe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, are blunders, which the illiteracy of the firſt publiſhers of his works has fathered upon the poet's memory: *it not being at all credible, that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had.* But I have ſufficiently proved, in the courſe of my *notes*, that ſuch *anachroniſms* were the effect of poetick licence, rather than of ignorance in our poet. And if I may be permitted to aſk a modeſt queſtion by the way, why may not I reſtore an *anachroniſm* really made by our author, as well as Mr. Pope take the privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his head to make; as I may venture to affirm he had not, in the inſtance of Sir Francis Drake, to which I have ſpoke in the proper place?

But

But who ſhall dare make any words about this freedom of Mr. Pope's towards Shakſpeare, if it can be proved, that, in his fits of criticiſm, he makes no more ceremony with good Homer himſelf? To try, then, a criticiſm of his own advancing: in the 8th book of the *Odyſſey*, where Demodocus ſings the epiſode of the loves of Mars and Venus; and that, upon their being taken in the net by Vulcan,

——— " *The god of arms*
" *Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms*;"

Mr. Pope is ſo kind gravely to inform us, " That Homer " in this, as in many other places, ſeems to allude to the " laws of Athens, where death was the puniſhment of " adultery." But how is this ſignificant obſervation made out? Why, who can poſſibly object any thing to the contrary?——*Does not Pauſanias relate that Draco, the lawgiver to the Athenians, granted impunity ta any perſon that took revenge upon an adulterer? And was it not alſo the inſtitution of Solon, that if any one took an adulterer in the fact, he might uſe him as he pleaſed?* Theſe things are very true: and to ſee what a good memory, and ſound judgment in conjunction, can atchieve! though Homer's date is not determined down to a ſingle year, yet it is pretty generally agreed that he lived above 300 years before Draco and Solon: and that, it ſeems, has made him *ſeem* to allude to the very laws, which theſe two legiſlators propounded above 300 years after. If this inference be not ſomething like an *anachroniſm* or *prolepſis*, I will look once more into my lexicons for the true meaning of the words. It appears to me, that ſomebody beſides Mars and Venus has been caught in a net by this epiſode: and I could call in other inſtances, to confirm what treacherous tackle this net-work is, if not cautiouſly handled.

How juſt, notwithſtanding, I have been in detecting the *anachroniſms* of my author, and in defending him for the uſe of them, our late editor ſeems to think, they ſhould rather have ſlept in obſcurity: and the having diſcovered them is ſneered at, as a ſort of wrong-headed ſagacity.

The numerous corrections which I have made of the poet's text in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtored*, and which the publick have been ſo kind to think well of, are, in the appendix of Mr. Pope's laſt edition, ſlightingly called *various reaſonings*, *gueſſes*, &c. He confeſſes to have inſerted as many of them as he judged of any the leaſt advantage to

the poet; but ſays, that the whole amounted to about 25 words: and pretends to have annexed a complete liſt of the reſt, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my book will, at one glance, ſee how in both theſe points veracity is ſtrained, ſo an injury might but be done. *Malus, etſi obeſſe non poteſt, tamen cogitat.*

Another expedient, to make my work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate *literal criticiſm*. To this end, and to pay a ſervile compliment to Mr. Pope, an *anonymous* writer * has, like a Scotch pedlar in wit, unbraced his pack on the ſubject. But, that his virulence might not ſeem to be levelled ſingly at me, he has done me the honour to join Dr. Bentley in the libel. I was in hopes we ſhould have been both abuſed with ſmartneſs of ſatire at leaſt, though not with ſolidity of argument; that it might have been worth ſome reply in defence of the ſcience attacked. But I may fairly ſay of this author, as Falſtaff does of Poins;—*Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkſbury muſtard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a* MALLET. If it be not a prophanation to ſet the opinion of the divine Longinus againſt ſuch a ſcribler, he tells us expreſsly, "That to make "a judgment upon *words* (and *writings*) is the moſt conſum-"mate fruit of much experience. ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἔξι πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιλέννημα. Whenever words are depraved, the ſenſe of courſe muſt be corrupted; and thence the reader is betrayed into a falſe meaning.

If the Latin and Greek languages have received the greateſt advantages imaginable from the labours of the editors and criticks of the two laſt ages, by whoſe aid and aſſiſtance the grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding grammarians, who wrote when thoſe tongues flouriſhed as living languages; I ſhould account it a peculiar happineſs, that, by the faint eſſay I have made in this work, a path might be chalked out for abler hands, by which to derive the ſame advantages to our own tongue; a tongue, which, though it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an univerſal language, yet, as a *noble writer* ſays, liſps and ſtammers as in its cradle; and has produced little more towards its poliſhing than complaints of its barbarity.

Having now run through all thoſe points, which I in-

* David Mallet. See his poem *Of Verbal Criticiſm*, vol. I. of his works, 12mo. 1759. EDITOR.

tended

tended ſhould make any part of this diſſertation, and having in my *former* edition made publick acknowledgments of the aſſiſtances lent me, I ſhall conclude with a brief account of the methods taken in *this*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the bulk and price of the impreſſion, that the notes, wherever they would admit of it, might be abridged: for which reaſon I have curtailed a great quantity of ſuch, in which explanations were too prolix, or authorities in ſupport of an emendation too numerous: and many I have entirely expunged, which were judged rather verboſe and declamatory (and ſo notes merely of oſtentation) than neceſſary or inſtructive.

The few literal errors which had eſcaped notice, for want of reviſals, in the former edition, are here reformed; and the pointing of innumerable paſſages is regulated, with all the accuracy I am capable of.

I ſhall decline making any farther declaration of the pains I have taken upon my author, becauſe it was my duty, as his editor, to publiſh him with my beſt care and judgment; and becauſe I am ſenſible, all ſuch declarations are conſtrued to be laying a ſort of a debt on the publick. As the former edition has been received with much indulgence, I ought to make my acknowledgments to the town for their favourable opinion of it; and I ſhall always be proud to think that encouragement the beſt payment I can hope to receive from my poor ſtudies.

Sir T. HANMER's

PREFACE.

WHAT the publick is here to expect is a true and correct edition of Shakſpeare's works, cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great admirers of this incomparable author hath made it the amuſement of his leiſure hours for many years paſt to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obſcurities and abſurdities introduced into the text, and according to the beſt of his judgment to reſtore the genuine ſenſe and purity of it. In this he propoſed nothing to himſelf, but his private ſatisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could; but, as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other gentlemen, equally fond of the author, deſired to ſee them, and ſome were ſo kind as to give their aſſiſtance, by communicating their obſervations and conjectures upon difficult paſſages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more conſiderable than was at firſt expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their perſuaſions, is far from deſiring to reflect upon the late editors for the omiſſions and defects which they left to be ſupplied by others who ſhould follow them in the ſame province. On the contrary, he thinks the world much obliged to them for the progreſs they made in weeding out ſo great a number of blunders and miſtakes as they have done; and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of ſuch an undertaking, if he had not found a conſiderable part ſo done to his hands.

From what cauſes it proceeded that the works of this author, in the firſt publication of them, were more injured and abuſed than perhaps any that ever paſſed the preſs, hath been ſufficiently explained in the preface to Mr. Pope's edi-

tion, which is here ſubjoined, and there needs no more to be ſaid upon that ſubject. This only the reader is deſired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous, and of a groſſer kind than can well be conceived, but by thoſe who have looked nearly into them; ſo in the correcting them this rule hath been moſt ſtrictly obſerved, not to give a looſe to fancy, or indulge a licentious ſpirit of criticiſm, as if it were fit for any one to preſume to judge what Shakſpeare ought to have written, inſtead of endeavouring to diſcover truly and retrieve what he did write: and ſo great caution hath been uſed in this reſpect, that no alterations have been made, but what the ſenſe neceſſarily required, what the meaſure of the verſe often helped to point out, and what the ſimilitude of words in the falſe reading and in the true, generally ſpeaking, appeared very well to juſtify.

Moſt of thoſe paſſages are here thrown to the bottom of the page, and rejected as ſpurious, which were ſtigmatized as ſuch in Mr. Pope's edition; and it were to be wiſhed that more had then undergone the ſame ſentence. The promoter of the preſent edition hath ventured to diſcard but few more upon his own judgment, the moſt conſiderable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in *King Henry the Fifth*, put into the mouths of the French princeſs and an old gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in French, and not intelligible to an Engliſh audience, and yet that perhaps is the beſt thing that can be ſaid of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low ſtuff, which diſgraces the works of this great author, was foiſted in by the players after his death, to pleaſe the vulgar audiences by which they ſubſiſted: and though ſome of the poor witticiſms and conceits muſt be ſuppoſed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, ſo it is to be remembered that he wrote for the ſtage, rude and unpoliſhed as it then was; and the vicious taſte of the age muſt ſtand condemned for them, ſince he hath left upon record a ſignal proof how much he deſpiſed them. In his play of *The Merchant of* VENICE, a clown is introduced quibbling in a miſerable manner; upon which one, who bears the character of a man of ſenſe, makes the following reflexion: *How every fool can play upon a word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots.* He could hardly have found ſtronger words to expreſs his indignation at thoſe falſe pretences to wit

then in vogue; and therefore though ſuch traſh is frequently interſperſed in his writings, it would be unjuſt to caſt it as an imputation upon his taſte and judgment and character as a writer.

There being many words in Shakſpeare which are grown out of uſe and obſolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturalized or known among us, a gloſſary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all thoſe terms which have hitherto been ſo many ſtumbling-blocks to the generality of readers; and where there is any obſcurity in the text, not ariſing from the words, but from a reference to ſome antiquated cuſtoms now forgotten, or other cauſes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page, to clear up the difficulty.

With theſe ſeveral helps, if that rich vein of ſenſe which runs through the works of this author can be retrieved in every part, and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped, without preſumption, that this is here effected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleaſure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him juſtice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a ſingular genius; one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in thoſe two great branches of poetry, tragedy and comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be ſaid without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the beſt writers of any age or country, who have thought it glory enough to diſtinguiſh themſelves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their moſt celebrated poets with the faireſt impreſſions beautified with the ornaments of ſculpture, well may our Shakſpeare be thought to deſerve no leſs conſideration: and as a freſh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his ſtatue at a publick expence; ſo it is deſired that this new edition of his works, which hath coſt ſome attention and care, may be looked upon as another ſmall monument deſigned and dedicated to his honour.

Dr. WAR-

Dr. WARBURTON's

PREFACE.

IT hath been no unuſual thing for writers, when diſſatisfied with the patronage or judgment of their own times, to appeal to poſterity for a fair hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the firſt inſtance; and to decline acquaintance with the publick, till envy and prejudice had quite ſubſided. But, of all the truſters to futurity, commend me to the author of the following poems, who not only left it to time to do him juſtice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great attention to his profit as a player, and too little to his reputation as a poet, his works, left to the care of door-keepers and prompters, hardly eſcape the common fate of thoſe wrirings, how good ſoever, which are abandoned to their own fortune, and unprotected by party or cabal. At length, indeed, they ſtruggled into light; but ſo diſguiſed and traveſted, that no claſſick author, after having run ten ſecular ſtages through the blind cloiſters of monks and canons, ever came out in half ſo maimed and mangled a condition. But for a full account of his diſorders, I refer the reader to the excellent diſcourſe which follows, and turn myſelf to conſider the remedies that have been applied to them.

Shakſpeare's works, when they eſcaped the players, did not fall into much better hands when they came amongſt printers and bookſellers; who, to ſay the truth, had at firſt but ſmall encouragement for putting him into a better condition. The ſtubborn nonſenſe, with which he was incruſted, occaſioned his lying long neglected amongſt the common lumber of the ſtage. And when that reſiſtleſs ſplendor, which now ſhoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke through the ſhell of thoſe impurities, his dazzled admirers became as ſuddenly inſenſible to the extraneous ſcurf that ſtill ſtuck upon him, as they had been before to

* Mr. Pope's Preface. EDITOR.

the

the native beauties that lay under it. So that, as then he was thought not to deſerve a cure, he was now ſuppoſed not to need any.

His growing eminence, however, required that he ſhould be uſed with ceremony; and he ſoon had his appointment of an editor in form. But the bookſeller, whoſe dealing was with wits, having learnt of them, I know not what ſilly maxim, that *none but a poet ſhould preſume to meddle with a poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. Rowe to undertake this employment. A wit indeed he was; but ſo utterly unacquainted with the whole buſineſs of criticiſm, that he did not even collate or conſult the firſt editions of the work he undertook to publiſh; but contented himſelf with giving us a meagre account of the author's life, interlarded with ſome commonplace ſcraps from his writings. The truth is, Shakſpeare's condition was yet but ill underſtood. The nonſenſe, now, by conſent, received for his own, was held in a kind of reverence for its age and author; and thus it continued till another great *poet* broke the charm, by ſhewing us, that the higher we went, the leſs of it was ſtill to be found.

For the proprietors, not diſcouraged by their firſt unſucceſsful effort, in due time, made a ſecond; and, though they ſtill ſtuck to their poets, with infinitely more ſucceſs in their choice of Mr. Pope, who, by the mere force of an uncommon genius, without any particular ſtudy or profeſſion of this art, diſcharged the great parts of it ſo well, as to make his edition the beſt foundation for all further improvements. He ſeparated the genuine from the ſpurious plays; and, with equal judgment, though not always with the ſame ſucceſs, attempted to clear the genuine plays from the interpolated ſcenes: he then conſulted the old editions; and, by a careful collation of them, rectified the faulty, and ſupplied the imperfect reading in a great number of places: and laſtly, in an admirable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively ſketch of Shakſpeare's poetick character; and, in the corrected text, marked out thoſe peculiar ſtrokes of genius which were moſt proper to ſupport and illuſtrate that character. Thus far Mr. Pope. And although much more was to be done before Shakſpeare could be reſtored to himſelf (ſuch as amending the corrupted text where the printed books afford no aſſiſtance; explaining his licentious phraſeology and obſcure alluſions; and illuſtrating the beauties of his poetry); yet, with great modeſty and prudence, our illuſtrious editor left this to the critick by profeſſion.

But

But nothing will give the common reader a better idea of the value of Mr. Pope's edition, than the two attempts which have been ſince made by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer in oppoſition to it; who, although they concerned themſelves only in the *firſt* of theſe three parts of criticiſm, the *reſtoring the text* (without any conception of the *ſecond*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*), yet ſucceeded ſo very ill in it, that they left their author in ten times a worſe condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill fortune to have ſome accidental connexions with theſe two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The one was recommended to me as a poor man; the other as a poor critick: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of obſervations, which they managed, as they ſaw fit, to the relief of their ſeveral diſtreſſes. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage; and he allowed himſelf in the liberty of taking one part for his own, and ſequeſtering another for the benefit, as I ſuppoſed, of ſome future edition. But, as to the Oxford editor, who wanted nothing but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critick, I could not ſo eaſily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge; and, when that project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his edition againſt my expreſs deſire not to have that honour done unto me.

Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to induſtry and labour. What he read he could tranſcribe: but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill expreſs, ſo he read on; and by that means got a character of learning, without riſquing, to every obſerver, the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifeſtly wrong in the *latter* editions, by what was manifeſtly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real merit; and the whole of it. For where the phraſe was very obſolete or licentious in the *common* books, or only ſlightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted ſufficient knowledge of the progreſs and various ſtages of the Engliſh tongue, as well as acquaintance with the peculiarity of Shakſpeare's language, to underſtand what was right; nor had he either common judgment to ſee, or critical ſagacity to amend, what was manifeſtly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in

in the wrong place: he tampers with what is found in the *common* books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *variations*, the ſenſe of which he did not underſtand.

How the Oxford editor came to think himſelf qualified for this office, from which his whole courſe of life had been ſo remote, is ſtill more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts he might have either of genius or erudition, he was abſolutely ignorant of the art of criticiſm, as well as of the poetry, of that time, and the language of his author. And ſo far from a thought of examining the *firſt* editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. Theobald's; whereby he loſt the advantage of many fine lines, which the other had recovered from the old quartos. Where he truſts to his own ſagacity, in what affects the ſenſe, his conjectures are generally abſurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticiſm. Though, in this rage of correcting, he was not abſolutely deſtitute of all *art*. For, having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he ſaw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to ſomething, he thought, ſynonymous or ſimilar, he made them his own; and ſo became a critick at a cheap expence. But how well he hath ſucceeded in this, as likewiſe in his conjectures, which are properly his own, will be ſeen in the courſe of my remarks: though, as he hath declined to give the reaſons for his interpolations, he hath not afforded me ſo fair a hold of him as Mr. Theobald hath done, who was leſs cautious. But his principal object was to reform his author's numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every occaſion, by the inſertion or omiſſion of a ſet of harmleſs unconcerning expletives, makes up the groſs body of his innocent corrections. And ſo, in ſpite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which diſtinguiſhes the firſt dramatick writers, he hath tricked up the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables.

For the reſt, all the corrections, which theſe two editors have made on any *reaſonable* foundation, are here admitted into the text; and carefully aſſigned to their reſpective authors: a piece of juſtice which the Oxford editor never did; and which the *other* was not always ſcrupulous in obſerving towards me. To conclude with them in a word, they ſeparately poſſeſſed thoſe two qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the art of criti-

ciſm

ciſm into diſrepute, *dulneſs of apprehenſion*, and *extravagance of conjecture*.

I am now to give ſome account of the preſent undertaking. For as to all thoſe things which have been publiſhed under the titles of *Eſſays*, *Remarks*, *Obſervations*, *&c. on Shakſpeare* (if you except ſome critical notes on *Macbeth* *, given as a ſpecimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius), the reſt are abſolutely below a ſerious notice.

The whole a critick can do for an author, who deſerves his ſervice, is to correct the faulty text; to remark the peculiarities of language; to illuſtrate the obſcure alluſions; and to explain the beauties and defects of ſentiment or compoſition. And ſurely, if ever author had a claim to this ſervice, it was our Shakſpeare; who, widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature, hath given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, ſuch truth of deſign, ſuch force of drawing, ſuch beauty of colouring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the uſe, or only the entertainment of mankind. The notes in this edition, therefore, take in the whole compaſs of criticiſm.

I. The firſt ſort is employed in reſtoring the poet's genuine text; but in thoſe places only where it labours with inextricable nonſenſe. In which, how much ſoever I may have given ſcope to critical conjecture, where the old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy or imagination; but have religiouſly obſerved the ſevere canons of literal criticiſm, as may be ſeen from the reaſons accompanying every alteration of the common text. Nor would a different conduct have become a critick, whoſe greateſt attention, in this part, was to vindicate the eſtabliſhed reading from interpolations occaſioned by the fanciful extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the reader a *body of canons*, for literal criticiſm, drawn out in form; as well ſuch as concern the art in general, as thoſe that ariſe from the nature and circumſtances of our author's works in particular. And this for two reaſons. Firſt, to give the *unlearned reader* a juſt idea, and conſequently a better opinion of the art of criticiſm, now ſunk very low in the popular eſteem, by the attempts of ſome who would needs exerciſe it without either natural or acquired talents; and by the ill ſucceſs of others, who ſeemed to have loſt both, when they

* Publiſhed in 1745, by Dr. Johnſon. EDITOR.

came

came to try them upon Engliſh authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he is a ſtranger to, at the expence of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of eſtabliſhed authors. But theſe uſes may be well ſupplied by what is occaſionally ſaid upon the ſubject, in the courſe of the following remarks.

II. The ſecond ſort of notes conſiſts in an explanation of the author's meaning, when by one or more of theſe cauſes it becomes obſcure; either from a *licentious uſe of terms*, or a *hard or ungrammatical conſtruction*; or laſtly, from *far-fetched or quaint alluſions*.

1. This licentious uſe of words is almoſt peculiar to the language of Shakſpeare. To common terms he hath affixed meanings of his own, unauthorized by uſe, and not to be juſtified by analogy. And this liberty he hath taken with the nobleſt parts of ſpeech, ſuch as *mixed modes*; which, as they are moſt ſuſceptible of abuſe, ſo their abuſe moſt hurts the clearneſs of the diſcourſe. The criticks (to whom Shakſpeare's licence was ſtill as much a ſecret as his meaning which that licence had obſcured) fell into two contrary miſtakes; but equally injurious to his reputation and his writings. For ſome of them, obſerving a darkneſs that pervaded his whole expreſſion, have cenſured him for confuſion of ideas and inaccuracy of reaſoning. *In the neighing of a horſe* (ſays Rymer) *or in the growling of a maſtiff, there is a meaning, there is a lively expreſſion, and, may I ſay, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakſpeare.* The ignorance of which cenſure is of a piece with its brutality. The truth is, no one thought clearer, or argued more cloſely, than this immortal bard. But his ſuperiority of genius leſs needing the intervention of words in the act of thinking, when he came to draw out his contemplations into diſcourſe, he took up (as he was hurried on by the torrent of his matter) with the firſt words that lay in his way; and if, amongſt theſe, there were two *mixed modes* that had but a principal idea in common, it was enough for him; he regarded them as ſynonymous, and would uſe the one for the other without fear or ſcruple.——Again, there have been others, ſuch as the two laſt editors, who have fallen into a contrary extreme; and regarded Shakſpeare's anomalies (as we may call them) amongſt the corruptions of his text; which, therefore, they have caſhiered in great numbers, to make room for a jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional trouble; for I had not only their inter-

interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine text to replace, and eſtabliſh in its ſtead; which, in many caſes, could not be done without ſhewing the peculiar ſenſe of the terms, and explaining the cauſes which led the poet to ſo perverſe an uſe of them. I had it once, indeed, in my deſign, to give a general alphabetick *gloſſary* of thoſe terms; but as each of them is explained in its proper place, there ſeemed the leſs occaſion for ſuch an index.

2. The poet's hard and unnatural conſtruction had a different original. This was the effect of miſtaken art and deſign. The publick taſte was in its infancy; and delighted (as it always does during that ſtate) in the high and turgid; which leads the writer to diſguiſe a vulgar expreſſion with hard and forced conſtruction, whereby the ſentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here his criticks ſhew their modeſty, and leave him to himſelf. For the arbitrary change of a word doth little towards diſpelling an obſcurity that ariſeth, not from the licentious uſe of a ſingle term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole ſentence. And they riſqued nothing by their ſilence. For Shakſpeare was too clear in fame to be ſuſpected of a want of meaning; and too high in faſhion for any one to own he needed a critick to find it out. Not but, in his beſt works, we muſt allow, he is often ſo natural and flowing, ſo pure and correct, that he is even a model for ſtyle and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint alluſions, theſe are often a cover to common thoughts; juſt as his hard conſtruction is to common expreſſion. When they are not ſo, the explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the obſcurity, you frequently diſcover ſome latent conceit not unworthy of his genius.

III. The third and laſt ſort of notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the author's beauties and defects; but chiefly of his beauties, whether in ſtyle, thought, ſentiment, character, or compoſition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongſt the criticks; as if nothing were worth *remarking*, that did not, at the ſame time, deſerve to be reproved. Whereas the publick judgment hath leſs need to be aſſiſted in what it ſhall reject, than in what it ought to prize; men being generally more ready at ſpying faults than in diſcovering beauties. Nor is the value they ſet upon a work, a certain proof that they underſtand it. For it is ever ſeen, that half a dozen voices of credit give the lead: and if the public chance to be in good humour, or the author

thor much in their favour, the people are ſure to follow. Hence it is that the true critick hath ſo frequently attached himſelf to works of eſtabliſhed reputation; not to teach the world to *admire*, which, in thoſe circumſtances, to ſay the truth, they are apt enough to do of themſelves; but to teach them how, *with reaſon to admire*: no eaſy matter, I will aſſure you, on the ſubject in queſtion: for though it be very true, as Mr. Pope hath obſerved, that *Shakſpeare is the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm*, yet it is not ſuch a ſort of criticiſm as may be raiſed mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Boſſu, have collected from antiquity; and of which, ſuch kind of writers as Rymer, Gildon, Dennis, and Oldmixon, have only gathered and chewed the huſks: nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the plan of thoſe crude and ſuperficial judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated paper * ſo much abounds; too good indeed to be named with the writers laſt mentioned, but being unluckily miſtaken for a *model*, becauſe it was an *original*, it hath given riſe to a deluge of the worſt ſort of critical jargon; I mean that which looks moſt like ſenſe. But the kind of criticiſm here required, is ſuch as judgeth our author by thoſe only laws and principles on which he wrote, NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our obſervations, therefore, being thus extenſive, will, I preſume, enable the reader to form a right judgment of this favourite poet, without drawing out his character, as was once intended, in a continued diſcourſe.

Theſe, ſuch as they are, were among my younger amuſements, when, many years ago, I uſed to turn over theſe ſort of writers to unbend myſelf from more ſerious applications: and what certainly the publick at this time of day had never been troubled with, but for the conduct of the two laſt editors, and the perſuaſions of dear Mr. Pope; whoſe memory and name,

——— *ſemper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo.

He was deſirous I ſhould give a new edition of this poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a ſtop to a prevailing folly of altering the text of celebrated authors without talents or judgment. And he was willing that *his* edition

* The Spectator. EDITOR.

ſhould

ſhould be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he ſaid, afford him (ſo great is the modeſty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confeſſing his miſtakes *. In memory of our friendſhip, I have, therefore, made it our joint edition. His admirable preface is here added; all his notes are given, with his name annexed; the ſcenes are divided according to his regulation; and the moſt beautiful paſſages diſtinguiſhed, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the ſame by as many others as I thought moſt deſerving of the reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, Shakſpeare or good letters have received any advantage, and the publick any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this edition. And I ſhould be unjuſt to ſeveral deſerving men of a reputable and uſeful profeſſion, if I did not, on this occaſion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongſt them; and profeſs my ſenſe of the unjuſt prejudice which lies againſt them; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that ſecurity for their property, which they ſee the reſt of their fellow-citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part ariſing from the frequent *piracies* (as they are called) committed by members of their own body. But ſuch kind of members no body is without. And it would be hard that this ſhould be turned to the diſcredit of the honeſt part of the profeſſion, who ſuffer more from ſuch injuries then any other men. It hath, in part too, ariſen from the clamours of profligate ſcribblers, ever ready, for a piece of money, to proſtitute their bad ſenſe for or againſt any cauſe prophane or ſacred; or in any ſcandal publick or private: theſe meeting with little encouragement from men of account in the trade (who, even in this enlightened age, are not the very worſt judges or rewarders of merit) apply themſelves to people of condition; and ſupport their importunities by falſe complaints againſt *bookſellers*.

But I ſhould now, perhaps, rather think of my own apology, than buſy myſelf in the defence of others. I ſhall have ſome *Tartuffe* ready, on the firſt appearance of this edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I ſuffer myſelf to be wholly diverted from my purpoſe by theſe matters leſs ſuitable to my clerical profeſſion.* "Well, but (ſays a friend) why not

* See his Letters to me.

" take ſo candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw " yourſelf again, as you are bid, into the clerical pale: " examine the records of ſacred and prophane antiquity; " and, on them, erect a work to the confuſion of infide- " lity." Why, I have done all this, and more: and hear now what the ſame men have ſaid to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of religion, and furniſhed out more handles for unbelievers.* " Oh! now the ſecret is out; " and you may have your pardon, I find, upon eaſier terms. " It is only to write no more."——Good gentlemen! and ſhall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obſtruct* my way to thoſe things which every man, who *endeavours well* in his profeſſion, muſt needs think he has ſome claim to, when he ſees them given to thoſe who never did *endeavour*; at the ſame time that they would *deter* me from taking thoſe advantages which letters enable me to procure for myſelf. If then I am to write no more (though as much out of my profeſſion as they may pleaſe to repreſent this work, I ſuſpect their modeſty would not inſiſt on a ſcrutiny of our ſeveral applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I ſay, I am to write no more, let me at leaſt give the publick, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, ſome reaſon for my preſenting them with theſe amuſements; which, if I am not much miſtaken, may be excuſed by the beſt and faireſt *examples*; and, what is more, may be juſtified on the ſurer *reaſon of things*.

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name conſecrated to immortality by his virtue and eloquence, is known to have been ſo fond of Ariſtophanes, as to wake with him at his ſtudies, and to ſleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his piety or his preaching, not even in thoſe times of pure zeal and primitive religion. Yet, in reſpect of Shakſpeare's great ſenſe, Ariſtophanes's beſt wit is but buffoonery; and, in compariſon of Ariſtophanes's freedoms, Shakſpeare writes with the purity of a veſtal. But they will ſay, St. Chryſoſtom contracted a fondneſs for the comick poet *for the ſake of his Greek*. To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to inſinuate ſo unſcholarlike a thing, as if we had the ſame uſe for good Engliſh, that a Greek had for his Attick elegance. Critick Kuſter, in a taſte and language peculiar to grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the hiſtory and chronology of Greek words is the moſt SOLID entertainment of a man of letters.*

I fly

I fly then to a higher example, much nearer home, and ſtill more in point, the famous univerſity of OXFORD. This illuſtrious body, which hath long ſo juſtly held, and with ſuch equity diſpenſed, the chief honours of the learned world, thought good letters ſo much intereſted in correct editions of the beſt Engliſh writers, that they, very lately, in their publick capacity, undertook *one* of this very author by ſubſcription. And if the editor hath not diſcharged his taſk with ſuitable abilities for one ſo much honoured by them, this was not their fault, but his, who thruſt himſelf into the employment. After ſuch an example, it would be weakening any defence to ſeek further for authorities. All that can be now decently urged, is the *reaſon of the thing*; and this I ſhall do, more for the ſake of that truly venerable body than my own.

Of all the literary exercitations of ſpeculative men, whether deſigned for the uſe or entertainment of the world, there are none of ſo much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than thoſe which let us into the knowledge of our nature. Others may exerciſe the reaſon, or amuſe the imagination; but theſe only can improve the heart, and form the human mind to wiſdom. Now, in this ſcience, our Shakſpeare is confeſſed to occupy the foremoſt place; whether we conſider the amazing ſagacity with which he inveſtigates every hidden ſpring and wheel of human action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the juſt and living paintings which he has given us of all our paſſions, appetites, and purſuits. Theſe afford a leſſon which can never be too often repeated, or too conſtantly inculcated; and, to engage the reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this edition.

As this ſcience (whatever profound philoſophers may think) is, to the reſt, *in things*; ſo, *in words*, (whatever ſupercilious pedants may talk) every one's mother tongue is to all other languages. This hath ſtill been the ſentiment of nature and true wiſdom. Hence, the greateſt men of antiquity never thought themſelves better employed, than in cultivating their own country idiom. So Lycurgus did honour to Sparta, in giving the firſt complete edition of Homer; and Cicero to Rome, in correcting the works of Lucretius. Nor do we want examples of the ſame good ſenſe in modern times, even amidſt the cruel inroads that art and faſhion have made upon nature and the ſimplicity of

wiſdom. Menage, the greateſt name in France for all kinds of philologick learning, prided himſelf in writing critical notes on their beſt lyrick poet Malherbe: and our greater Selden, when he thought it might reflect credit on his country, did not diſdain even to comment a very ordinary poet, one Michael Drayton. But the Engliſh tongue, at this juncture, deſerves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent works of different kinds compoſed in it, engaged the notice, and become the ſtudy, of almoſt every curious and learned foreigner, ſo as to be thought even a part of literary accompliſhment. This muſt needs make it deſerving of a critical attention: and its being yet deſtitute of a teſt or ſtandard to apply to, in caſes of doubt or difficulty, ſhews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither chart nor compaſs, to guide us through this wide ſea of words. And indeed how ſhould we? ſince both are to be compoſed and finiſhed on the authority of our beſt eſtabliſhed writers. But their authority can be of little uſe, till the text hath been correctly ſettled, and the phraſeology critically examined. As then, by theſe aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the beſt rules of logick and philoſophy (and none but ſuch will deſerve the name), are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: for, as Quintilian obſerves, "Verborum *proprietas* ac "*differentia* omnibus, qui ſermonem curæ habent, debet "eſſe communis." By this way, the Italians have brought their tongue to a degree of purity and ſtability, which no living language ever attained unto before. It is with pleaſure I obſerve, that theſe things now begin to be underſtood among ourſelves; and that I can acquaint the publick, we may ſoon expect very elegant editions of Fletcher and *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt* from gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed abilities and learning. But this interval of good ſenſe, as it may be ſhort, is indeed but new. For I remember to have heard of a very learned man, who, not long ſince, formed a deſign, of giving a more correct edition of Spenſer; and, without doubt, would have performed it well; but he was diſſuaded from his purpoſe by his friends, as beneath the dignity of a profeſſor of the occult ſciences. Yet theſe very friends, I ſuppoſe, would have thought it had added luſtre to his high ſtation, to have new-furniſhed out ſome dull northern chronicle, or dark ſibylline ænigma. But let it not be thought that what is here ſaid inſinuates any thing to the diſcredit of

Greek

Greek and Latin criticiſm. If the follies of particular men were ſufficient to bring any branch of learning into diſrepute, I do not know any that would ſtand in a worſe ſituation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* language, ſo execrable a heap of nonſenſe, under the name of commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a certain ſatirick poet, of the laſt age, by his editor and coadjutor*.

I am ſenſible how unjuſtly the very beſt *claſſical* criticks have been treated. It is ſaid, that our great philoſopher † ſpoke with much contempt of the two fineſt ſcholars of this age, Dr. Bentley and Biſhop Hare, for ſquabbling, as he expreſſed it, about an old play-book; meaning, I ſuppoſe, Terence's comedies. But this ſtory is unworthy of him: though well enough ſuiting the fanatick turn of the wild writer that relates it; ſuch cenſures are amongſt the follies of men immoderately given over to one ſcience, and ignorantly undervaluing all the reſt. Thoſe learned criticks might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn (though ſtill, ſure, with the ſame indecency and indiſcretion) at that incomparable man, for wearing out a long life in poring through a teleſcope. Indeed, the weakneſſes of ſuch are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the faſhionable cant of every trifling writer, whoſe inſipidity paſſes, with himſelf, for politeneſs, for pretending to be ſhocked, forſooth, with the rude and ſavage air of *vulgar* criticks; meaning ſuch as Muretus, Scaliger, Caſaubon, Salmaſius, Spanheim, Bentley! When, had it not been for the deathleſs labours of ſuch as theſe, the weſtern world, at the revival of letters, had ſoon fallen back again into a ſtate of ignorance and barbarity, as deplorable as that from which Providence had juſt redeemed it.

To conclude with an obſervation of a fine writer and great philoſopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, though with all honour, as a phylactery, on the brow of every awful grammarian, to teach him at once the *uſe* and *limits* of his art: WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.

* This alludes to Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras publiſhed in 1744. EDITOR.

† Sir Iſaac Newton. See Whiſton's Hiſtorical Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Clarke, 1748, 8vo. p. 113. EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

[Prefixed to Mr. STEEVENS's Edition of Twenty of the old Quarto Copies of SHAKSPEARE, &c. in 4 Vols. 8vo. 1766.]

THE plays of SHAKSPEARE have been ſo often republiſhed, with every ſeeming advantage which the joint labours of men of the firſt abilities could procure for them, that one would hardly imagine they could ſtand in need of any thing beyond the illuſtration of ſome few dark paſſages. Modes of expreſſion muſt remain in obſcurity, or be retrieved from time to time, as chance may throw the books of that age into the hands of criticks who ſhall make a proper uſe of them. Many have been of opinion that his language will continue difficult to all thoſe who are unacquainted with the provincial expreſſions which they ſuppoſe him to have uſed; but, for my own part, I cannot believe but that thoſe which are now local may once have been univerſal, and muſt have been the language of thoſe perſons before whom his plays were repreſented. However, it is certain that the inſtances of obſcurity from this ſource are very few.

Some have been of opinion that even a particular ſyntax prevailed in the time of Shakſpeare; but, as I do not recollect that any proofs were ever brought in ſupport of that ſentiment, I own I am of the contrary opinion.

In his time indeed a different arrangement of ſyllables had been introduced in imitation of the Latin, as we find

in Aſcham; and the verb was very frequently kept back in the ſentence; but in Shakſpeare no marks of it are diſcernible: and though the rules of ſyntax were more ſtrictly obſerved by the writers of that age than they have been ſince, he of all the number is perhaps the moſt ungrammatical. To make his meaning intelligible to his audience ſeems to have been his only care, and with the eaſe of converſation he has adopted its incorrectneſs.

The paſt editors, eminently qualified as they were by genius and learning for this undertaking, wanted induſtry; to cover which they publiſhed catalogues, tranſcribed at random, of a greater number of old copies than ever they can be ſuppoſed to have had in their poſſeſſion; when, at the ſame time, they never examined the few which we know they had, with any degree of accuracy. The laſt editor alone has dealt fairly with the world in this particular; he profeſſes to have made uſe of no more than he had really ſeen, and has annexed a liſt of ſuch to every play, together with a complete one of thoſe ſuppoſed to be in being, at the concluſion of his work, whether he had been able to procure them for the ſervice of it or not.

For theſe reaſons I thought it would not be unacceptable to the lovers of Shakſpeare to collate all the quartos I could find, comparing one copy with the reſt, where there were more than one of the ſame play; and to multiply the chances of their being preſerved, by collecting them into volumes, inſtead of leaving the few that have eſcaped, to ſhare the fate of the reſt, which was probably haſtened by their remaining in the form of pamphlets, their uſe and value being equally unknown to thoſe into whoſe hands they fell.

Of ſome I have printed more than one copy; as there are many perſons, who, not contented with the poſſeſſion of a finiſhed picture of ſome great maſter, are deſirous to procure the firſt ſketch that was made for it, that they may have the pleaſure of tracing the progreſs of the artiſt from the firſt light colouring to the finiſhing ſtroke. To ſuch the earlier editions of *King John*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Henry the Sixth*, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, will, I apprehend, not be unwelcome; ſince in theſe we may diſcern as much as will be found in the haſty outlines of the pencil, with a fair proſpect of that perfection to which he brought every performance he took the pains to retouch.

The general character of the quarto editions may more

advantageouſly be taken from the words of Mr. Pope, than from any recommendation of my own.

" The folio edition (ſays he) in which all the plays we " now receive as his were firſt collected, was publiſhed by " two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven " years after his deceaſe. They declare that all the other " editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious *, and affirm theirs " to be purged from the errors of the former. This is " true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all " reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quartos.

" Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt " paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For " whatever had been added ſince thoſe quartos by the ac- " tors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written " parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, " and all ſtand charged upon the author. He himſelf com- " plained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes *thoſe* " *who play the clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for* " *them*. (Act iii. Sc. iv.). But as a proof that he could not " eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, there " is no hint of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to " be found there. In others the ſcenes of the mobs, ple- " beians, and clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent; " and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have " belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided " by lines, and the actors names in the margin) where " ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written " hand, which ſince are to be found in the folio.

" In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages were " omitted, which were extant in the firſt ſingle editions; " as it ſeems without any other reaſon than their willing- " neſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes."

To this I muſt add, that I cannot help looking on the folio as having ſuffered other injuries from the licentious alteration of the players; as we frequently find in it an unuſual word changed into one more popular; ſometimes to the weakening of the ſenſe, which rather ſeems to have been their work, who knew that plainneſs was neceſſary for the

* It may be proper on this occaſion to obſerve, that the actors printed ſeveral of the plays in their folio edition from the very quarto copies which they are here ſtriving to depreciate; and additional corruption is the utmoſt that theſe copies gained by paſſing through their hands.

audience

audience of an illiterate age, than that it was done by the conſent of the author: for he would hardly have unnerved a line in his written copy, which they pretend to have tranſcribed, however he might have permitted many to have been familiarized in the repreſentation. Were I to indulge my own private conjecture, I ſhould ſuppoſe that his blotted manuſcrips were read over by one to another among thoſe who were appointed to tranſcribe them; and hence it would eaſily happen, that words of ſimilar ſound, though of ſenſes directly oppoſite, might be confounded with each other. They themſelves declare that Shakſpeare's time of blotting was paſt, and yet half the errors we find in their edition could not be merely typographical. Many of the quartos (as our own printers aſſure me) were far from being unſkilfully executed, and ſome of them were much more correctly printed than the folio, which was publiſhed at the charge of the ſame proprietors, whoſe names we find prefixed to the older copies; and I cannot join with Mr. Pope in acquitting that edition of more literal errors than thoſe which went before it. The particles in it ſeem to be as fortuitouſly diſpoſed, and proper names as frequently undiſtinguiſhed by Italic or capital letters from the reſt of the text. The punctuation is equally accidental; nor do I ſee on the whole any greater marks of a ſkilful reviſal, or the advantage of being printed from unblotted originals in the one, than in the other. One reformation indeed there ſeems to have been made, and that very laudable; I mean the ſubſtitution of more general terms for a name too often unneceſſarily invoked on the ſtage; but no jot of obſcenity is omitted: and their caution againſt prophaneneſs is, in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the judgment of the editors of the folio*.

How much may be done by the aſſiſtance of the old copies will now be eaſily known; but a more difficult taſk re-

* "And their caution againſt prophaneneſs is, in my opi-
" nion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the editors
" of the folio."

I doubt whether we are ſo much indebted to the *judgment* of the editors of the folio edition, for their caution againſt prophaneneſs, as to the ſtatute 3 Jac. I. c. 21. which prohibits under ſevere penalties the uſe of the ſacred name in any plays or interludes. This occaſioned the playhouſe copies to be altered, and they printed from the playhouſe copies. BLACKSTONE.

mains

mains behind, which calls for other abilities than are requiſite in the laborious collator.

From a diligent peruſal of the comedies of contemporary authors, I am perſuaded that the meaning of many expreſſions in Shakſpeare might be retrieved; for the language of converſation can only be expected to be preſerved in works, which in their time aſſumed the merit of being pictures of men and manners. The ſtyle of converſation we may ſuppoſe to be as much altered as that of books; and, in conſequence of the change, we have no other authorities to recur to in either caſe. Should our language ever be recalled to a ſtrict examination, and the faſhion become general of ſtriving to maintain our old acquiſitions, inſtead of gaining new ones, which we ſhall be at laſt obliged to give up, or be incumbered with their weight; it will then be lamented that no regular collection was ever formed of the old Engliſh books; from which, as from ancient repoſitories, we might recover words and phraſes as often as caprice or wantonneſs ſhould call for variety; inſtead of thinking it neceſſary to adopt new ones, or barter ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendour, which no language has long admitted, and retained its purity.

We wonder that, before the time of Shakſpeare, we find the ſtage in a ſtate ſo barren of productions, but forget that we have hardly any acquaintance with the authors of that period, though ſome few of their dramatick pieces may remain. The ſame might be almoſt ſaid of the interval between that age and the age of Dryden, the performances of which, not being preſerved in ſets, or diffuſed as now, by the greater number printed, muſt lapſe apace into the ſame obſcurity,

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi———

And yet we are contented, from a few ſpecimens only, to form our opinions of the genius of ages gone before us. Even while we are blaming the taſte of that audience which received with applauſe the worſt plays in the reign of Charles the Second, we ſhould conſider that the few in poſſeſſion of our theatre, which would never have been heard a ſecond time had they been written now, were probably the beſt of hundreds which had been diſmiſſed with general cenſure. The collection of plays, interludes, &c.

made

made by Mr. Garrick, with an intent to depoſit them hereafter in ſome publick library *, will be conſidered as a valuable acquiſition; for pamphlets have never yet been examined with a proper regard to poſterity. Moſt of the obſolete pieces will be found on enquiry to have been introduced into libraries but ſome few years ſince; and yet thoſe of the preſent age, which may one time or other prove as uſeful, are ſtill entirely neglected. I ſhould be remiſs, I am ſure, were I to forget my acknowledgments to the gentleman I have juſt mentioned, to whoſe benevolence I owe the uſe of ſeveral of the ſcarceſt quartos, which I could not otherwiſe have obtained; though I advertiſed for them, with ſufficient offers, as I thought, either to tempt the caſual owner to ſell, or the curious to communicate them; but Mr. Garrick's zeal would not permit him to with-hold any thing that might ever ſo remotely tend to ſhew the perfections of that author who could only have enabled him to diſplay his own.

It is not merely to obtain juſtice to Shakſpeare, that I have made this collection, and adviſe others to be made. The general intereſt of Engliſh literature, and the attention due to our own language and hiſtory, require that our ancient writings ſhould be diligently reviewed. There is no age which has not produced ſome works that deſerved to be remembered; and as words and phraſes are only underſtood by comparing them in different places, the lower writers muſt be read for the explanation of the higheſt. No language can be aſcertained and ſettled, but by deducing its words from their original ſources, and tracing them through their ſucceſſive varieties of ſignification; and this deduction can only be performed by conſulting the earlieſt and intermediate authors.

Enough has been already done to encourage us to do more. Dr. Hickes, by reviving the ſtudy of the Saxon language, ſeems to have excited a ſtronger curioſity after old Engliſh writers, than ever had appeared before. Many volumes which were mouldering in duſt have been collected; many authors which were forgotten have been revived; many laborious catalogues have been formed; and many judicious gloſſaries compiled: the literary tranſactions of the darker ages are now open to diſcovery; and

* This collection is now, in purſuance of Mr. Garrick's Will, placed in the Britiſh Muſeum. EDITOR.

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the language in its intermediate gradations, from the Conqueſt to the Reſtoration, is better underſtood than in any former time.

To incite the continuance, and encourage the extenſion of this domeſtick curioſity, is one of the purpoſes of the preſent publication. In the plays it contains, the poet's firſt thoughts as well as words are preſerved; the additions made in ſubſequent impreſſions diſtinguiſhed in Italicks, and the performances themſelves make their appearance with every typographical error, ſuch as they were before they fell into the hands of the player-editors. The various readings, which can only be attributed to chance, are ſet down among the reſt, as I did not chooſe arbitrarily to determine for others which were uſeleſs, or which were valuable. And many words differing only by the ſpelling, or ſerving merely to ſhew the difficulties which they to whoſe lot it firſt fell to diſentangle their perplexities muſt have encountered, are exhibited with the reſt. I muſt acknowledge that ſome few readings have ſlipped in by miſtake, which can pretend to ſerve no purpoſe of illuſtration, but were introduced by confining myſelf to note the minuteſt variations of the copies, which ſoon convinced me that the oldeſt were in general the moſt correct. Though no proof can be given that the poet ſuperintended the publication of any one of theſe himſelf, yet we have little reaſon to ſuppoſe that he who wrote at the command of Elizabeth, and under the patronage of Southampton, was ſo very negligent of his fame, as to permit the moſt incompetent judges, ſuch as the players were, to vary at their pleaſure what he had ſet down for the firſt ſingle editions; and we have better grounds for a ſuſpicion that his works did materially ſuffer from their preſumptuous corrections after his death.

It is very well known, that before the time of Shakſpeare, the art of making title-pages was practiſed with as much, or perhaps more ſucceſs than it has been ſince. Accordingly, to all his plays we find long and deſcriptive ones, which, when they were firſt publiſhed, were of great ſervice to the venders of them. Pamphlets of every kind were hawked about the ſtreets by a ſet of people reſembling his own *Autolycus*, who proclaimed aloud the qualities of what they offered to ſale, and might draw in many a purchaſer by the mirth he was taught to expect from *the humours of Corporal Nym, or the ſwaggering vaine of Auncient Piſtoll*,

Piſtoll, who was not to be tempted by the repreſentation of a fact merely hiſtorical. The players, however, laid aſide the whole of this garniture, not finding it ſo neceſſary to procure ſucceſs to a bulky volume, when the author's reputation was eſtabliſhed, as it had been to beſpeak attention to a few ſtraggling pamphlets while it was yet uncertain.

The ſixteen plays, which are not in theſe volumes, remained unpubliſhed till the folio in the year 1623, though the compiler of a work, called *Theatrical Records*, mentions different ſingle editions of them all before that time. But as no one of the editors could ever meet with ſuch, nor has any one elſe pretended to have ſeen them, I think myſelf at liberty to ſuppoſe the compiler ſupplied the defects of the liſt out of his own imagination; ſince he muſt have had ſingular and good fortune to have been poſſeſſed of two or three different copies of all, when neither editors nor collectors, in the courſe of near fifty years, have been able ſo much as to obtain the ſight of one of the number*.

At the end of the laſt volume I have added a tragedy of *King Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare, which it is not improbable he might have ſeen, as the father kneeling to the daughter, when ſhe kneels to aſk his bleſſing, is found in it; a circumſtance two poets were not very likely to have hit on ſeparately; and which ſeems borrowed by the latter with his uſual judgment, it being the moſt natural paſſage in the whole play; and is introduced in ſuch a manner, as to make it fairly his own. The ingenious editor of *The Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry* having never met with this play, and as it is not preſerved in Mr. Garrick's collecton, I thought it a curioſity worthy the notice of the publick.

I have likewiſe re-printed Shakſpeare's *Sonnets*, from a copy publiſhed in 1609, by G. Eld, one of the printers of his plays; which, added to the conſideration that they

* It will be obvious to every one acquainted with the ancient Engliſh language, that in almoſt all the titles of plays in this catalogue of Mr. *William Rufus Chetwood*, the ſpelling is conſtantly overcharged with ſuch a ſuperfluity of letters as is not to be found in the writings of Shakſpeare or his contemporaries. A more bungling attempt at a forgery was never obtruded on the public. See the *Britiſh Theatre* 1750; reprinted by Dodſley in 1756, under the title of "Theatrical Records, or an Account of Engliſh Dramatic Authors, and their Works," where all that is ſaid concerning an advertiſement at the end of *Romeo and Juliet* 1597, is equally falſe, no copy of that play having been ever publiſhed by *Andrew Wiſe*.

made their appearance with his name, and in his life-time, ſeems to be no ſlender proof of their authenticity. The ſame evidence might operate in favour of ſeveral more plays which are omittted here, out of reſpect to the judgment of thoſe who had omitted them before *.

It is to be wiſhed that ſome method of publication moſt favourable to the character of an author were once eſtabliſhed; whether we are to ſend into the world all his works without diſtinction, or arbitrarily to leave out what may be thought a diſgrace to him. The firſt editors, who rejected *Pericles*, retained *Titus Andronicus*; and Mr. Pope, without any reaſon, named *The Winter's Tale*, a play that bears the ſtrongeſt marks of the hand of Shakſpeare, among thoſe which he ſuppoſed to be ſpurious. Dr. Warburton has fixed a ſtigma on the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and ſome others:

Inde Dolabella, eſt, atque hinc Antonius;

and all have been willing to plunder Shakſpeare, or mix up *a breed of barren metal* with his pureſt ore.

Joſhua Barnes, the editor of Euripides, thought every ſcrap of his author ſo ſacred, that he has preſerved with the name of one of his plays, the only remaining word of it. The ſame reaſon indeed might be given in his favour, which cauſed the preſervation of that valuable triſyllable: which is, that it cannot be found in any other place in the Greek language. But this does not ſeem to have been his only motive, as we find he has to the full as carefully publiſhed ſeveral detached and broken ſentences, the gleanings from ſcholiaſts, which have no claim to merit of that kind; and yet the author's works might be reckoned by ſome to be incomplete without them. If then this duty is expected from every editor of a Greek or Roman poet, why is not the ſame inſiſted on in reſpect of an Engliſh claſſick? But if the cuſtom of preſerving all, whether worthy of it or not, be *more honoured in the breach than the obſervance*, the ſuppreſſion at leaſt ſhould not be conſidered as a fault. The publication of ſuch things as Swift had written merely to raiſe a laugh among his friends, has added ſomething to

* Locrine. 1595. Sir John Oldcaſtle, 1600. London Prodigal, 1605. Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609. Puritan, 1600. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613. Yorkſhire Tragedy, 1608.

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the bulk of his works, but very little to his character as a writer. The four volumes * that came out ſince Dr. Hawkeſworth's edition, not to look on them as a tax levied on the publick (which I think one might without injuſtice), contain not more than ſufficient to have made one of real value; and there is a kind of diſingenuity, not to give it a harſher title, in exhibiting what the author never meant ſhould ſee the light; for no motive, but a ſordid one, can betray the ſurvivors to make that publick, which they themſelves muſt be of opinion will be unfavourable to the memory of the dead.

Life does not often receive good unmixed with evil. The benefits of the art of printing are depraved by the facility with which ſcandal may be diffuſed, and ſecrets revealed; and by the temptation by which traffick ſolicits avarice to betray the weakneſſes of paſſion, or the confidence of friendſhip.

I cannot forbear to think theſe poſthumous publications injurious to ſociety. A man conſcious of literary reputation will grow in time afraid to write with tenderneſs to his ſiſter, or with fondneſs to his child; or to remit on the ſlighteſt occaſion, or moſt preſſing exigence, the rigour of critical choice, and grammatical ſeverity. That eſteem which preſerves his letters will at laſt produce his diſgrace; when that which he wrote to his friend or his daughter ſhall be laid open to the publick.

There is perhaps ſufficient evidence, that moſt of the plays in queſtion, unequal as they may be to the reſt, were written by Shakſpeare; but the reaſon generally given for publiſhing the leſs correct pieces of an author, that it affords a more impartial view of a man's talents or way of thinking, than when we only ſee him in form, and prepared for our reception, is not enough to condemn an editor who thinks and practiſes otherwiſe. For what is all this to ſhew, but that every man is more dull at one time than another; a fact which the world would eaſily have admitted, without aſking any proofs in its ſupport that might be deſtructive to an author's reputation.

To conclude; if the work, which this publication was meant to facilitate, has been already performed, the ſatisfaction of knowing it to be ſo may be obtained from hence;

* Volumes XIII. XIV. XV. and XVI. in large 8vo. Nine more have ſince been added. EDITOR.

if

if otherwiſe, let thoſe who raiſed expectations of correctneſs, and through negligence defeated them, be juſtly expoſed by future editors, who will now be in poſſeſſion of by far the greateſt part of what they might have enquired after for years to no purpoſe; for in reſpect of ſuch a number of the old quartos as are here exhibited, the firſt folio is a common book. This advantage will at leaſt ariſe, that future editors, having equally recourſe to the ſame copies, can challenge diſtinction and preference only by genius, capacity, induſtry, and learning.

As I have only collected materials for future artiſts, I conſider what I have been doing as no more than an apparatus for their uſe. If the publick is inclined to receive it as ſuch, I am amply rewarded for my trouble; if otherwiſe, I ſhall ſubmit with chearfulneſs to the cenſure which ſhould equitably fall on an injudicious attempt; having this conſolation, however, that my deſign amounted to no more than a wiſh to encourage others to think of preſerving the oldeſt editions of the Engliſh writers, which are growing ſcarcer every day; and to afford the world all the aſſiſtance or pleaſure it can receive from the moſt authentick copies extant of its NOBLEST POET.

G. S.

SOME

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face the print would then surp
All that was ever writ in brasse
But, since he cannot, reader looke
Not on his picture, but his booke

Ben. Jon

SOME

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features, have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfied with an account of any remarkable perſon, till we have heard him deſcribed even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakſpeare may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. John Shakſpeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickſhire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the regiſter and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give

him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for ſome time at a free-ſchool, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not ſuperior, to ſome of the beſt of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy them with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mixed with, his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrained ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakſpeare: and I believe we are better pleaſed with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupplied him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the Engliſh language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propoſed to him; and, in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of ſettlement he continued for ſome time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it ſeemed at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *geniuſes* that every was known in dramatick poetry. He had by a misfortune, common enough to young fellows,

fallen

fallen into ill company; and, amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of deer-ſtealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and, in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the firſt eſſay of his poetry, be loſt *, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs and family in Warwickſhire for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the playhouſe †. He was received into the company then in being, at firſt, in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſhed him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other players, before ſome old plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he uſed to play; and, though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleaſed, to have learned, from certain authority, which was the firſt play he wrote ‡; it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like Shakſpeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature had ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they

* See, however, Note to *Merry Wives of Windſor*, p. 244.
EDITOR.

† There is a ſtage tradition, that his firſt office in the theatre was that of prompter's attendant; whoſe employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter as often as the buſineſs of the play requires their appearance on the ſtage.
MALONE.

‡ The higheſt date of any I can yet find is *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1597, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second, and Third*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in them, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceived in itſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But though the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handſomely turned to the earl of Eſſex, ſhews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her ſucceſſor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleaſed to ſee a *genius* ariſe from amongſt them of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natured man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder, if, with ſo many good qualities, he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen Elizabeth had ſeveral of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——*A fair veſtal, throned by the weſt.*
Midſummer Night's Dream.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomely applied to her. She was ſo well pleaſed with that admirable character of Falſtaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. How well ſhe was obeyed, the play itſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of Falſtaff is ſaid to have been

written originally under the name of * *Oldcaſtle*; ſome of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleaſed to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of Falſtaff. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir John Falſtaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſhed merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace ſoever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the earl of Southampton, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate earl of Eſſex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakſpeare's, that, if I had not been aſſured that the ſtory was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventured to have inſerted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to; a bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to French dancers and Italian ſingers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature muſt certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonſon began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Jonſon, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turned it careleſſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt

* See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*,

upon returning it to him with an ill-natured anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their company; when Shakſpeare luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it, as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonſon and his writings to the publick. Jonſon was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakſpeare; though at the ſame time, I believe, it muſt be allowed, that what nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonſon; Sir John Suckling, who was a profeſſed admirer of Shakſpeare, had undertaken his defence againſt Ben Jonſon with ſome warmth; Mr. Hales, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakſpeare had not read the ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject, at leaſt as well written, by Shakſpeare.*

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleaſurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: it happened, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakſpeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakſpeare gave him theſe four verſes:

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd:

If

If any man aſk, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe *.

But

* The Rev. Francis Peck, in his *Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton*, 4to. 1740, p. 223. has introduced another epitaph imputed (on what authority is unknown) to Shakſpeare. It is on *Tom a Combe*, alias *Thin-beard*, brother to this *John*, who is mentioned by Mr. Rowe:

"Thin in beard, and thick in purſe;
"Never man beloved worſe;
"He went to the grave with many a curſe:
"The devil and he had both one nurſe." STEEVENS.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd——

In *The more the Merrier, containing Threeſcore and odde headleſſe Epigrams, ſhot (like the Fooles bolts) amongſt you, light where they will.* By H. P. Gent. &c. 1608, I find likewiſe the following couplet, which is almoſt the ſame as the two beginning lines of Shakſpeare's *Epitaph on John a Combe.*

Fæneratoris Epitaphium.

EPIGRAM 24.

"Ten in the hundred lies under this ſtone,
"And a hundred to ten to the Devil he's gone."

I take the ſame opportunity to avow my diſbelief that Shakſpeare was the anthor of Mr. Combe's Epitaph, or that it was written by any other perſon at the requeſt of that gentleman. If Betterton the player did really viſit Warwickſhire for the ſake of collecting anecdotes relative to our author, perhaps he was too eaſily ſatisfied with ſuch as fell in his way, without making any rigid ſearch into their authenticity. It appears alſo from a following copy of this inſcription, that it was not aſcribed to Shakſpeare ſo early as two years after his death. Mr. Reed of Staple Inn obligingly pointed it out to me in the *Remains*, &c. of Richard Braithwaite, 1618; and, as his edition of our epitaph varies in ſome meaſure from the later one publiſhed by Mr. Rowe, I ſhall not heſitate to tranſcribe it:

"Upon one *John Combe* of *Stratford* upon *Avon*, a notable Uſurer, faſtened upon a Tombe that he had cauſed to be built in his Life Time.

"Ten in the hundred muſt lie in his grave,
"But a hundred to ten whether God will him have:
"Who then muſt be interr'd in this tombe?
"Oh (quoth the divell) my *John a Combe.*"

Here it may be obſerved that, ſtrictly ſpeaking, this is no jocular epitaph, but a malevolent prediction; and Braithwaite's copy is ſurely more to be depended on (being procured in or before the year 1618) than that delivered to Betterton or Rowe, almoſt a century afterwards. It has been already remarked,

But the ſharpneſs of the ſatire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age *, and was buried on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall. On his grave-ſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' ſake forbear
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones †.

He

that two of the lines, ſaid to have been produced on this occaſion, were printed as an epigram in 1608, by H. P. Gent. and are likewiſe found in Camden's *Remains*, 1614. I may add, that a uſurer's ſolicitude to know what would be reported of him when he was dead is not a very probable circumſtance; neither was Shakſpeare of a diſpoſition to compoſe an invective, at once ſo bitter and uncharitable, during *a pleaſant converſation among the common friends* of himſelf and a gentleman with whoſe family he lived in ſuch friendſhip, that at his death he bequeathed his ſword to Mr. Thomas Combe as a legacy. A miſer's monument indeed, conſtructed during his life-time, might be regarded as a challenge to ſatire; and we cannot wonder that anonymous lampoons ſhould have been affixed to the marble deſigned to convey the character of ſuch a being to poſterity.—I hope I may be excuſed for this attempt to vindicate Shakſpeare from the imputation of having poiſoned the hour of confidence and feſtivity, by producing the ſevereſt of all cenſures on one of his company. I am unwilling, in ſhort, to think he could ſo wantonly and ſo publickly have expreſſed his doubts concerning the ſalvation of one of his fellow-creatures.

STEEVENS.

So in Camden's *Remains*, 1614:

" Here lies ten in the hundred
" In the ground faſt ramm'd,
" 'Tis a hundred to ten
" But his ſoul is damn'd." MALONE.

* He died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly compleated his fifty-ſecond year. MALONE.

† " And curſt be he that moves my bones."

It is uncertain whether this epitaph was written by Shakſpeare himſelf, or by one of his friends after his death. The imprecation contained in this laſt line might have been ſuggeſted by

an

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom ſhe had three ſons, who all died without children; and Suſannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married, firſt, to Thomas Naſh, eſq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewiſe without iſſue *.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: the character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince Ben Jonſon has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words:

" I remember the players have often mentioned it as " an honour to Shakſpeare, that in writing (whatſoever " he penned) he never blotted out a line. My anſwer " hath been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* which they " thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not told poſte- " rity this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that cir- " cumſtance to commend their friend by, wherein he " moſt faulted: and to juſtify mine own candour, for I " loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this " ſide idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honeſt, " and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, " brave notions, and gentle expreſſions; wherein he " flowed with that facility, that ſometimes it was neceſ- " ſary he ſhould be ſtopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Au- " guſtus ſaid of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: " would the rule of it had been ſo too! Many times he " fell into thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter; " as when he ſaid in the perſon of Cæſar, one ſpeaking " to him,

" *Cæſar, thou doſt me wrong,*

an apprehenſion that our author's remains might ſhare the ſame fate with thoſe of the reſt of his countrymen, and be added to the immenſe pile of human bones depoſited in the charnel-houſe at Stratford. This, however, is mere conjecture; for ſimilar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

MALONE.

* This, however, is a miſtake, as will appear by the pedigree annexed to the liſt of baptiſms, &c. EDITOR.

" he

" he replied,

" *Cæſar did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

" And ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
" deemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more
" in him to be praiſed than to be pardoned."

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of Shakſpeare, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. Jonſon. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in ſtanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonſon, there is a good deal in it: but I believe it may be as well expreſſed by what Horace ſays of the firſt Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed tranſlated them) in his epiſtle to Auguſtus;

——*Naturâ ſublimis & acer,*
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis & feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

As I have not propoſed to myſelf to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakſpeare's works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgment of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleaſed with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be diſtinguiſhed only into comedies and tragedies. Thoſe which are called hiſtories, and even ſome of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongſt them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the Engliſh taſte, that though the ſeverer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleaſed with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the reſt, however they are called, have ſomething of both kinds. It is not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent

cellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the ſatire of the preſent age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſhed variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falſtaff is allowed by every body to be a maſter-piece; the character is always well ſuſtained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the firſt act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vainglorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I do not know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded them, been ſorry to ſee his friend Hal uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongſt other extravagancies in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, he has made him a deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his Warwickſhire proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice Shallow; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the Welſh parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppoſed; the main deſign, which is to cure Ford of his unreaſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward Malvolio. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Roſalind in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Therſites in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatirical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable cha-

racter of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have ſeen that play received and acted as a comedy*, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtyle or characters of comedy. The play itſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſhed of any of Shakſpeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caſkets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but, taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of Antonio to Baſſanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what Portia ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace ſays,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,

it will be a hard taſk for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

——— *All the world's a ſtage,*
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. Firſt the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

* In 1701 lord Landſdowne produced his alteration of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn Fields, under the title of *The Jew of Venice*, and expreſsly calls it a comedy. Shylock was performed by Mr. Dogget. EDITOR.

Made

Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Vol. III. p. 326.

His images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; it is an image of patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

What an image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of Greece and Rome to have expreſſed the paſſions deſigned by this ſketch of ſtatuary! The ſtyle of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in itſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into doggrel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the ſermons of ſome of the graveſt divines

vines of thoſe times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the ſtage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this author's genius does no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be placed the firſt by the publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: it ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valued himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerved in theſe ſort of writings; yet he does it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well ſuſtained, ſhews a wonderful invention in the author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon groteſques that ever was ſeen. The obſervation, which I have been informed three very great men* concurred in making upon this part, was extremely juſt; *That Shakſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two laſt of theſe plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakſpeare. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſhed by Ariſtotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian ſtage, it would be no very hard taſk to find a great many faults; but as Shakſpeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

written

written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that lived in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licence and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſhed judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent ſtage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick poetry ſo far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the firſt among thoſe that are reckoned the conſtituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the fable ought to be conſidered the fit diſpoſition, order, and conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of Shakſpeare lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true hiſtory, or novels and romances: and he commonly made uſe of them in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the ſcene travels over the greateſt part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his careleſſneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, *the manners of his characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhewn by the poet*, he may be generally juſtified, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe plays which he has taken from the Engliſh or Roman hiſtory, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a ſubject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John*, *King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakſpeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcribed with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſy ſubmiſſion to the gover-

nance

nance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the ſame time the poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſigned to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort ſcene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Glouceſter, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is ſo much terror in one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the ſhades in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to the lights, it is not that the artiſt wanted either colours or ſkill in the diſpoſition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, ſince it could have been no very great reſpect to the memory of his miſtreſs, to have expoſed ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the ſtage. He has dealt much more freely with the miniſter of that great king, and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written than the character of Cardinal Wolſey. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the ſubject of general compaſſion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly deſcribed in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act. The diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has ſcreened King Henry from any groſs imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclined to wiſh the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerved, in thoſe characters taken from the Roman hiſtory; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and diſdain of the common people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find them exactly as they are deſcribed by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakſpeare copied them.

He

He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are, more eſpecially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between them, and occaſioned the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father; their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their huſbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the Greek tragedy ſomething very moving in the grief of Electra; but, as Mr. Dacier has obſerved, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the manners he has given that Princeſs and Oreſtes in the latter part. Oreſtes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear Clytemneſtra crying out to Ægyſthus for help, and to her ſon for mercy: while Electra her daughter, and a Princeſs (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency) ſtands upon the ſtage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! Clytemneſtra was a wicked woman, and had deſerved to die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was killed by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerved there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakſpeare. Hamlet is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as Oreſtes; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by inceſt: but it is with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that

the poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance:

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakſpeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murdered, in the ſecond act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this maſter-piece of Shakſpeare diſtinguiſh itſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part; a man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakſpeare's manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudied him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakſpeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickſhire, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration *.

* This *Account of the Life of Shakſpeare* is printed from Mr. Rowe's ſecond edition, in which it had been abridged and altered by himſelf after its appearance in 1709. STEEVENS.

The

The following Inſtrument was tranſmitted by John Anſtis, Eſq. Garter King at Arms: It is mark'd G. 13. p. 349.

[*There is alſo a Manuſcript in the Herald's Office*, mark'd* W. 2. p. 276; *where Notice is taken of this Coat; and that the Perſon, to whom it was granted, had borne Magiſtracy at Stratford upon Avon.*]

TO all and ſingular noble and gentlemen of all eſtates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom theſe preſents ſhall come; William Dethick, Garter Principal King of Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarencieulx, King of Arms for the ſouth, eaſt, and weſt parts of this realm, ſend greetings. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous diſpoſitions of worthy men have been made known and divulged by certain ſhields of arms and tokens of chivalrie; the grant or teſtimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's moſt Excellent Majeſty, and her Highneſs's moſt noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being ſolicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakeſpeare, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, whoſe great grandfather, for his faithful and approved ſervice to the late moſt prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in thoſe parts of Warwickſhire, where they have continued by ſome deſcents in good reputation and credit; and for that the ſaid John Shakeſpeare having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the ſaid county, and alſo produced this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore aſſigned to him whilſt he was her majeſty's officer and bailiff of that town. In conſideration of the premiſes, and for the encouragement of his poſterity, unto whom ſuch blazon of arms and atchievements of inheritance from their ſaid mother, by the ancient cuſtom and

* In the Herald's Office are the firſt draughts of John Shakeſpeare's grant or confirmation of arms, by William Dethick, Garter Principal King at Arms, 1596. See Vincent's Preſs, vol. 157, N° 23, and N° 24. STEEVENS.

laws of arms, may lawfully deſcend; we the ſaid Garter and Clarencieulx have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe preſents exemplified unto the ſaid John Shakeſpeare, and to his poſterity, that ſhield and coat of arms, *viz. In a field of Gold upon a bend Sables a ſpear of the firſt, the point upward, headed Argent*; and for his creſt or cogniſance, *A falcon, Or, with his wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a wreathe of his colours, ſupporting a ſpear armed headed, or ſteeled Silver*, fixed upon an helmet with mantles and taſſels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this margent; and we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient arms of the ſaid Arden* of Wellingcote; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid John Shakeſpeare, gent. to bear and uſe the ſame ſhield of arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his children, iſſue, and poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil uſe or exerciſes, according to the laws of arms, and cuſtom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any perſon or perſons, for uſe or bearing the ſame. In witneſs and teſtimony whereof we have ſubſcribed our names, and faſtened the ſeals of our offices. Given at the office of arms, London, the day of in the forty-ſecond year of the reign of our moſt gracious ſovereign lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. 1599.

* It is ſaid by the modern editor of *Arden of Feverſham* (firſt publiſhed in 1592, and republiſhed in 1770) that Shakſpeare *deſcended by the female line* from the gentleman whoſe unfortunate end is the ſubject of this tragedy. But the aſſertion appears to want ſupport, the true name of the perſon who was murdered at Feverſham being *Ardern* and not *Arden*. *Ardern* might be called *Arden* in the play for the ſake of better ſound, or might be corrupted in the chronicle of Holingſhed: yet it is unlikely that the true ſpelling ſhould be overlooked among the Heralds, whoſe intereſt it is to recommend by oſtentatious accuracy the trifles in which they deal. STEEVENS.

The Licence for acting, granted by James the Firſt to the Company at the Globe, extracted from *Rymer's Fœdera.*

Pro LAURENTIO FLETCHER & WILLIELMO SHAKESPEARE & aliis,

A. D. 1603. *Pat.* *

1 Jac. P. 2. m. 4. James by the grace of God, &c. to all juſtices, maiors, ſheriffs, conſtables, headboroughs, and other

* Among the unpubliſhed collections of Rymer, which are now in the Britiſh Muſeum, is the following patent granted in the 16th year of Q. Elizabeth, (viz. 1574). See MSS. Rymer, vol. I. The James Burbage mentioned therein was in all probability father to Richard Burbage the contemporary of Shakſpeare, and chief performer in his plays. I have printed it, becauſe perhaps it is the firſt regular licence ever granted to players.

" *Pro Jacobo Burbage et aliis, de licentia ſpeciali.*

Elizabeth by the grace of God, quene of England, &c. To all juſtices, mayors, ſheriffes, baylyffes, head conſtables, under conſtables, and all other oure officers and myniſters gretinge.

Know ye, that we of our eſpeciall grace, certen knowledge, and mere motion, have licenſed and auctoriſed, and by theſe preſents do lycence and auctoriſe oure lovinge ſubjectes James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnſon, and Robert Wilſon, ſervaunts to our truſtie and well beloved coſen and counſeyllour the Earle of Leyceſter, to uſe, exercyſe and occupie the arte and facultye of playenge commedies, tragedies, enterludes, ſtage playes, and ſuche other like as they have alredie uſed and ſtudied, or hereafter ſhall uſe and ſtudie, as well for the recreation of oure lovinge ſubjectes as for oure ſolace and pleaſure when we ſhall thinke good to ſee them, as alſo to uſe and occupie all ſuche inſtrumentes as they have alredie practiſed or hereafter ſhall practiſe for and duringe our pleaſure; and the ſaid commedies, tragedies, enterludes, and ſtage-plaies, together with their muſicke, to ſhew, publiſhe, exerciſe and occupie to their beſt commoditie, during all the terme aforeſaid, as well within the liberties and freedomes of anye our cities, townes, bouroughs, &c. whatſoever, as without the ſame,

other our officers and loving ſubjects, greeting. Know you that wee, of our ſpecial grace, certaine knowledge and meer motion, have licenſed and authorized, and by theſe preſentes doe licence and authorize theiſe our ſervaunts Laurence Fletcher, *William Shakeſpeare*, Richard Burbage, Auguſtine Philippes, John Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the reſt of their aſſociates, freely to uſe and exerciſe the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, hiſtories, interludes, morals, paſtorals, ſtage-plaies, and ſuch like others as theie have alreadie ſtudied or hereafter ſhall uſe or ſtudie, as well for the recreation of our lovinge ſubjects, as well as for our ſolace and pleaſure when we ſhall thincke good to ſee them, during our pleaſure: and the ſaid comedies, tragedies, hiſtories, enterludes, morals, paſtorals, ſtage-plaies, and ſuch like, to ſhew and exerciſe publiquely to their beſt commoditie, when the infection of the plague ſhall decreaſe, as well within theire nowe uſuall houſe called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as alſo within anie toune halls or moute halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other citie, univerſitie, toun, or boroughe whatſoever within our ſaid realmes and dominions. Willing and commanding you and everie of you, as you tender our pleaſure, not onlie to permit and ſuffer them herein, without anie your letts, hindrances, or moleſtations, during our ſaid pleaſure, but alſo to be aiding or aſſiſtinge to them if any wrong be to

thoroughoute oure realme of England. Wyllinge and commaundinge yowe and every of you as ye tender oure pleaſure to permitt and ſuffer them herein withoute anye lettes, hynderaunce or moleſtation duringe the terme aforeſaide, any acte, ſtatute, or proclamation or commaundement heretofore made or hereafter to be made notwythſtandynge; provyded that the ſaide commedies, tragedies, enterludes and ſtage-playes be by the maſter of our revells for the tyme beyinge before ſene and allowed; and that the ſame be not publiſhed or ſhewen in the tyme of common prayer or in the tyme of greate and common plague in our ſaide citye of London.

In wytnes whereof, &c.

Wytnes our ſelfe at Weſtminſter the 10th daye of Maye.

Per breve de privato ſigillo."

Mr. Dodſley in the preface to his collection of old plays 1744, p. 21. ſays that the firſt company of players we have any account of in hiſtory, are the children of Paul's in 1578. STEEVENS.

them

them offered, and to allow them ſuch former curteſies as hathe bene given to men of their place and quallitie; and alſo what further favour you ſhall ſhew to theiſe our ſervaunts for our ſake, we ſhall take kindlie at your handes.

In witneſs whereof, &c.

Witneſs our ſelfe at Weſtminſter, the nynteenth daye of Maye.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

SHAKSPEARE's WILL,

Extracted from the Regiſtry of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Viceſimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini noſtri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadrageſimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakeſpeare, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praiſed) do make and ordain this my laſt will and teſtament in manner and form following; that is to ſay:

Firſt, I commend my ſoul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and aſſuredly believing, through the only merits of Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlaſting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful Engliſh money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to ſay, one hundred pounds in diſcharge of her marriage portion within one year after my deceaſe, with conſiderations after the rate of two ſhillings in the pound for ſo long time as the ſame ſhall be unpaid unto her after my deceaſe; and the fifty pounds reſidue thereof, upon her ſurrendering of or giving of ſuch ſufficient ſecurity as the overſeers of this my will ſhall like of, to ſurrender or grant all her eſtate and right that ſhall deſcend or come unto her after my deceaſe, or that ſhe now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforeſaid, in the ſaid county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Suſannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if ſhe, or any iſſue of her body, be living at the end of three years next enſuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my

To Face the First Page N°. 3 of Shakespeares Will.

This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's? Soule of th'age
The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.
Nature her selfe, was proud of his designes
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines;
The learned will Confess, his works are such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much.
For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
Thy like, no age, shall ever paralell.

executors to pay her conſideration from my deceaſe according to the rate aforeſaid: and, if ſhe die within the ſaid term without iſſue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be ſet forth by my executors during the life of my ſiſter Joan Harte, and the uſe and profit thereof coming, ſhall be paid to my ſaid ſiſter Joan, and after her deceaſe the ſaid fifty pounds ſhall remain amongſt the children of my ſaid ſiſter, equally to be divided amongſt them; but if my ſaid daughter Judith be living at the end of the ſaid three years, or any iſſue of her body, then my will is, and ſo I deviſe and bequeath the ſaid hundred and fifty pounds to be ſet out by my executors and overſeers for the beſt benefit of her and her iſſue, and the ſtock not to be paid unto her ſo long as ſhe ſhall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that ſhe ſhall have the conſideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her deceaſe the ſaid ſtock and conſideration to be paid to her children, if ſhe have any, and if not, to her executors and aſſigns, ſhe living the ſaid term after my deceaſe; provided that if ſuch huſband as ſhe ſhall at the end of the ſaid three years be married unto, or at and after, do ſufficiently aſſure unto her, and the iſſue of her body, land anſwerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged ſo by my executors and overſeers, then my will is, that the ſaid hundred and fifty pounds ſhall be paid to ſuch huſband as ſhall make ſuch aſſurance, to his own uſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid ſiſter Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my deceaſe; and I do will and deviſe unto her the houſe, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein ſhe dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three ſons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the ſaid Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad ſilver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforeſaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my ſword; to Thomas Ruſſel, eſq; five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent.

gent. thirteen pounds ſix ſhillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to my godſon William Walker twenty ſhillings in gold; to Anthony Naſh, gent. twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Naſh twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage *, and Henry Cundell, twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and deviſe unto my daughter Suſannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital meſſuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforeſaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two meſſuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, ſituate, lying, and being in Henley-ſtreet, within the borough of Stratford aforeſaid; and all my barns, ſtables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatſoever, ſituate, lying, and being, or to be had, reſerved, preſerved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Buſhaxton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the ſaid county of Warwick; and alſo all that meſſuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinſon dwelleth, ſituate, lying, and being in the Black-Friers in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatſoever; to have and to hold all and ſingular the ſaid premiſes, with their appurtenances, unto the ſaid Suſannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her deceaſe to the firſt ſon of her body lawfully iſſuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the ſaid firſt ſon lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to the ſecond ſon of her body lawfully iſſuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the ſaid ſecond ſon lawfully iſſuing;

* It appears from the regiſters in Doctors' Commons, that Burbage died in 1629. The wills of Hemynge and Cundell I could not meet with, though I ſought for them as low as the year 1641. Several wills indeed I found with the names of J. Hemynge and Henry Cundell annexed, but they contain nothing characteriſtick of Shakſpeare's aſſociates.

STEEVENS.

and

and for default of ſuch heirs, to the third ſon of the body of the ſaid Suſannah lawfully iſſuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the ſaid third ſon lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, the ſame to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh ſons of her body, lawfully iſſuing one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the ſaid fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh ſons lawfully iſſuing, in ſuch manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the firſt, ſecond, and third ſons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of ſuch iſſue, the ſaid premiſes to be and remain to my ſaid niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to the right heirs of me the ſaid William Shakeſpeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown beſt bed with the furniture *.

Item, I give and bequeath to my ſaid daughter Judith my broad ſilver gilt bole. All the reſt of my goods, chattels, leaſes, plate, jewels, and houſhold-ſtuff whatſoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences diſcharged, I give, deviſe, and bequeath to my ſon-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Suſannah his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my laſt will and teſtament. And I do intreat and appoint the ſaid Thomas Ruſſel, eſq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overſeers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publiſh this to be my laſt will and teſtament. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year firſt above-written, by me

William Shakſpeare.

* It appears, in the original will of Shakſpeare (now in the Prerogative Office Doctors' Commons) that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expreſſed by an interlineation, as well as thoſe to Hemynge, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three ſheets of paper, the two laſt of which are undoubtedly ſubſcribed with Shakſpeare's own hand. The firſt indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs ſomewhat in ſpelling as well as manner from the two ſignatures that follow. The reader will find a fac-ſimile of all the three, as well as thoſe of the witneſſes, over-leaf. STEEVENS.

Witneſs

Witneſs to the publiſhing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw.
John Robinſon,
Hamlet Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magiſtro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commiſſario, &c. viceſimo ſecundo die menſis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. *Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jurat Reſervata poteſtate et Suſannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cui vendit, &c. petitur.*

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE, *I have only one Paſſage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.*

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in uſe, thoſe who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horſeback to any diſtant buſineſs or diverſion. Many came on horſeback to the play*, and when Shakſpeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal proſecution, his firſt expedient was to wait at the door of the play-houſe, and hold the horſes of thoſe that had no ſervants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became ſo conſpicuous for his care and readineſs, that in a ſhort time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakſpeare, and ſcarcely any other waiter was truſted with a horſe while Will. Shakſpeare could be had. This was the firſt dawn of better fortune. Shakſpeare, finding more horſes put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inſpection, who, when Will. Shakſpeare was ſummoned, were immediately to preſent themſelves, *I am Shakſpeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakſpeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-houſe continued, the waiters that held the horſes retained the appellation of *Shakſpeare's boys* †.

JOHNSON.

Mr.

* Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. "The pollicie of plaies is very neceſſary, howſoever ſome ſhallow-brained cenſurers (not the deepeſt ſearchers into the ſecrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas *the afternoone* being the idleſt time of the day wherein men that are their own maſters (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and ſoldiers about London) do wholly beſtow themſelves upon pleaſure, and that pleaſure they devide (how vertuouſly it ſkills not) either in gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or ſeeing a play, is it not better (ſince of four extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will chooſe one) that they ſhould betake them to the leaſt, which is plaies?" Naſh's *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595. STEEVENS.

† I cannot diſmiſs this anecdote without obſerving that it ſeems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakſpeare quitted Stratford

Mr. Rowe has told us that he derived the principal anecdotes, in his account of Shakſpeare, from Betterton the player, whoſe zeal had induced him to viſit Stratford for the ſake of procuring all poſſible intelligence concerning a poet to whoſe works he might juſtly think

Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reaſon to ſuppoſe that he had forfeited the protection of his father who was engaged in a lucrative buſineſs, or the love of his wife who had already brought him two children, and was herſelf the daughter of a ſubſtantial yeoman. It is unlikely therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his proſecutor, that he ſhould conceal his plan of life, or place of reſidence from thoſe who if he found himſelf diſtreſſed, could not fail to afford him ſuch ſupplies as would have ſet him above the neceſſity of *holding horſes* for ſubſiſtence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his *Attempt to aſcertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakſpeare were written*, that he might have found an eaſy introduction to the ſtage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townſman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatick turn: or his own ſagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the cuſtom to ride on horſeback to the play, I am likewiſe yet to learn. The moſt popular of the theatres were on the Bank-ſide; and we are told by the ſatirical pamphleteers of the time, that the uſual mode of conveyance to theſe places of amuſement was by water; but not a ſingle writer ſo much as hints at the cuſtom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horſes held during the hours of exhibition. Some alluſion to this uſage (if it had exiſted) muſt, I think, have been diſcovered in the courſe of our reſearches after contemporary faſhions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who (according to Dr. Johnſon) related it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentic) ſeems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumſtance ſo incredible into his life of Shakſpeare. As to the book which furniſhes the anecdote, not the ſmalleſt part of it was the compoſition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuenſis to Dr. Johnſon, when his dictionary was preparing for the preſs. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the bookſellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purpoſely ſo prefixed as to leave the reader in doubt whether himſelf or his father was the perſon deſigned. STEEVENS.

himſelf

himſelf under the ſtrongeſt obligations. Notwithſtanding this aſſertion, in the manuſcript papers of the late Mr. Oldys, it is ſaid, that one Bowman (according to Chetwood, p. 144, "an actor more than half an age on the London theatres") was unwilling to allow that his aſſociate and contemporary Betterton had ever undertaken ſuch a journey. Be this matter as it will, the following particulars, which I ſhall give in the words of Oldys, are, for aught we know to the contrary, as well authenticated as any of the anecdotes delivered down to us by Rowe.

Mr. Oldys had covered ſeveral quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From theſe I have made the following extracts, which (however trivial) contain the only circumſtances that wear the leaſt appearance of novelty or information; the ſong excepted, which the reader will find in a note on the firſt ſcene of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

"If tradition may be truſted, Shakſpeare often baited at the Crown inn or tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and ſprightly wit; and her huſband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave melancholy man, who as well as his wife uſed much to delight in Shakſpeare's pleaſant company. Their ſon young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little ſchool-boy in the town, of about ſeven or eight years old, and ſo fond alſo of Shakſpeare, that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from ſchool to ſee him. One day an old townſman obſerving the boy running homeward almoſt out of breath, aſked him whither he was poſting in that heat and hurry. He anſwered, to ſee his *god*-father Shakſpeare. There's a good boy, ſaid the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain. This ſtory Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occaſion of ſome diſcourſe which aroſe about Shakſpeare's monument then newly erected in Weſtminſter abbey; and he uoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I anſwered, that I thought ſuch a ſtory might have enriched the variety of thoſe choice fruits of obſervation he has preſented us in his preface to the edition he had publiſhed of our poet's works. He replied—"There might be in the garden of mankind ſuch plants as would ſeem to pride themſelves

themſelves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reaſon he omitted it *."

The ſame ſtory, without the names of the perſons, is printed among the jeſts of John Taylor the Water poet, in his works, folio, 1630, page 184, N° 39: and, with ſome variations, may be found in one of Hearne's pocket books †.

" One

* " —— and this was the reaſon he omitted it."

Mr. Oldys might have added, that *he* was the perſon who ſuggeſted to Mr. Pope the ſingular courſe which he purſued in his edition of Shakſpeare. " Remember (ſays Oldys in a MS. note to his copy of Langbaine, article *Shakſpeare*) what I obſerved to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's uſe, out of Cowley's preface." The obſervation here alluded to, I believe, is one made by Cowley in his preface, p. 52. edit. 1710. " This has been the caſe with Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, Johnſon, and many others, part of whoſe poems I ſhould take the boldneſs to *prune and lop away*, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any ſcruple to cut off from ſome the unneceſſary young ſuckers, and from others the old withered branches."—Pope adopted this very unwarrantable idea; ſtriking out from the text of his author whatever he did not like: and Cowley himſelf has ſuffered a ſort of poetical puniſhment for having ſuggeſted it, the learned biſhop of Lichfield having *pruned* and *lopped away* his beautiful luxuriances, as Pope, on Cowley's ſuggeſtion, did thoſe of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

† Antony Wood is the firſt and original author of the anecdote that Shakſpeare, in his journies from Warwickſhire to London, uſed to bait at the Crown inn on the weſt ſide of the corn-market in Oxford. He ſays, that Davenant the poet was born in that houſe in 1606. " His father (he adds), John Davenant, was " a ſufficient vintner, kept the tavern now known by the ſign " of the *Crown*, and was mayor of the ſaid city in 1621. His " mother was a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and con- " verſation, in which ſhe was imitated by none of her children " but by this *William* [the poet]. The father, who was a very " grave and diſcreet citizen (yet an admirer and lover of plays " and play-makers, eſpecially *Shakſpeare*, who frequented his " houſe in his journies between Warwickſhire and London), " was of a melancholick diſpoſition, and was ſeldom or never " ſeen to laugh, in which he was imitated by none of his chil- " dren but by Robert his eldeſt ſon, afterwards fellow of St. " John's college, and a venerable Doctor of Divinity." *Wood Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 292. edit. 1692. I will not ſuppoſe that

Shakſpeare

To face the last page of Shakespeare's Will

William Shakspeare

William Shakspeare

By me William Shakspeare

witness to the publishing
hereof. Fra: Collyns
Julius Shaw
John Robinson
Hamnet Sadler
Robert Whattcott

J. Stevens, delineavit 1776.

"One of Shakſpeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even ſome years, as I compute, after the reſtoration of *K. Charles II.* would in his younger days come to London, to viſit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a ſpectator of him as an actor in ſome of his own plays. This cuſtom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greateſt ſupport of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it ſeems ſo long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curioſity at this time of the moſt noted actors to learn ſomething from him of his brother, &c. they juſtly held him in the higheſt veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was beſides a kinſman and deſcendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them [*Charles Hart.* See Shakſpeare's Will], this opportunity made them greedily inquiſitive into every little circumſtance, more eſpecially in his dramatick character,

Shakſpeare could have been the father of a Doctor of Divinity who never laughed: but it was always a conſtant tradition in Oxford that Shakſpeare was the father of Davenant the poet. And I have ſeen this circumſtance expreſsly mentioned in ſome of Wood's papers. Wood was well qualified to know theſe particulars; for he was a townſman of Oxford, where he was born in 1632. Wood ſays, that Davenant went to ſchool in Oxford. *Ubi ſupr.*

As to the *Crown inn*, it ſtill remains as an inn, and is an old decayed houſe, but probably was once a principal inn in Oxford. It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which ſeems to have been a ſort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating (as was the cuſtom) different parties at once, there was a bow window, with three pieces of excellent painted glaſs. About eight years ago, I remember viſiting this room, and propoſing to purchaſe of the landlord the painted glaſs, which would have been a curioſity, as coming from Shakſpeare's inn. But going thither ſoon after, I found it was removed; the inn-keeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the houſe, who began to ſuſpect that he was poſſeſſed of a curioſity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in ſuch a place: and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glaſs conſiſted of three armorial ſhields beautifully ſtained. I have ſaid ſo much on this ſubject, becauſe I think that Shakſpeare's old hoſtelry at Oxford deſerves no leſs reſpect than Chaucer's Tabarde in Southwark. T. WARTON.

which his brother could relate of him. But he, it ſeems, was ſo ſtricken in years, and poſſibly his memory ſo weakened with infirmities (which might make him the eaſier paſs for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that ſtation, was the faint, general, and almoſt loſt ideas he had of having once ſeen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to perſonate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared ſo weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be ſupported and carried by another perſon to a table, at which he was ſeated among ſome company who were eating, and one of them ſung a ſong." See the character of *Adam* in *As you like it*, Act II. Sc. ult.

" Verſes by Ben Jonſon and Shakſpeare, occaſioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre.——*Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem.*

Jonſon.

If, but *ſtage-actors*, all the world diſplays,
Where ſhall we find *ſpectators* of their plays?

Shakſpeare.

Little or much, of what we ſee, we do;
We're all both *actors* and *ſpectators* too,

Poetical Characteriſticks, 8vo. MS. vol. I. ſome time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner."

" Old Mr. Bowman the player reported from Sir William Biſhop, that ſome part of Sir John Falſtaff's character was drawn from a townſman of Stratford, who either faithleſsly broke a contract, or ſpitefully refuſed to part with ſome land, for a valuable conſideration, adjoining to Shakſpeare's, in or near that town."

To theſe anecdotes I can only add the following.

At the concluſion of the advertiſement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakſpeare's poems, it is ſaid, " That moſt learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the Firſt, was pleaſed with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakſpeare; which letter, though now loſt,

loſt, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible perſon now living can teſtify."

Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's Worthies, obſerves, that "the ſtory came from the duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."

It appears from *Roſcius Anglicanus* (commonly called Downes the prompter's book), 1708, that Shakſpeare took the pains to inſtruct Joſeph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine in that of *K. Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

Extract from the Rev. Dr. Farmer's Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare.

In 1751, was reprinted "A compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in theſe our days: which although they are in ſome parte unjuſt and friuolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and diſcuſſed by *William Shakſpeare*, Gentleman." 8vo.

This extraordinary piece was originally publiſhed in 4to, 1581, and dedicated by the author, "To the moſt vertuous and learned Lady, his moſt deare and ſoveraigne Princeſſe, *Elizabeth*; being inforced by her majeſties late and ſingular clemency in pardoning certayne his unduetiful miſdemeanour." And by the modern editors, to the late king; as "a treatiſe compoſed by the moſt extenſive and fertile genius, that ever any age or nation produced."

Here we join iſſue with the writers of that excellent, though very unequal work, the *Biographia Britannica*: if, ſay they, this piece could be written by our poet, it would be abſolutely deciſive in the diſpute about his learning; for many quotations appear in it from the Greek and Latin claſſicks.

The concurring circumſtances of the *name*, and the *miſdemeanor*, which is ſuppoſed to be the old ſtory of *deer-ſtealing*, ſeem fairly to challenge our poet for the author: but they heſitate.—His claim may appear to be confuted by the date 1581, when *Shakſpeare* was only *ſeventeen*, and the *long* experience, which the writer talks of.—But I will not keep the reader in ſuſpenſe: the book was *not* written by *Shakſpeare*.

Strype, in his *Annals*, calls the author SOME *learned man*, and this gave me the firſt ſuſpicion. I knew very well, that honeſt *John* (to uſe the language of Sir *Thomas Bodley*)

 did

did not waſte his time with ſuch *baggage books* as *plays* and *poems*; yet I muſt ſuppoſe, that he had *heard* of the name of *Shakſpeare*. After a while I met with the original edition. Here in the title-page, and at the end of the dedication, appear only the initials, W. S. gent. and preſently I was informed by *Anthony Wood*, that the book in queſtion was written, not by *William Shakſpeare*, but by *William Stafford*, gentleman *: which at once accounted for the *miſdemeanour* in the dedication. For *Staffo'd* had been concerned at that time, and was indeed afterward, as *Camden* and the other annaliſts inform us, with ſome of the conſpirators againſt *Elizabeth*; which he properly calls his *unduetfull* behaviour.

I hope by this time, that any one open to conviction may be nearly ſatisfied; and I will promiſe to give on this head very little more trouble.

The juſtly celebrated Mr. Warton hath favoured us, in his *Life of Dr. Bathurſt*, with ſome *hearſay* particulars concerning Shakſpeare from the papers of Aubrey, which had been in the hands of Wood; and I ought not to ſuppreſs them, as the *laſt* ſeems to make againſt my doctrine. They came originally, I find, on conſulting the MS. from one Mr. Beeſton: and I am ſure Mr. Warton, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and an aſſociate in the queſtion, will be in no pain about their credit.

"William Shakſpeare's father was a butcher,—while he was a boy he exerciſed his father's trade; but, when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high ſtyle, and make a ſpeech. This William being inclined *naturally* to poetry and acting, came to London, I gueſs, about *eighteen*, and was an actor in one of the playhouſes, and did act *exceedingly well*. He began *early* to make eſſays in dramatique poetry.—The humour of the *Conſtable* in the *Midſummer Night's Dream* he happened to take at Crendon † in Bucks.

* *Faſti*, 2d Edit. V. I. 208.—It will be ſeen on turning to the former edition, that the latter part of the paragraph belongs to another *Stafford*.—I have ſince obſerved, that *Wood* is not the firſt who hath given us the true author of the pamphlet.

† This place is not met with in *Speiman's Villare*, or in *Adam's Index*; nor in the *firſt* and the *laſt* performance of this ſort, *Speed's Tables*, and *Whatley's Gazetteer:* perhaps, however, it may be meant under the name of *Crandon*; but the inquiry is of no importance.—It ſhould, I think, be written *Credendon*; though better antiquaries than *Aubrey* have acquieſced in the vulgar corruption.

I think, I have been told, that he left near three hundred pounds to a *ſiſter*. *He underſtood Latin pretty well*, FOR *he had been in his younger years a ſchoolmaſter in the country.*"

I will be ſhort in my animadverſions; and take them in their order.

The account of the *trade* of the family is not only contrary to all other tradition, but, as it may ſeem, to the inſtrument from the Herald's office, ſo frequently reprinted. Shakſpeare moſt certainly went to London, and commenced actor through neceſſity, not natural inclination.—Nor have we any reaſon to ſuppoſe, that he did act *exceedingly well*. Rowe tells us from the information of Betterton, who was inquiſitive into this point, and had very early opportunities of enquiry from Sir W. Davenant, that he was no *extraordinary actor*; and that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'oeuvre* did not pleaſe: I will give you an original ſtroke at it. Dr. Lodge, who was for ever peſtering the town with pamphlets, publiſhed in the year 1596, *Wits Miſerie, and the Worlds Madneſſe, diſcovering the Devils incarnat of this age*, 4to. One of theſe devils is *Hate-virtue* or *Sorrow for another man's good ſucceſſe*, who, ſays the doctor, is "*a foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the viſard of the *Ghoſt*, which cried ſo miſerably at the theatre, like an oiſter wife, *Hamlet revenge* *." Thus you ſee Mr. Holt's ſuppoſed *proof*, in the

* To this obſervation of Dr. Farmer it may be added, that the play of *Hamlet* was better known by this ſcene, than by any other. In *Decker's Satiromaſtix* the following paſſage occurs:

Aſinius.

"Would I were hang'd if I can tell you any names but captain and *Tucca*."

Tucca.

"No, fye; my name's *Hamlet Revenge:* thou haſt been at Paris Garden, haſt thou not?"

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607.

"Let theſe huſbands play *mad Hamlet, and cry revenge!*"

STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's obſervation may be further confirmed by the following paſſage in an anonymous play, called *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599. We alſo learn from it the uſual dreſs of the ſtage ghoſts of that time.

"——— A filthie whining ghoſt
"Lapt in ſome foule ſheet, or a *leather pilch*,
"Comes ſcreaming like a pigge half ſtickt,
"And cries *vindicta---revenge, revenge.*"

The leathern pilch, I ſuppoſe, was a theatrical ſubſtitute for armour. MALONE.

appendix to the late edition, that *Hamlet* was written after 1597, or perhaps 1602, will by no means hold good; whatever might be the caſe of the particular paſſage on which it is founded.

Nor does it appear, that Shakſpeare did begin *early* to make *eſſays in dramatique poetry*: the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, which hath ſo often been aſcribed to him on the credit of Kirkman and Winſtanley *, was written by George Peele; and Shakſpeare is not met with, even as an *aſſiſtant*, 'till at leaſt ſeven years afterward†.—Naſh, in his epiſtle to the gentlemen ſtudents of both univerſities, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, 4to. *black letter*, recommends his friend, Peele, "as the chiefe ſupporter of pleaſance now living, the *Atlas* of poetrie, and *primus verborum artifex:* whoſe firſt increaſe, the *Arraignment of Paris*, might plead to their opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit and manifold varietie of inuention ‡."

In

* Theſe people, who were the *Curlls* of the laſt age, aſcribe likewiſe to our author thoſe miſerable performances, *Mucedorus*, and the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

† Mr. Pope aſſerts "The troubleſome Raigne of King *John*," in 2 parts, 1611, to have been written by Shakſpeare and Rowley: which edition is a mere copy of another in *black letter*, 1591. But I find his aſſertion is ſomewhat to be doubted: for the old edition hath no name of *author* at all; and that of 1611, the initials only, *W. Sh.* in the title page.

‡ Peele ſeems to have been taken into the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland about 1593, to whom he dedicates, in that year, "*The Honour of the Garter*, a poem gratulatorie—the *Firſtling* conſecrated to his noble name."—"He was eſteemed, ſays Anthony Wood, a moſt noted poet, 1570; but when or where he died, I cannot tell, for *ſo it is*, and always *hath been*, that moſt Poets die *poor*, and conſequently obſcurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves. *Claruit* 1599." *Ath. Oxon.* vol. I. p. 300.

We had lately in a periodical pamphlet, called, *The Theatrical Review*, a very *curious* letter under the name of George Peele, to one Maſter Henrie Marle; relative to a diſpute between Shakſpeare and Alleyn, which was compromiſed by Ben Jonſon.—"I never longed for thy companye more than laſt night; we were all verie merrie at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not ſcruple to affyrme pleaſauntly to thy friende Will, that he had ſtolen hys ſpeeche about the excellencie of acting in Hamlet hys tragedye, from converſaytions manifold, whych had paſſed betweene them, and opinions gyven by Alleyn touchyng that ſubjecte,

In the next place, unfortunately, there is neither ſuch a character as a *Conſtable* in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:* nor was the *three hundred pounds* legacy to a ſiſter, but a daughter.

And to cloſe the whole, it is not poſſible, according to Aubrey himſelf, that Shakſpeare could have been ſome *years a ſchoolmaſter in the country:* on which circumſtance only the ſuppoſition of his learning is profeſſedly founded. He was not ſurely *very* young, when he was employed to *kill calves*, and he commenced player about *eighteen!*—The truth is, that he left his father, for a wife, a year ſooner; and had at leaſt two children born at Stratford before he retired from thence to London. It is therefore ſufficiently clear, that poor Anthony had too much reaſon for his character of Aubrey: we find it in his own account of his life, publiſhed by Hearne, which I would earneſtly recommend to any hypochondriack:

"A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and ſometimes little better than craſed: and being exceedingly credulous, would ſtuff his many letters ſent to A. W. with *folliries* and miſinformations." p. 577. FARMER.

The late Mr. Thomas Oſborne, bookſeller, (whoſe exploits are celebrated by the author of the Dunciad) being ignorant in what form or language our *Paradiſe Loſt* was written, employed one of his garreteers to render it from a French tranſlation into Engliſh proſe. Leſt, hereafter, the compoſitions of Shakſpeare ſhould be brought back into their native tongue from the verſion of Monſieur le Comte de Catuelan, le Tourneur, &c. it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that all the following particulars, extracted from the preface of theſe gentlemen, are as little founded in truth as their deſcription of the ridiculous Jubilee at Stratford, which they have been taught to repreſent as an affair of general approbation and national concern.

jecte. Shakeſpeare did not take this talk in good ſorte: but Jonſon did put an end to the ſtryfe wyth wittelie ſaying, thys affaire needeth no contentione: you ſtole it from Ned no doubte: do not marvel: haue you not ſeene hym acte tymes out of number?"—This is pretended to be printed from the original MS dated 1600; which agrees well enough with Wood's *Clarui:* but, unluckily, Peele was dead at leaſt two years before. "As Anacreon died by the *pot*, ſays Meres, ſo George Peele by the *pox*." *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598, p. 286.

They ſay, that Shakſpeare came to London without a plan, and finding himſelf at the door of a theatre, inſtinctively ſtopped there, and offered himſelf to be a holder of horſes:—that he was remarkable for his excellent performance of the Ghoſt in Hamlet: that he borrowed nothing from preceding writers:—that all on a ſudden he left the ſtage, and returned without eclat into his native country;—that his monument at Stratford is of copper: that the courtiers of James I. paid ſeveral compliments to him which are ſtill preſerved:—that he relieved a widow, who, together with her numerous family, was involved in a ruinous lawſuit:—that his editors have reſtored many paſſages in his plays, by the aſſiſtance of the manuſcripts he left behind him, &c. &c.

Let me not, however, forget the juſtice due to theſe ingenious Frenchmen, whoſe ſkill and fidelity in the execution of their very difficult undertaking is only exceeded by ſuch a diſplay of candour as would ſerve to cover the imperfections of much leſs elegant and judicious writers.

STEEVENS.

* Baptiſms, Marriages, and Burials of the Shakſpeare family; tranſcribed from the Regiſter-book of the Pariſh of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickſhire.

† JONE, daughter of John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 15, 1558.

Margaret, daughter of John Shakſpere, was buried April 30, 1563.

‡ WILLIAM, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized April 26, 1564.

Gilbert, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized Oct. 13, 1566.

§ Jone, daughter of John Shakſpere, was baptized April 15, 1569.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 28, 1571.

Richard, ſon of Mr. John Shakſpere, was baptized March 11, 1573.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakſpere, was buried April 4, 1579.

Edmund, ſon of Mr. John Shakſpere, was baptized May 3, 1580.

Eliſabeth, daughter of Anthony Shakſpere, of Hampton, was baptized Feb. 10, 1583.

Suſanna, daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was baptized May 26, 1583.

‖ Samuel and Judith, ſon and daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, were baptized Feb. 2, 1584.

John Shakſpere and Margery Roberts, were married Nov. 25, 1584.

Margery, wife of John Shakſpere, was buried Oct. 29, 1587.

Urſula, daughter of John Shakſpere, was baptized March 11, 1588.

* With this extract from the regiſter of Stratford, I was favoured by the Hon. James Weſt, eſq. STEEVENS.

† She married the anceſtor of the Harts of Stratford.

‡ Born April 23, 1564.

§ This ſeems to be a grand-daughter of the firſt John.

‖ This Samuel, only ſon of the poet, died aged 12.

Thomas

Thomas Greene, alias Shakſpere, was buried March 6, 1589.

Humphrey, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized May 24, 1590.

Philip, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 21, 1591.

Samuel, ſon of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was buried Aug. 11, 1596.

Mr. John Shakſpere, was buried Sept. 8, 1601.

* John Hall, gent. and Suſanna Shakſpere, were married June 5, 1607.

Mary Shakſpere, widow, was buried Sept. 9, 1608.

Gilbert Shakſpere, adoleſcens, was buried Feb. 3, 1611.

Richard Shakſpere, was buried Feb. 4. 1612.

* This gentleman was a phyſician: he married the poet's eldeſt daughter.

John Hall. = Suſanna, daughter and coheireſs of William Shakſpeare.

Elizabeth Hall. = Thomas Naſh, Eſq.

A daughter. = Sir Reginald Forſter, of Warwickſhire.

Franklyn Miller, of Hide Hall, co. Hertford. = Jane Forſter.

Nicholas Miller. = Mary.

Nicholas Franklyn Miller, of Hide Hall, the only ſurviving branch of the family of Miller.

This deſcent appears from the old writings in the poſſeſſion of that family. I am indebted for it to the kindneſs of the Rev. Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of the Works of Ben Jonſon.

Thomas

* Thomas Queeny, and † Judith Shakſpere, were married Feb. 10, 1616.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE ‡, gentleman, was buried April 25, 1616 §.

‖ Mrs. Shakſpere, was buried Aug. 6, 1623.

* Judith was the poet's youngeſt daughter.

† As Shakſpeare the poet married his wife from Shottery, a village near Stratford, poſſibly he might become poſſeſſor of a remarkable *houſe* there, as part of her portion; and jointly with his wife convey it as part of their daughter Judith's porton to Thomas Queeny. It is certain that one Queeny, an elderly gentleman, ſold it to —— Harvey, eſq. of Stockton, near Southam, Warwickſhire, father of John Harvey Thurſby, eſq of Abington, near Northampton; and that the aforeſaid Harvey ſold it again to Samuel Tyler, eſq. whoſe ſiſters, as his heirs, now enjoy it.

‡ Died the 23d.

§ No one hath protracted the life of *Shakſpeare* beyond 1616, except Mr. Hume; who is pleaſed to add a year to it, in contradiction to all manner of evidence. FARMER.

‖ The poet's widow. She died at the age of ſixty-ſeven.

Extracts from the Rev. Mr. Granger's *Biographical History of England.*

The PORTRAITS of SHAKSPEARE.

Vol. I. p. 259. 8vo. Edition.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *ad orig. tab. penes D. Harley; Vertue ſc.* 1721; 4*to* *."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, &c. *Vertue ſc,* 1719. *Done from the original. now in the poſſeſſion of Robert Keck of the Inner Temple, Eſq.* † *large h ſh.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. *In the poſſeſſion of John Nicoll of Southgate, Eſq. Houbraken ſc.* 1747; *Illuſt. Heads.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *Houſt p. From a capital picture in the collection of T. Wright, painter in Covent Garden, J. Simon f. h. ſh. mezz.*"

"This was painted in the reign of Charles II."

* "The portrait palmed upon Mr. Pope (I uſe the words of the late Mr. Oldys in a MS. note to his edition of Langbaine) for an original of Shakſpeare, from which he had his fine plate engraven, is evidently a juvenile portrait of K. James I." I am no judge in theſe matters, but only deliver an opinion, which, if ill grounded, may be eaſily overthrown. The portrait, to me at leaſt, has no traits of Shakſpeare. The following obſervations are from the printed work of Mr. Granger. STEEVENS.

† "It has been ſaid that there never was an original portrait of Shakſpeare; but that Sir Thomas Clarges, after his death, cauſed a portrait to be drawn for him, from a perſon who nearly reſembled him. Mr. Walpole informs me, that the only original picture of Shakſpeare is that which belonged to Mr. Keck, from whom it paſſed to Mr. Nicoll, whoſe only daughter married the marquis of Caernarvon. This agrees with what is ſaid in the *Critical Review* for Dec. 1770, in relation to the ſame portrait, which is there alſo ſaid to have been "painted either by Richard Burbage, or John Taylor the player, the latter of whom left it by will to Sir William Davenant. After his death, Betterton, the actor, bought it; and when he died, Mr. Keck of the Temple gave forty guineas for it to Mrs. Barry the actreſs." Mr. Walpole adds, that Marſhall's print is genuine too, and probably drawn from the life."

"WIL-

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *W. Marſhall ſc. Frontiſpiece to his poems*, 1640; 12mo*."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *Arlaud del. Duchange ſc:* 4to."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *J. Payne ſc. He is repreſented with a laurel branch in his left hand.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *L. du Guernier ſc.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *ſmall; with ſeveral other heads, before Jacob's "Lives of the Dramatic Poets,"* 1719; 8vo."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, *with the heads of Jonſon, &c. h. ſh, mezz.*"

VOL. II. p. 6.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. *Frontiſpiece to his plays*, Folio 1623, *Martin Droeſhout ſc* †."

"This print gives us a truer repreſentation of Shakſpeare, than ſeveral more pompous memorials of him, if the teſtimony of Ben Jonſon may be credited, to whom he was perſonally known; unleſs we ſuppoſe that poet to have ſacrificed his veracity to the turn of thought in his epigram *(annexed to it)*, which is very improbable, as he might have been eaſily contradicted by ſeveral that muſt have remembered ſo celebrated a perſon. The author of a letter from Stratford upon Avon, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1759, Vol. XXIX. p. 257. informs us, that this head is as much like his monumental effigy as a print can be."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; *R. Earlom f. large octavo, mezz. neat. Engraved for a new edition of Shakſpeare's Works.*"

"This print is ſaid to be from an original by Cornelius Janſen, in the collection of C. Jennens, Eſq; but, as it is dated in 1610, before Janſen was in England, it is highly probable that it was not painted by him, at leaſt, that he did not paint it as a portrait of Shakſpeare."

* The reader will find a faithful copy of this head, prefixed to the will of Shakſpeare. There is a ſmall head of Shakſpeare in an oval, before his *Rape of Lucrece*, republiſhed in 12mo. 1655, with the baniſhment of Tarquin, by John [the ſon of Philip] Quarles: but it is apparently copied from the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

† From this print the head of Shakſpeare prefixed to our preſent edition is engraved. STEEVENS.

WIL-

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE: *his monument at Stratford; under his buſt is the following inſcription,*"

" Ingenio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
" Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet."

" Stay paſſenger, why doſt thou go ſo faſt?
" Read, if thou canſt, whom envious death has plac'd
" Within this monument; Shakſpeare, with whom
" Quick nature dy'd; whoſe name doth deck the tomb
" Far more than coſt; ſince all that he has writ
" Leaves living art but page to ſerve his wit."

Ob. An°. Dni. 1616. *Æt.* 53.

" *Vertue ſc. ſmall h. ſh.*"

" *His monument is alſo done in mezz. by Miller.*"

" WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE: *his monument in Weſtminſter Abbey; two prints h. ſh.*"

" In one of theſe prints, inſtead of *The cloud-capt towers, &c.* is the following inſcription on a ſcroll, to which he points with his finger:

" Thus Britain lov'd me, and preſerv'd my fame
" Pure from a Barber's or a Benſon's name."

A. POPE.

" This monument was erected in 1741, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martin. Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Rich * gave each of them a benefit towards it, from one of Shakſpeare's own plays. It was executed by Scheemaker, after a deſign of Kent †."

* At Drury Lane was acted Julius Cæſar, 28th April, 1738, when a Prologue, written by Benjamin Martyn, Eſq; was ſpoken by Mr. Quin; and an Epilogue by James Noel, Eſq; ſpoken by Mrs. Porter. Both theſe are printed in the General Dictionary. At Covent Garden was acted Hamlet, 10 April, 1739, when a Prologue, written by Mr. Theobald, and printed in the London Magazine of that year, was ſpoken by Mr. Ryan. In the Newspapers of the day it was oberved, that this laſt repreſentation was very far from being numerouſly attended. EDITOR.

† " On the monument is inſcribed—*Amor publicus poſuit.* Dr. Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occurring in old claſſical inſcriptions; but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, inſiſting that it ſhould ſtand, Dr. Mead yielded the point, ſaying,

Omnia vincit *amor*, et nos cedamus *amori*.

This anecdote was communicated by Mr. Lort, late Greek profeſſor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himſelf."

Ancient and Modern Commendatory VERSES on SHAKSPEARE.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Maſter WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and his Works.

SPectator, this life's ſhadow is;—to ſee
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but obſerve his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick ſtrain,
Then weep: ſo,—when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions from thy rapt ſoul riſe,—
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare Shakſpeare to the life thou doſt behold. B. J.

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakſpeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confeſs thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither man, nor muſe, can praiſe too much;
'Tis true, and all men's ſuffrage: but theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe;
For ſeelieſt ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin, where it ſeem'd to raiſe:
Theſe are as ſome infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praiſe a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applauſe, delight, the wonder of our ſtage,
My Shakſpeare, riſe! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenſer; or bid Beaumont lie

A little

A little further, to make thee a room *:
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean, with great but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers;
And tell—how far thou didſt our Lilly † outſhine,
Or ſporting Kyd ‡, or Marlow's mighty line §.

And

* This and the next lines have reference to the following epitaph on Shakſpeare, written by *Dr. Donne*, and printed among his poems:

" Renowned *Spenſer*, lie a thought more nigh **
" To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
" A little nearer *Spenſer*, to make room
" For *Shakſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
" To lie all four in one bed make a ſhift,
" Until doomſday; for hardly will a fifth
" Betwixt this day and that, by fates be ſlain,
" For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
" But if precedency in death doth bar
" A fourth place in your ſacred ſepulchre,
" Under this curled marble of thine own,
" Sleep, rare tragedian; *Shakſpeare*, ſleep alone!
" Thy unmoleſted peace, in an unſhar'd cave,
" Poſſeſs as lord, not tenant of thy grave;
" That, unto us, and others it may be
" Honour, hereafter to be laid by thee!" STEEVENS.

† *Lilly* wrote nine plays during the reign of Q. Eliz. viz. *Alexander and Campaſpe*, T. C; *Endymion*, C; Galatea, C; *Love his Metamorphoſis*, Dram. Paſt; *Maid her Metamorphoſis*, C; *Mother Bombie*, C; *Mydas*, C; *Sapho and Phao*, C; and *Woman in the Moon*, C. To the pedantry of this author, perhaps, we are indebted for the firſt attempt to poliſh and reform our language. See his *Euphues and his England*. STEEVENS.

‡ —— or *ſporting* Kyd. It appears from Heywood's *Actor's Vindication* that *Thomas Kyd* was the author of the *Spaniſh Tragedy*. The late *Mr. Hawkins* was of opinion that *Soliman and Perſeda* was by the ſame hand. The only piece, however, which has de-

** The Epitaph on Shakſpeare beginning
" Renowned Spencer, lie a thought more nigh"——
is ſubſcribed, in an edition of his poems printed in 1640, with the letters W. B. which, I learn from the MS. notes of Mr. Oldys, were placed for William Baſſe. I have not found theſe verſes in any edition of Dr. Donne's works. MALONE.

ſcended

And, though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,—
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead;
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou haſt one to ſhow,
To whom all ſcenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muſes ſtill were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or, like a Mercury, to charm.
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines;
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated and deſerted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakſpeare, muſt enjoy a part:—
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion: and that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike a ſecond heat

ſcended to us, even with the initial letters of his name affixed to it, is *Pompey the Great his fair Cornelia's Tragedy*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1594, and, with ſome alteration in the title-page, again in 1595. This is no more than a tranſlation from *Robert Garnier*, a French poet, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf during the reigns of Charles IX. Henry III. and Henry IV. and died at Mans in 1602, in the 56th year of his age. STEEVENS.

§ —— or *Marlow's* mighty line.] *Marlow* was a performer as well as an author. His contemporary *Heywood* calls him *the beſt of poets*. He wrote ſix tragedies, viz. *Dr. Fauſtus's Tragical Hiſtory*; *K. Edward II*: *Jew of Malta*; *Luſt's Dominion*; *Maſſacre of Paris*; and *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts. He likewiſe joined with *Naſh* in writing *Dido Queen of Carthage*, and had begun a tranſlation of Muſæus's *Hero and Leander*, which was finiſhed by *Chapman*, and publiſhed in 1600. STEEVENS.

Upon the Muſes' anvil; turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And ſuch wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue; even ſo the race
Of Shakſpeare's mind, and manners, brightly ſhines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet ſwan of Avon, what a ſight it were,
To ſee thee in our waters yet appear;
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, and our James!
But ſtay; I ſee thee in the hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a conſtellation there:—
Shine forth, thou ſtar of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping ſtage;
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but by thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON*.

Upon

* ——— *extinctus amabitur idem.*

This obſervation of *Horace* was never more completely verified than by the poſthumous applauſe which *Ben Jonſon* has beſtowed on *Shakſpeare*:

——— the gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*:—marry, *he was dead.*

Let us now compare the preſent elogium of old *Ben* with ſuch of his other ſentiments as have reached poſterity.

In 1748, when the *Lover's Melancholy*, by *Ford* (a friend and contemporary of Shakſpeare), was revived for a benefit, the following letter appeared in the *General*, now the *Public*, *Advertiſer*, April 23.

'— It is hoped that the following *gleaning of theatrical hiſtory* will readily obtain a place in your paper. It is taken from a pamphlet written in the reign of Charles I. with this quaint title, "Old *Ben's Light Heart* made heavy by Young *John's Melancholy Lover*;" and, as it contains ſome hiſtorical anecdotes and altercations concerning *Ben Jonſon*, *Ford*, *Shakſpeare*, and the *Lover's Melancholy*, it is imagined that a few extracts from it at this juncture will not be unentertaining to the public.'

'Thoſe who have any knowledge of the theatre in the reigns of *James* and *Charles* the Firſt, muſt know, that *Ben Jonſon*, from great critical language, *which was then the portion of but very few*, his

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenick Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Thoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now and wring,
You Britains brave; for done are Shakſpeare's days;
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd

his merit as a poet, and his conſtant aſſociation with men of letters, did, for a conſiderable time, *give laws to the ſtage.*'

'*Ben* was by nature *ſplenetic and ſour*; with a ſhare of envy (for every anxious genius has ſome), more than was warrantable in ſociety. By education rather *critically* than *politely* learned; which ſwell'd his mind into an oſtentatious pride *of his own works*, and an overbearing *inexorable* judgment of his *contemporaries.*'

'This raiſed him many enemies, who, towards the cloſe of his life, endeavoured to dethrone *this tyrant*, as the pamphlet ſtiles him, out of the dominion of the theatre. And what greatly contributed to their deſign, was the *ſlights* and *malignances* which the *rigid Ben* too frequently threw out againſt the *lowly Shakſpeare*, whoſe fame ſince his death, as appears by the pamphlet, wa grown too great for *Ben's envy* either to *bear* with or *wound.*'

'It would greatly exceed the limits of your paper to ſet down all the *contempts* and *invectives* which were uttered and written by *Ben*, and are collected and produced in *this pamphlet*, as unanſwerable and ſhaming evidences to prove his *ill-nature* and *ingratitude* to *Shakſpeare*, who firſt introduced him to the *theatre and fame.*

'But, though the whole of theſe invectives cannot be ſet down at preſent, ſome few of the heads may not be diſagreeable, which are as follow.'

"That the man had *imagination* and *wit* none could deny, but that they were *ever* guided by *true judgment* in the *rules* and *conduct* of a piece, none could with juſtice aſſert, *both* being ever ſervile to raiſe the *laughter of fools* and the *wonder of the ignorant.* That he was a good poet only *in part*—being ignorant of *all dramatic laws*,—had *little* Latin—*leſs* Greek—and ſpeaking of plays, &c.

'To make a child new ſwaddled, to proceed
'Man, and then ſhoot up, in one beard and weed,
'Paſt threeſcore years: or, with three ruſty ſwords,
'And help of ſome few *foot and half foot* words,
'Fight over *York* and *Lancaſter's* long jars,
'And in the tyring-houſe bring wounds to ſcars.
'He rather prays you will be pleas'd to ſee
'One ſuch to-day, as *other plays ſhould be*;
'Where neither *chorus* wafts you o'er the ſeas, &c."

Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Theſpian ſpring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpſe, that coffin, now beſtick thoſe bays,
Which crown'd him poet firſt, then poets' king.

If

'This, and ſuch like behaviour, brought *Ben* at laſt from being the *foregiver* of the theatre to be the *ridicule* of it, being *perſonally* introduced there in ſeveral pieces, to the *ſatisfaction* of the public, who are ever fond of encouraging *perſonal* ridicule, when the follies and vices of the object are ſuppoſed to deſerve it.'

'But what wounded his pride and fame moſt ſenſibly, was the preference which the public and moſt of his contemporary wits, gave to *Ford's* LOVER'S MELANCHOLY, before his NEW INN OR LIGHT HEART. They were both brought on in the *ſame week* and on the ſame ſtage; where *Ben's was damn'd*, and *Ford's* received with *uncommon applauſe:* and what made this circumſtance ſtill more galling was, that *Ford* was at the head of the partiſans who ſupported *Shakſpeare's fame* againſt *Ben Jonſon's invectives.*'

'This ſo incenſed old *Ben*, that, as an everlaſting ſtigma upon his audience, he prefixed this title to his play—"The *New Inn* or *Light Heart*. A comedy, as it was *never acted*, but moſt negligently play'd by ſome, the *King's idle ſervants*; and more ſqueamiſhly beheld and cenſur'd by others, the *King's fooliſh ſubjects.*" This title is followed by an abuſive preface upon the audience and reader.'

'Immediately upon this, he wrote his memorable ode againſt the public, beginning

"Come leave the loathed ſtage,
"And the more loathſome age, &c."

The revenge he took againſt *Ford*, was to write an epigram on him as a plagiary.

"*Playwright*, by chance, hearing *toys I had writ*,
"Cry'd to my face—they were th' elixir of wit.
"And I muſt now believe him, for to day
"Five of my *jeſts*, then ſtoln, paſs'd him a play."

Alluding to a character in the *Ladies Trial*, which *Ben* ſays *Ford* ſtole from him.'

'The *next* charge againſt *Ford* was, that the *Lover's Melancholy* was not his own, but *purloined from Shakſpeare's papers*, by the connivance of *Hemings and Condel*, who, *in conjunction with Ford*, had the reviſal of them.'

'The malice of this charge is gravely refuted, and afterwards laughed at in many verſes and epigrams, the beſt of which are thoſe that follow, with which I ſhall cloſe this theatrical extract.'

"To my worthy friend, *John Ford.*

"'Tis ſaid, from Shakſpeare's mine, your play you drew,
"What need?—when Shakſpeare ſtill ſurvives in you:

"But

If tragedies might any prologue have,
All thoſe he made would ſcarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-houſe) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went ſoon about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND *.

To the Memory of
the deceaſed Author, Maſter W. SHAKSPEARE.

Shakſpeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive

"But grant it were from his vaſt treaſury reft,
"That *plund'rer Ben* ne'er made *ſo rich a theft.*"

Thomas May.

Upon *Ben Jonſon*, and his Zany, *Tom Randolph.*

"Quoth *Ben* to *Tom*, the *Love's* ſtole,
"'Tis *Shakſpeare's* every word;
"Indeed, ſays *Tom*, upon the whole,
"'Tis much too good for *Ford.*

"Thus *Ben* and *Tom* the *dead* ſtill praiſe,
"The *living* to decry;
"For none muſt dare to wear the bays,
"Till *Ben* and *Tom* both die.

"Even *Avon's ſwan* could not eſcape
"Theſe letter-tyrant elves;
"They on his fame contriv'd a rape,
"To raiſe their pedant ſelves.

"But after-times with full conſent
"This truth will all acknowledge,—
"*Shakſpeare* and *Ford* from heaven were ſent,
"*But Ben and Tom from college.* *Endymion Porter.*"

Mr. Macklin the comedian was the author of this letter; but the pamphlet which furniſhed his materials was loſt in its paſſage from Ireland.

The following ſtanza, from a copy of verſes by Shirley, prefixed to Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633, alludes to the ſame diſpute, and is apparently addreſſed to Ben Jonſon.

"Look here *thou* that haſt *malice* to the ſtage,
"And *impudence* enough for the whole age;
"*Voluminouſly ignorant!* be vext
"To read this tragedy, and thy owne be next."

STEEVENS.

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. edit. 1721, vol. I p. 583.

Thy tomb, thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And time diſſolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill; this book,
When braſs and marble fade, ſhall make thee look
Freſh to all ages; when poſterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakſpeare's, every line, each verſe,
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy herſe.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age—as Naſo ſaid
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book ſhall once invade:
Nor ſhall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miſt, until our bankrout ſtage be ſped
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtrain to out-do
Paſſions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a ſcene more nobly take,
Than when thy half ſword parlying Romans ſpake:
Till theſe, till any of thy volume's reſt,
Shall with more fire more feeling be expreſs'd,
Be ſure, our Shakſpeare, thou canſt never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES*.

To the Memory of Maſter W. SHAKSPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakſpeare, that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon
From the world's ſtage to the grave's tyring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy ſpectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe: an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a ſecond part;
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. J. M.†

On worthy Maſter SHAKSPEARE,
and his Poems.

A mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal ſurface can make things appear,

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes, vol. I. p. 599, and 600, edit. 1721. His tranſlation of Claudian's Rape of Proſerpine was entered on the Stationers' Books, Oct. 4, 1617.

† Perhaps John Marſton.

Diſtant

Diſtant a thouſand years, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours, juſt extent:
To outrun haſty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confuſed lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep duſky dungeon, to diſcern
A royal ghoſt from churls; by art to learn
The phyſiognomy of ſhades, and give
Them ſudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What ſtory coldly tells, what poets feign
At ſecond-hand, and picture without brain,
Senſeleſs and ſoul-leſs ſhews: To give a ſtage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new ſcene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raiſe our ancient ſovereigns from their herſe,
Make kings his ſubjects; by exchanging verſe
Enlive their pale trunks, that the preſent age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet ſo to temper paſſion, that our ears
Take pleaſure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both ſmile and weep; fearful at plots ſo ſad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is falſe, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we ſtart, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravin for our ſport:
—While the plebeian imp, from loſty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To ſtrike up and ſtroak down, both joy and ire;
To ſteer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, ſtoln from ourſelves:—
This,—and much more, which cannot be expreſs'd
But by himſelf, his tongue, and his own breaſt,—
Was Shakſpeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buſkin'd muſe, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand

And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The ſilver-voiced lady, the moſt fair
Calliope, whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts,
And ſhe whoſe praiſe the heavenly body chaunts.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as ſpouſe, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of ſable grave,
Freſh green, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt brave,
And conſtant blue, rich purple, guiltleſs white,
The lowly ruſſet, and the ſcarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted ſpring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilk: there run
Italian works, whoſe thread the ſiſters ſpun;
And there did ſing, or ſeem to ſing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a moſſy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muſes know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may deſtroy,
They ſay, his body; but his verſe ſhall live,
And more than nature takes our hands ſhall give:
In a leſs volume, but more ſtrongly bound,
Shakſpeare ſhall breathe and ſpeak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambroſial meat,
In a well-lined veſture, rich, and neat:
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
For time ſhall never ſtain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

J. M. S.

Upon Maſter WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the deceaſed authour, and his poems.

Poets are born, not made. When I would prove
This truth, the glad remembrance I muſt love
Of never-dying Shakſpeare, who alone
Is argument enough to make that one.
Firſt, that he was a poet, none would doubt
That heard the applauſe of what he ſees ſet out

Imprinted;

Imprinted; where thou haſt, (I will not ſay,
Reader, his *works*, for, to contrive a play,
To him 'twas none) the pattern of all wit,
Art without art, unparallel'd as yet.
Next Nature only help'd him, for look thorough
This whole book *, thou ſhalt find he doth not borrow
One phraſe from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages tranſlate;
Nor plagiary-like from others gleane,
Nor begs he from each witty friend a ſcene
To piece his acts with: all that he doth write
Is pure his own; plot, language, exquiſite.
But O what praiſe more powerful can we give
The dead, than that, by him, the *king's-men* live,
His players, which ſhould they but have ſhar'd his fate,
(All elſe expir'd within the ſhort term's date)
How could *The Globe* have proſper'd, ſince through want
Of change, the plays and poems had grown ſcant.
But, happy verſe, thou ſhalt be ſung and hear'd,
When hungry quills ſhall be ſuch honour barr'd.
Then vaniſh upſtart writers to each ſtage,
You needy poetaſters of this age!
Where Shakſpeare liv'd or ſpake, Vermin forbear,
Leſt with your froth ye ſpot them, come not near.
But if you needs muſt write, if poverty
So pinch, that otherwiſe you ſtarve and die;
On God's name may the *Bull* or *Cockpit* have
Your lame blank verſe, to keep you from the grave:
Or let new *Fortune's* † younger brethren ſee,
What they can pick from your lean induſtry.
I do not wonder when you offer at
Black-fryars, that you ſuffer: 'tis the fate
Of richer veins; prime judgments, that have far'd
The worſe, with this deceaſed man compar'd.
So have I ſeen, when *Cæſar* would appear,
And on the ſtage at half-ſword parley were

* From this and the following lines it appears that theſe verſes were intended to be prefixed to the folio edition of our author's plays. MALONE.

† This, I believe, alludes to ſome of the company of *The Fortune* playhouſe, who removed to the *Red Bull*. See a prologue on the removing of the late *Fortune* players to *The Bull*. Tateham's *Fancies Theatre*, 1640. MALONE.

Brutus

Brutus and *Caſſius*, O how the audience
Were raviſh'd! with what wonder they went thence!
When, ſome new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irkſome; they priz'd more
"Honeſt" *Iago*, or the jealous *Moor*.
And, though the *Fox* and ſubtil *Alchymiſt*,
Long intermitted, could not quite be miſt,
Though theſe have ſham'd all th' ancients, and might raiſe
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet theſe ſometimes, even at a friend's deſire
Acted, have ſcarce defray'd the ſea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let but *Falſtaff* come,
Hal, *Poins*, the reſt,—you ſcarce ſhall have a room,
All is ſo peſter'd: Let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedict* be ſeen, lo! in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear *Malvolio* that croſs-garter'd gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
Whoſe ſound we would not hear, on whoſe worth look;
Like old-coin'd gold, whoſe lines, in ev'ry page,
Shall paſs true current to ſucceeding age.
But why do I dead *Shakſpeare's* praiſe recite?
Some ſecond *Shakſpeare* muſt of *Shakſpeare* write;
For me, 'tis needleſs; ſince an hoſt of men
Will pay, to clap his praiſe, to ſave my pen *.

LEON. DIGGES.

An *Elegy* on the death of that famous writer and actor, M. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

I dare not do thy memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefs to give a tongue.
I'll only ſigh in earneſt, and let fall
My ſolemn tears at thy great funeral.
For ev'ry eye that rains a ſhow'r for thee,
Laments thy loſs in a ſad elegy.
Nor is it fit each humble Muſe ſhould have
Thy worth his ſubject, now thou'rt laid in grave.
No, it's a flight beyond the pitch of thoſe,
Whoſe worth-leſs pamphlets are not ſenſe in proſe.

* Theſe verſes are prefixed to an edition of Shakſpeare's poems, 12mo. 1640. MALONE.

Let

Let learned *Jonſon* ſing a dirge for thee,
And fill our orb with mournful harmony:
But we need no remembrancer; thy fame
Shall ſtill accompany thy honour'd name
To all poſterity; and make us be
Senſible of what we loſt, in loſing thee:
Being the age's wonder; whoſe ſmooth rimes
Did more reform than laſh the looſer times.
Nature herſelf did her ownſelf admire,
As oft as thou wert pleaſed to attire
Her in her native luſtre; and confeſs,
Thy dreſſing was her chiefeſt comelineſs.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefeſt tutor, and the widow'd ſtage
Her only favourite, in thee, hath loſt,
And Nature ſelf, what ſhe did brag of moſt?
Sleep then rich ſoul of numbers! whilſt poor we
Enjoy the profits of thy legacy;
And think it happineſs enough, we have
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
As may ſuffice t' enlighten future times
With the bright luſtre of thy matchleſs rimes *.

In Memory of our famous SHAKSPEARE.

Sacred Spirit, whiles thy lyre
Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wondered at thy ſtrains:

Plautus ſigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger for to hear,
After they ſo long had ſlept,
So bright a genius ſhould appear;

Who wrote his lines with a ſun-beam,
More durable than time or fate:—
Others boldly do blaſpheme,
Like thoſe that ſeem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly prieſt elect,
Choſen darling of the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and ſkill divine,

* Theſe anonymous verſes are likewiſe prefixed to Shakſpeare's Poems, 1640. MALONE.

That

That were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable ſtories
Their garments ever ſhall be gay.

Where thy honour'd bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and ſadly mourn

S. SHEPPARD *.

In remembrance of Maſter WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Ode.

I.

Beware, delighted poets, when you ſing
To welcome nature in the early ſpring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,
As it ne'er knew a ſun or ſhow'r,
Hangs there the penſive head.

II.

Each tree whoſe thick and ſpreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than ſhade,
Unwilling now to grow,
Looks like the plume a captain wears
Whoſe rifled *falls* are ſteep'd i'the tears
Which from his laſt rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itſelf away
Long ſince, alas! to ſuch a ſwift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can ſpy,
And, for a river, your mock'd eye
Will find a ſhallow brook.

WILLIAM DAVENANT.

In ſuch an age immortal Shakſpeare wrote,
By no quaint rules nor hamp'ring criticks taught;
With rough majeſtick force he mov'd the heart,
And ſtrength and nature made amends for art.

Rowe's prologue to *Jane Shore*.

* This author publiſhed a ſmall volume of *Epigrams* in 1651, among which this poem in memory of Shakſpeare is found.

MALONE.

Upon

Upon Shakſpeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

Great Homer's birth ſev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty ſuch monopoly of fame;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could beſtow,
With all the ſchools of Greece and Aſia join'd,
Enlarg'd the immenſe expanſion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian ſtrain;
The Britiſh Eagle * and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou
With inconteſted laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine *unſchool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Aſia taught;
Not Homer's ſelf ſuch matchleſs laurels won,
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakſpeare none.

T. SEWARD.

Part of Shirley's Prologue to The Siſters.

And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,
I'll promiſe neither play nor poet live
'Till ye come back; think what you do, you ſee
What audience we have, what company
To Shakſpeare comes, whoſe mirth did once beguile
Dull hours, and buſkin'd, made even ſorrow ſmile:
So lovely were the wounds, that men would ſay
They could endure the bleeding a whole day.

Extract from Michael Drayton's "Elegy to Henry Reynolds, Eſq. of Poets and Poeſy."

Shakſpeare, thou hadſt as ſmooth a comic vein,
Fitting the ſock, and in thy natural brain
As ſtrong conception, and as clear a rage
As any one that traffick'd with the ſtage.

England's Mourning Garment, &c. 1603.

Nor doth the ſilver-tongued *Melicert*
Drop from his honied Muſe one ſable teare,
To mourn her death that graced his deſert,
And to his laies open'd her royal eare.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And ſing her *Rape*, done by that *Tarquin*, death.

* Milton.

A Re-

A Remembrance of ſome Engliſh Poets at the end of a collection of Poems entitled *Lady Pecunia, or the Praiſe of Money*. Caret titulo.

" And Shakſpeare, thou whoſe hony-flowing vaine
" (Leaſing the world) thy praiſes doth containe,
" Whoſe Venus and whoſe Lucrece (ſweet and chaſt)
" Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't.
" Live ever you, at leaſt in fame live ever:
" Well may the body die, but fame die never."

The author of this Poem praiſes Spenſer for his Fairy Queen, Daniel for his Roſamond and White Roſe and Red, and Drayton for his Tragedies and Epiſtles. Theſe, therefore, muſt all have been written at a time when Shakſpeare had produced only his Venus and Lucrece.

To Maſter W. SHAKSPEARE.

Shakſpeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine
Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes aſleepe,
So fit for all thou faſhioneſt thy vaine,
At th' horſe-foot fountaine thou haſt drunk full deepe.
Vertue's or vice's theme to thee all one is;
Who loves chaſte life, there's *Lucrece* for a teacher:
Who liſt read luſt, there's *Venus* and *Adonis*,
The modell of a moſt laſcivious leacher.
Beſides, in plaies thy wit winds like Meander,
When needy new compoſers borrow more
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander:
But to praiſe thee aright, I want thy ſtore.
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth upraiſe,
And help t'adorne thee with deſerved baies.

Epigram 92, in an ancient collection, entitled *Run and a great Caſt*, 4to. by Tho. Freeman, 1614.

An Epitaph on the
admirable dramatick Poet, W. SHAKSPEARE.

What needs my Shakſpeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled ſtones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-ypointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?

Thou,

Thou, in our wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument:
For whilſt, to the ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy eaſy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took;
Then thou, our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, ſo ſepulcher'd, in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings, for ſuch a tomb, would wiſh to die.

JOHN MILTON.

See, my lov'd Britons, ſee your Shakſpeare riſe,
An awful ghoſt, confeſs'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, diſtinguiſh'd I had been
From other ſhades, by this eternal green,
About whoſe wreaths the vulgar poets ſtrive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created firſt the ſtage:
And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin ſtore,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more:
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain rich without ſupply.

Dryden's Prologue to his alteration of Troilus and Creſſida.

Shakſpeare, who (taught by none) did firſt impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonſon art:
He, monarch-like, gave thoſe his ſubjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilſt Jonſon crept and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digeſt:
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops that fell from Shakſpeare's pen.

Dryden's Prologue to his Alteration of the Tempeſt.

Our Shakſpeare wrote too in an age as bleſt,
The happieſt poet of his time, and beſt;
A gracious prince's favour chear'd his muſe,
A conſtant favour he ne'er fear'd to loſe:

Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.
Otway's Prologue to Caius Marius.

Shakſpeare, whoſe genius to itſelf a law,
Could men in every height of nature draw.
Rowe's Prologue to the Ambitious Stepmother.

Shakſpeare (whom you and every play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpight.
Pope's Imitation of Horace's Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

Shakſpeare, the genius of our iſle, whoſe mind
(The univerſal mirror of mankind)
Expreſs'd all images, enrich'd the ſtage,
But ſometimes ſtoop'd to pleaſe a barb'rous age.
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low.
He, like the god of day, was always bright;
But rolling in its courſe, his orb of light
Was ſully'd and obſcur'd, tho' ſoaring high,
With ſpots contracted from the nether ſky.
But whither is th' advent'rous Muſe betray'd?
Forgive her raſhneſs, venerable ſhade!
May ſpring with purple flow'rs perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee!
Fenton's Epiſtle to Southerne, 1711.

An Inſcription for a Monument of SHAKSPEARE.

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's ſlaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings:
O ſons of ſport and pleaſure: O thou wretch
That weep'ſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds
Of conſcious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms

Contend,

Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while you ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakſpeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

AKENSIDE.

From the ſame Author's Pleaſures of Imagination, Book III.

—— when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the general uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war.——

———

—— For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakſpeare thine and nature's boaſt?

Thomſon's Summer.

———

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
Firſt rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.

Prologue at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747.
By Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

What are the lays of artful Addiſon,
Coldly correct, to Shakſpeare's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the ſmiling babe
To a cloſe cavern: (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhew
The ſacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whiſp'ring of ſweet muſick thro' the air).
Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with ſongs
Oft ſooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds.

The Enthuſiaſt, or the Lover of Nature, a Poem, by the Rev. Joſeph Warton.

From the Rev. Thomas Warton's Addreſs to the Queen on her Marriage.

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakſpeare drew:
But, chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artiſt's tragic pencil choſe;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breaſt,
Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſued veſt.

Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon.

Avon, thy rural views, thy paſtures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled ſedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy ſurface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a penſive pleaſure mild.
But while I muſe, that here the Bard Divine,
Whoſe ſacred duſt yon high-arch'd iſles incloſe,
Where the tall windows riſe in ſtately rows,
Above th' embowering ſhade,
Here firſt, at Fancy's fairy-circled ſhrine,
Of daiſies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in ſtripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a ſhrill and artleſs pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of ſome magic wand;

An

An holy trance my charmed ſpirit wings,
And aweful ſhapes of leaders and of kings,
People the buſy mead,
Like ſpectres ſwarming to the wiſard's hall;
And ſlowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity ſeems to ſtand
A weeping mourner, ſmote with anguiſh ſore,
To ſee Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the viſionary band,
And ſternly ſhakes his ſceptre, dropping blood.

By the ſame.

Far from the ſun and ſummer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

Gray's Ode on the Progreſs of Poeſy.

Next Shakſpeare ſat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magick rod did hold,
Which viſionary beings did create,
And turn the fouleſt droſs to pureſt gold:
Whatever ſpirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad, or good, obey his dread command;
To his beheſts theſe willingly repair,
Thoſe aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their powers united might withſtand.

Lloyd's Progreſs of Envy, 1751.

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?

He ſcorn'd the rules of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation;
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakſpeare ——

Lloyd's Shakſpeare, a Poem.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakſpeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd a maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Churchill's Roſciad.

Names of the original Actors in the Plays of Shakſpeare: From the Folio, 1623.

William Shakſpeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin*.
John Hemmings.	William Oſtler.
Auguſtine Phillips.	Nathan Field †.
William Kempe.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Eccleſtone.
Henry Condell.	Joſeph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinſon.
Samuel Croſſe.	John Shanke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

It may appear ſingular that the name of the celebrated *Alleyn* (founder of Dulwich College) ſhould not occur in this liſt of performers. But Alleyn was maſter of the *Fortune* playhouſe, which he is ſaid either to have built or rebuilt, and therefore might have no connection with other theatres where the plays of Shakſpeare were exhibited. We learn, however, from Langbaine, that he had been "an ornament to Black Friers." *John Wilſon*, who appears to have acted in our author's *Much Ado about Nothing*, is likewiſe excluded from this catalogue; though Meres, in the Second Part of his *Wit's Common-wealth*, 1598, praiſing ſeveral who were "famous for extemporall verſe," ſays, "Of our *Tarlton*, doctor Caſe that learned phyſitian thus ſpeaketh in the ſeventh book and ſeventeenth chapter of his Politikes; *Ariſtoteles ſuum* Theodoretum *laudavit, quendam peritum tragœdiarum actorem*; Cicero *ſuum* Roſcium; *nos Angli* Tarletonum, *in cujus voce & vultu omnes jocoſi affectus, in cujus cerebroſo capite lepidæ facetiæ habitant.* And ſo is our wittie WILSON, who, for learning and extemporall witte in this facultie, is without compare or compeere, &c." STEEVENS.

* Author of the Two Maids of Moorclacke, Com. 1609.

† Author of *Amends for Ladies*, Com. 1639, and *Woman is a Weathercock*, Com. 1612. He alſo aſſiſted Maſſinger in the *Fatal Dowry*. STEEVENS.

That Nathaniel Field was the author of theſe plays I am by no means ſatisfied. I think him to have been a different perſon. See *Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays*, vol. XII. p. 350. laſt edition. EDITOR.

A LIST OF SUCH
ANCIENT EDITIONS
OF
SHAKSPEARE's PLAYS,

as have hitherto been met with by his different Editors.

Thoſe marked with Aſteriſks are in no former Tables; and thoſe which are printed in the Italic character I have never ſeen.

I. 1. Midſummer Night's Dream, William Shakſpeare, 1600, Thomas Fiſher.
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1600, James Roberts.

II. 1. Merry Wives of Windſor, William Shakſpeare, 1602, T. C. for Arthur Johnſon.
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1619, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1630, T. H. for R. Meighen.

III. Much Ado about Nothing, William Shakſpeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wiſe and William Aſpley.

IV. 1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakſpeare, 1600, J. R. for Thomas Heyes.
2. W. Shakſpeare, 1600, J. Roberts.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1637, M. P. for Laurence Hayes.
4. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1652, for William Leake.

V. 1. Love's Labour Loſt, William Shakſpeare, 1598, W. W. for Cuthbert Burbey.
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VI.

VI.
1. Taming of the Shrew, 1607, V.S. for Nich. Ling.
2. D°. Will. Shakſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

* VII.
1. King Lear, William Shakſpeare, 1608, for Nathaniel Butter.
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1608, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1655, Jane Bell.

† VIII.
1. King John, 2 Parts, 1591, *for Sampſon Clarke.*
2. D°. W. Sh. 1611, Valentine Simmes, for John Helme.
3. D°. W. Shakſpeare, 1622, Aug. Matthewes, for Thomas Dewe.

IX.
1. Richard II. 1597, Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wiſe.
2. Richard II. William Shakſpeare, 1598, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wiſe.
3. D°. W. Shakſpeare, 1608, W. W. for Matthew Law.
4. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1615, for Matthew Law.
5. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1634, John Norton.

* * X.
1. Henry IV. Firſt Part, 1598, P. S. for Andrew Wiſe.
2. D°. W. Shakſpeare, 1599, S. S. for D°.
3. *Do.* 1604.
4. D°. 1608, for Matthew Law.
5. D°. W. Shakſpeare, 1613, W. W. for D°.
6. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1622, T. P. ſold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1632, John Norton, ſold by William Sheares.
8. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1639, John Norton, ſold by Hugh Perry,

XI.
1. Henry IV. Second Part, William Shakſpeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wiſe and William Aſpley.
2. D°. 1600. D°.

† Theſe three are only copies of the ſpurious play.

XII. *
1. Henry V. 1600. Tho. Creede, for T. Millington, and John Buſby.
2. D°. 1602, Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier.
3. D°. 1608, for T. P.

XIII. XIV.
1. Henry VI. William Shakſpeare, 1600, Val. Simmes, for Tho. Millington.
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, W. W. for T. Millington, 1600.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, T. P.

XV.
1. *Richard III.* 1597, *Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wiſe.*
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1598, Thomas Creede, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1602, Thomas Creede, for D°.
4. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1612, Thomas Creede, ſold by Matthew Lawe.
5. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1622, Thomas Purfoot, ſold by D°.
6. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1629, John Norton, ſold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1634, John Norton.

XVI. Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.

XVII. *
1. Troilus and Creſſida, William Shakſpeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Boniam and H. Whalley, with a Preface.
2. D°. 1609, for D°.
3. D°. no Date, D°.

XVIII. *
1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Danter.
2. D°. 1599, Tho. Creede, for Cuthbert Burby.
3. D°. 1609, for John Smethwicke.
4. D°. William Shakſpeare, no Date, John Smethwicke.
5. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XIX.

XIX.*
1. Hamlet, William Shakſpeare, J. R. for N. L. 1604.
2. Hamlet, William Shakſpeare, 1605, I. R. for N. L.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1611, for John Smethwicke.
4. D°. William Shakſpeare, no Date, W. S. for D°.
5. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1637, R. Young, for Do.
6. D°. R. Bentley, 1695.

XX.
1. *Othello, William Shakſpeare, no Date, Thomas Walkely.*
2. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1622, N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3. D°. William Shakſpeare, 1630, A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
4. D°. Willam Shakſpeare, 1655, for William Leake.

☞ Of all the remaining plays the moſt authentic edition is the folio 1623; yet that of 1632 is not without value; for though it be in ſome places more incorrectly printed than the preceding one, it has likewiſe the advantage of various readings, which are not merely ſuch as reiteration of copies will naturally produce. The curious examiner of Shakſpeare's text, who poſſeſſes the firſt of theſe, ought not to be unfurniſhed with the ſecond. As to the third and fourth impreſſions (which include the ſeven rejected plays) they are little better than waſte paper, for they differ only from the preceding ones by a larger accumulation of errors. I had inadvertently given a ſimilar character of the folio 1632; but take this opportunity of confeſſing a miſtake into which I was led by too implicit a reliance on the aſſertions of others.

FOLIO EDITIONS.

I. Mr. William Shakeſpeare's Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſhed according to the true original Copies. 1623. Fol. Iſaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount.
II. D°. 1632. Fol. Tho. Cotes, for Rob. Allot.
III. D°. 1664. Fol. for P. C.

IV. D°. 1685. Fol. for H. Herringman, E. Brewſter, and R. Bentley.

MODERN EDITIONS.

Octavo, Rowe's, London, 1709. 7 Vols.
Quarto, Pope's, Ditto, 1723. 6 D°.
Duodecimo, Pope's, Ditto, 1728. 10 D°.
Octavo, Theobald's, Ditto, 1733. 7 D°.
Duodecimo, Theobald's Ditto, 1740, 8 D°.
Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1744, 6 D°.
Octavo, Warburton's, London, 1747, 8 D°.
Ditto, Johnſon's, ditto, 1765, 8 D°.
Ditto, Steevens's, ditto, 1766, 4 D°.
Crown 8vo. Capell's, 1768, 10 D°.
Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1771, 6 D°.
Octavo, Johnſon and Steevens, London, 1773, 10 D°.
D°. ſecond Edition, ditto, 1778, 10 D°.

The reader may not be diſpleaſed to know the exact ſums paid to the different Editors of Shakſpeare. The following account is taken from the books of the late Mr. Tonſon.

To Mr. Rowe	£ 36	10	0
Mr. Hughes *	28	7	0
Mr. Pope	217	12	0
Mr. Fenton †	30	12	0
Mr. Gay ‡	35	19	6
Mr. Whatley §	12	0	0
Mr. Theobald ‖	652	10	0
Mr. Warburton	560	0	0
Dr. Johnſon			
Mr. Capell	300	0	0

Of theſe editions ſome have paſſed ſeveral times through the preſs; but only ſuch as vary from each other are here enumerated.

To this liſt might be added, ſeveral ſpurious and mutilated impreſſions; but as they appear to have been executed without the ſmalleſt degree of ſkill either in the manners or

* For correcting the preſs and making an index to Mr. Rowe's 12mo edition.
† For aſſiſtance to Mr. Pope in correcting the preſs.
‡ For the ſame ſervices.
§ For correcting the ſheets of Pope's 12mo.
‖ Of Mr. Theobald's edition no leſs than 11360 have been printed.

language

language of the time of Shakſpeare, and as the names of their reſpective editors are prudently concealed, it were uſeleſs to commemorate the number of their volumes, or the diſtinct date of each publication.

Some of our legitimate editions will afford a ſufficient ſpecimen of the fluctuation of price in books.—An ancient quarto was ſold for ſix-pence; and the folios 1623 and 1632, when firſt printed, could not have been rated higher than at ten ſhillings each.—Very lately, one, and two guineas, have been paid for a quarto; the firſt folio is uſually valued at ſeven or eight: but what price may be expected for it hereafter, is not very eaſy to be determined, the conſcience of Mr. Fox, bookſeller, Holborn, having lately permitted him to aſk no leſs than *two guineas* for *two leaves* out of a mutilated copy of that impreſſion, though he had ſeveral, almoſt equally defective, in his ſhop. The ſecond folio is commonly rated at two or three guineas.

At the late Mr. Jacob Tonſon's ſale, in the year 1767, one hundred and forty copies of Mr. Pope's edition of Shakſpeare, in ſix volumes quarto (for which the ſubſcribers paid ſix guineas), were diſpoſed of among the booksellers at ſixteen ſhillings per ſet. Seven hundred and fifty of this edition were printed.

At the ſame ſale, the remainder of Dr. Warburton's edition, in eight volumes 8vo. printed in 1747 (of which the original price was two pounds eight ſhillings, and the number printed 1000) was ſold off: viz. 178 copies, at eighteen ſhillings each.

On the contrary, Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, printed at Oxford in 1744, which was firſt ſold for three guineas, had ariſen to nine or ten, before it was reprinted.

It appears, however, from the foregoing catalogue (when all reiterations of legitimate editions are taken into the account, together with five ſpurious ones printed in Ireland, one in Scotland, one at Birmingham, and four in London, making in the whole thirty-five impreſſions) that not leſs than 35,000 copies of our author's works have been diſperſed, excluſive of the quartos, ſingle plays, and ſuch as have been altered for the ſtage. Of the latter, as exact a liſt as I have been able to form, with the aſſiſtance of Mr. Reed, of Staple Inn, (than whom no man is more converſant with Engliſh publications both ancient and modern, or more willing to aſſiſt the literary undertakings of others) will be found in the courſe of the following pages.

OLD

OLD EDITIONS of SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS.

I. Shakſpeare's Poems, 1609, 4to.
II. D°. 1640. 8vo. Tho. Cotes, ſold by John Benſon.
III. Paſſionate Pilgrim, Poems by D°. 1599, 8vo. ſmall, for W. Jaggard, ſold by W. Leake.
IV. Rape of Lucrece, a Poem, 1594, 4to, Richard Field, for John Harriſon.
V. D°. 1598, 8vo. P. S. for D°.
VI. D°. 1607, 8vo. N. O. for D°.
VII. D°. 12mo. (Newly reviſed) T. S. for Roger Jackſon, 1616.
VIII. Venus and Adonis, a Poem, 1620, 8vo, for J. P.*
IX. D°. 12mo. by J. H. ſold by Francis Coules, 1636.
X. The Rape of Lucrece, whereunto is annexed the Baniſhment of Tarquin, by John Quarles, 12mo, 1665.

MODERN EDITIONS.

Shakſpeare's Poems, 8vo. for Bernard Lintot, no date.
———————— 8vo. by Gildon, 1710.
———————— 4to. and 12mo. by Sewell, 1728.

PLAYS aſcribed to SHAKSPEARE, either by the Editors of the two later Folios, or by the Compilers of ancient Catalogues.

1. Arraignment of Paris, 1584†. Henry Marſh.
2. Birth of Merlin, 1662, Tho. Johnſon, for Francis Kirkman and Henry Marſh.
3. Edward III.‡ 1596, for Cuthbert Burby. 2, 1599, Simon Stafford, for D°.
4. Fair Em §, 1631, for John Wright.

* See the following Extract of Entries in the books of the Stationers' Company.

† It appears from an epiſtle prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, that the *Arraignment of Paris* was written by George Peele, the author of *King David and Fair Bathſabe*, &c. 1599.

‡ See the following extracts from the books at Stationers' hall.

§ *Fair Em*]. In Mr. Garrick's Collection, is a volume, formerly belonging to King Charles I. which is lettered on the back, SHAKESPEARE, vol. I. This vol. conſiſts of *Fair Em*, *The Merry Devil*, &c. *Mucedorus*, &c. There is no other authority for aſcribing *Fair Em* to our author.

5. Locrine,

5. Locrine, 1595*, Thomas Creede.
6. London Prodigal, 1605.
7. Mery Devil of Edmonton †, 1608, Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnſon. 2. 1617, G. Eld, for D°. 3. 1626, A. M. for Francis Falkner. 4. 1631, T. P. for D°. 5. 1655, for W. Gilbertſon.
8. Mucedorus ‡, 1598, for William Jones. 2. 1610, for D°. 3. 1615, N. O. for D°. 4. 1639, for John Wright. 5. No Date, for Francis Coles. 6. 1668, E. O. for D°.
9. Pericles §, 1609, for Henry Goſſon. 2. 1619, for T. P. 3. 1630, J. N. for R. B. 4. 1635, Thomas Cotes.

* The title-page of this play offers no ſufficient evidence to convict Shakſpeare of having been its author, as it only ſays, "newly ſet foorth, overſeene and corrected by W. S." Suppoſing W. S. to have been meant for W. Shakſpeare; as the manager of a theatre, or as a friend to the author, he might have condeſcended to correct what his genius could not have ſtooped to write. This piece likewiſe exhibits ſeveral antiquated and affected words never uſed by Shakſpeare; as *lore* for leſſon, *ſtoure* for tumult, *virent* for green, and *occiſion* for ſlaughter; beſides *equalize*, *roſiall*, *mavortial*, *Eos*, *Fames* (a perſonification of *Hunger*,) *Puriphlegeton*, *macerate*, *venerean*, *ſuſpires* (for *ſighs* ſubſt.) *frumps*, *arcane* for ſecret, *feer* for wife, *exequies* for obſequies, &c. It contains alſo a Spaniſh quotation and many Latin verſes; and is full of thoſe *inexplicable dumb ſhews* which Shakſpeare has ridiculed in *Hamlet*.

Whoever was the author of *Locrine*, it could not have been printed till after the 17th of November 1595, when Queen Elizabeth entered into the 38th year of her reign, as at the concluſion of it is the following prayer for her Majeſty:

"So let us pray for that *renowned Maid*
"That *eight and thirty* years the ſceptre ſway'd, &c."

† See the following extracts from the books at Stationers' hall.

‡ See, &c.

§ Ben Jonſon, in an ode publiſhed at the end of his *New Inn*, has the following ſarcaſm on this piece:

"No doubt ſome mouldy tale
"Like *Pericles*, and ſtale
"As the ſhrieves cruſts, &c." ——

The ſtory of this play is taken from Gower, or in part from the ancient romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, which was tranſlated from the French by Robert Copland, who had wotked under Caxton. I have a copy of it printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510.

10. Puritan,

10. Puritan, 1600*, and 1607, G. Eld.
11. Sir John Oldcaſtle, 1600, for T. P.
12. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613, Tho. Snodham.
13. Two Noble Kinſmen, 1634, Tho. Cotes, for John Waterſon.
14. Yorkſhire Tragedy, 1608†, R. B. for T. Pavyer. D°. 1619, for T. P.

* See, &c. † See, &c.

LIST of PLAYS altered from SHAKESPEARE.

INVENIES ETIAM DISJECTI MEMBRA POETAE.

Tempeſt.

The Tempeſt, or the Enchanted Iſland. A Comedy, acted in Dorſet Garden. By Sir W. Davenant and Dryden.—4to.—1669.

The Tempeſt, made into an opera by Shadwell, in 1673.—See Downes, p. 34.

The Tempeſt, an Opera taken from Shakſpeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Garrick.—8vo.—1756.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. A Comedy written by Shakſpeare, with alterations and additions, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Victor.—8vo.—1763.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

The Comical Gallant, or the Amours of Sir John Falſtaffe. A Comedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſties Servants. By Mr. Dennis. 4to.—1702.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

The Law againſt Lovers, by Sir William Davenant.—Fol.—1673.

Meaſure for Meaſure, or Beauty the beſt Advocate. As it is acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; written originally by Mr. Shakſpeare, and now very much altered: with additions of ſeveral Entertainments of Muſick. By Mr. Gildon.—4to.—1700.

Comedy of Errors

An alteration of this play, under the title of *Every body miſtaken*, was acted at Lincoln's-Inn Fields 1716, but was never printed.

The Comedy of Errors, altered by Mr. Hull, was acted at Covent Garden 1779, but not printed.

Much Ado about Nothing.

The Law againſt Lovers. By Sir W. Davenant.—Fol. 1673.

The Univerſal Paſſion. A Comedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſties Servants. By James Miller.—8vo.—1737.

Love's Labour's Loſt.

The Students, a Comedy altered from Shakſpeare's Love's Labour's Loſt, and adapted to the ſtage.—8vo.—1762.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

The Humours of Bottom the Weaver, by Robert Cox. 4to.

The Fairy Queen, an Opera, repreſented at the Queen's Theatre by their Majeſties Servants.—4to.—1692.

Pyramus and Thiſbe, a Comic Maſque, by Richard Leveridge, performed at Lincoln's-Inn Fields.—8vo.—1716.

Pyramus and Thiſbe, a Mock Opera, written by Shakſpeare. Set to muſick by Mr. Lampe. Performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.—8vo.—1745.

The Fairies, an Opera, taken from a Midſummer Night's Dream, written by Shakſpeare, as it is performed at the Theatre

Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Garrick.—8vo. 1755.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, written by Shakſpeare, with Alterations and Additions, and ſeveral new Songs. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.—8vo.—1763.

A Fairy Tale, in two acts, taken from Shakſpeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Colman.—8vo.—1763.

Merchant of Venice.

The Jew of Venice, a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields, by his Majeſty's Servants. By George Granville, Eſq. afterwards Lord Lanſdowne.—4to.—1701.

As you like it.

Love in a Foreſt, a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſty's Servants. By C. Johnſon.—8vo.—1723.

The Modern Receipt, or a Cure for Love. A Comedy altered from Shakeſpeare. The Dedication is ſigned J. C. 12mo.—1739.

Taming of the Shrew.

Sawny the Scott, or the Taming of the Shrew; a Comedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, and never before printed. By John Lacy.—4to.—1698.

The Cobler of Preſton, a Farce, as it is acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. By Chriſtopher Bullock.—12mo.—1716.

The Cobler of Preſton, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſty's Servants. By C. Johnſon.—8vo.—1716.

A Cure for a Scold, a Ballad Opera, by James Worſdale, 8vo.—Taken from the Taming of a Shrew.—8vo.—1736.

Catherine and Petruchio. By Mr. Garrick.—8vo.—1756.

All's well that ends well.

All's well that ends well. A Comedy, altered by Mr. Pilon, and reduced to three acts; performed at the Haymarket Theatre 1785, but not printed.

Winter's Tale.

The Winter's Tale; a Play altered from Shakſpeare. By Charles Marſh.—8vo.—1756.

Florizel and Perdita, by Mr. Garrick.—8vo.—1758.

Sheepſhearing, or Florizel and Perdita, by —— Dublin.—12mo.—1767.

The Sheepſhearing: a Dramatic Paſtoral. In three acts. Taken from Shakſpeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket.—8vo.—1777.

Macbeth.

Macbeth, a Tragedy, with all the Alterations, Amendments, Additions, and new Songs, as it is now acted at the Duke's Theatre. By Sir William Davenant.—4to.—1674.

The Hiſtorical Tragedy of Macbeth (written originally by Shakſpeare), newly adapted to the ſtage, with Alterations, as performed at the Theatre in Edinburgh.—8vo.—1753.

King John.

Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John, a Tragedy; as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, by his Majeſty's Servants. By Colley Cibber.—8vo.—1744.

K. Richard II.

Ths Hiſtory of King Richard the Second. Acted at the Theatre Royal under the title of the Sicilian Uſurper: with a prefatory Epiſtle in vindication of the Author, occaſioned by the prohibition of his play on the ſtage. By N. Tate.—4to. 1681.

The Tragedy of King Richard II. altered from Shakſpeare. By Lewis Theobald.—8vo.—1720.

King Richard II. a Tragedy, altered from Shakſpeare,

and the ſtyle imitated. By James Goodhall. Printed at Mancheſter.—8vo.—1772.

King Henry IV. Part I.

King Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falſtaff, a Tragi-comedy, as it is acted at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields, by his Majeſty's Servants. Revived with Alterations. By Mr. Betterton.—4to.—1700.

King Henry IV. Part II.

The Sequel of Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falſtaff and Juſtice Shallow; as it is acted by his Majeſty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Altered from Shakſpeare by the late Mr. Betterton.—8vo.—No Date.

King Henry VI. Three Parts.

Henry the Sixth, the Firſt Part, with the Murder of Humphrey Duke of Gloceſter. As it was acted at the Duke's Theatre. By John Crowne.—4to.—1681.

Henry the Sixth, the Second Part, or the Miſery of Civil War. As it was acted at the Duke's Theatre. By John Crowne.—4to.—1681.

Humfrey Duke of Glouceſter, a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſty's Servants. [A few ſpeeches and lines *only* borrowed from Shakſpeare.] By Ambroſe Philips.

An Hiſtorical Tragedy of the Civil Wars in the Reign of King Henry VI. (being a Sequel to the Tragedy of Humfrey Duke of Glouceſter, and an Introduction to the Tragical Hiſtory of King Richard III.) altered from Shakſpeare in the year 1720. By Theo. Cibber.—8vo.—No date.

King Richard III.

The Tragical Hiſtory of King Richard III. altered from Shakſpeare. By Colley Cibber. 4to. 1700.

Coriolanus.

The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of Caius

Caius Martius Coriolanus. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal. By Nahum Tate.—4to.—1682.

The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Reſentment. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſty's Servants. By John Dennis.—8vo.—1720.

Coriolanus, or the Roman Matron, a Tragedy, taken from Shakſpeare and Thomſon. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden: to which is added the Order of the Ovation. By Thomas Sheridan.—8vo.—1755.

Julius Cæſar.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæſar, with the Death of Brutus and Caſſius: written originally by Shakſpeare, and ſince altered by Sir William D'Avenant and John Dryden Poets Laureat; as it is now acted by his Majeſty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal. To which is prefixed the Life of Julius Cæſar, abſtracted from Plutarch and Suetonius. 12mo. 1719.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæſar, altered, with a Prologue and Chorus.—4to.—1722.

The Tragedy of Marcus Brutus, with the Prologue and the two laſt Choruſſes.—4to.—1722. Both by John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Antony and Cleopatra, an Hiſtorical Play, written by William Shakſpeare, fitted for the ſtage by abridging only; and now acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane by his Majeſty's Servants. By Edward Capell.—12mo.—1758.

Timon of Athens.

The Hiſtory of Timon of Athens, the Man-hater. As it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a Play, by Tho. Shadwell.—4to.—1678.

Timon of Athens. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal on Richmond Green. Altered from Shakſpeare and Shadwell. By James Love.—8vo.—1768.

Timon of Athens, altered from Shakſpeare, a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Cumberland.—8vo.—1771.

Titus Andronicus.

Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia. Acted at the Theatre Royal. A Tragedy, altered from Mr. Shakſpeare's Works. By Edward Ravenſcroft.—4to.—1687.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Troilus and Creſſida, or Truth found too late. A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre. By John Dryden. 4to. 1679.

Cymbeline.

The Injured Princeſs, or the Fatal Wager. As it was acted at the Theatre Royal, by his Majeſty's Servants. By Tho. Durfey. 4to. 1682.

Cymbeline, King of Great Britain, a Tragedy written by Shakſpeare, with ſome alterations. By Charles Marſh. 8vo. 1755.

Cymbeline, a Tragedy, altered from Shakſpeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, by W. Hawkins. 8vo. 1759.

Cymbeline, altered by Mr. Garrick in the ſame year.

King Lear.

The Hiſtory of King Lear, acted at the Duke's Theatre. Revived with Alterations. By Nahum Tate. 4to. 1681.

The Hiſtory of King Lear, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. By George Colman. 8vo. 1768.

Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo and Juliet, altered into a Tragi-comedy, by James Howard, Eſquire. See Downes, p. 22.

Caius Marius, by Tho. Otway.

Romeo and Juliet, a Tragedy, reviſed and altered from Shakſpeare. By Theo. Cibber. 8vo. No date.

Romeo and Juliet, altered by Mr. Garrick. 12mo.

From the Preface to the Republication of Marſh's Cymbeline in 1762, it appears that he had likewiſe made an alteration of Romeo and Juliet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet, altered by Mr. Garrick, acted at Drury Lane, 1774, but not printed.

LIST of Detached PIECES of CRITICISM on SHAKSPEARE, his Editors, &c.

A ſhort View of Tragedy. Its original Excellency and Corruption. With ſome Reflections on Shakſpeare and other Practitioners for the Stage. By Mr. Rymer, Servant to their Majeſties. 8vo. 1693.

Remarks on the Plays of Shakſpeare. By C. Gildon, 8vo. Printed at the end of the ſeventh volume of Rowe's edition. 1710.

An Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakſpeare, with ſome Letters of Criticiſm to the Spectator. By Mr. Dennis, 8vo. 1712.

Shakſpeare reſtored: or a Specimen of the many Errors as well committed as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late Edition of this Poet. Deſigned not only to correct the ſaid Edition, but to reſtore the true Reading of Shakſpeare in all the Editions ever yet publiſhed. By Mr. Theobald. 4to. 1726.

An Anſwer to Mr. Pope's Preface to Shakſpeare in a letter to a friend, being a Vindication of the old Actors who were the publiſhers and performers of that Author's Plays. Whereby the Errors of their Edition are further accounted for, and ſome Memoirs of Shakſpeare and the Stage Hiſtory of his Time are inſerted, which were never before collected and publiſhed. By a ſtrolling Player [John Roberts] 8vo. 1729.

Some Remarks on the Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, written by William Shakſpeare. Printed for W. Wilkins in Lombard Street. 8vo. 1736.

Explanatory and Critical Notes on divers Paſſages of Shakſpeare's Plays, by Francis Peck. Printed with his "New Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. John Milton." 4to. 1740.

An Eſſay towards fixing the true Standards of Wit and Humour, Raillery, Satire, and Ridicule: to which is added,

an Analyſis of the Characters of an Humouriſt, Sir John Falſtaff, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Don Quixote. [By Corbyn Morris.] 8vo. 1744.

Miſcellaneous Obſervations on the Tragedy of Macbeth: with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's Edition of Shakſpeare. To which is affixed—Propoſals for a new Edition of Shakſpeare, with a Specimen. [By Dr. Samuel Johnſon.] 12mo. 1745.

A Word or two of Advice to William Warburton, a Dealer in many words. By a Friend, [Dr. Grey.] With an Appendix containing a taſte of William's ſpirit of railing. 8vo. 1746.

Critical Obſervations on Shakſpeare: by John Upton, Prebendary of Rocheſter. Firſt Edition, 8vo. 1746. Second Edition, 1748.

Eſſay on Engliſh Tragedy, with Remarks on the Abbé Le Blanc's Obſervations on the Engliſh Stage. By William Guthrie, Eſq. 8vo. No date. [1747].

An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakſpeare, with Remarks on ſeveral Paſſages of his Plays. In a Converſation between Eugenius and Neander. By Peter Whalley, A. B. Fellow of St. John's College Oxford. 8vo. 1748.

An Anſwer to certain Paſſages in Mr. W——'s Preface to his Edition of Shakſpeare, together with ſome Remarks on the many Errors and falſe Criticiſms in the Work itſelf. 8vo. 1748.

Remarks upon a late Edition of Shakſpeare: with a long ſtring of Emendations borrowed by the celebrated Editor from the Oxford Edition without acknowledgment. To which is prefixed a Defence of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. Addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. Warburton, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, &c. 8vo. No date.

An Attempte to reſcue that aunciente Engliſh Poet and Play-wrighte Maiſter Williame Shakſpeare from the many errours faulſely charged on him by certaine new-fangled Wittes; and to let him ſpeak for himſelf, as right well he wotteth, when freede from the many careleſs miſtakings of the

the heedleſs firſt Imprinters of his Workes. By a Gentleman formerly of Grey's Inn. [Mr. Holt] 8vo. 1749.

A free and familiar Letter to that great refiner of Pope and Shakſpeare, the Rev. Mr. William Warburton, preacher of Lincoln's Inn. With Remarks upon the Epiſtle of Friend A. E. In which his unhandſome treatment of this celebrated writer is expoſed in the manner it deſerves. By a Country Curate [Dr. Grey]. 8vo. 1750.

Miſcellaneous Obſervations on the Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark: with a Preface containing ſome general Remarks on the Writing of Shakſpeare. 8vo. 1752.

The Beauties of Shakſpeare: regularly ſelected from each Play: with a general Index digeſting them under proper Heads. Illuſtrated with explanatory Notes, and ſimilar Paſſages from ancient and modern Authors. By William Dodd, B. A. late of Clare Hall, Cambridge. 2 Vols 12mo. firſt Edition, 1752. Second Edition, 1757.

Shakſpeare Illuſtrated: or the Novels and Hiſtories on which the Plays of Shakſpeare are founded, collected and tranſlated from the original Authors, with critical Remarks. In two Volumes. [By Mrs. Lenox.] 12mo. 1753.
A third Volume with the ſame Title, 1754.

The Novel from which the Play of the Merchant of Venice, written by Shakſpeare, is taken, tranſlated from the Italian. To which is added, a Tranſlation of a Novel from the Decamerone of Bocaccio. 8vo. 1755.

Critical, Hiſtorical, and Explanatory Notes on Shakſpeare, with Emendations of the Text and Metre: by Zachary Grey, LL. D. 2 Vols. 1755.

The Canons of Criticiſm and Gloſſary, being a Supplement to Mr. Warburton's Edition of Shakſpeare. Collected from the Notes in that celebrated Work, and proper to be bound up with it. By the other Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn. (Mr. Edwards.) Firſt Edition, 8vo. 1748. Seventh Edition with Additions 8vo. 1765.
Remarks on Shakſpeare by Mr. Roderick, are printed at the end of this Edition-

A Reviſal of Shakſpeare's Text, wherein the Alterations introduced into it by the more Modern Editors and Criticks are particularly conſidered. (By Mr. Heath.) 8vo. 1765.

A Review of Dr. Johnſon's New Edition of Shakſpeare; in which the Ignorance or Inattention of that Editor is expoſed, and the Poet defended from the Perſecution of his Commentators. By W. Kenrick. 8vo. 1765.

An Examination of Mr. Kenrick's Review of Mr. Johnſon's Edition of Shakſpeare. 8vo. 1766.

A Defence of Mr. Kenrick's Review of Dr. Johnſon's Shakſpeare, containing a number of curious and ludicrous Anecdotes of Literary Biography. By a Friend. 8vo. 1766.

Obſervations and Conjectures on ſome Paſſages of Shakſpeare. (by Tho. Tyrwhitt, Eſq.) 8vo. 1766.

An Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare, addreſſed to Joſeph Cradock, Eſq. (By the Rev. Dr. Richard Farmer.) 8vo. 1767. Second Edition, 12mo. 1767.

A Letter to David Garrick, Eſq. concerning a Gloſſary to the Plays of Shakſpeare, on a more extenſive Plan than has hitherto appeared. To which is added a Specimen. By Richard Warner, Eſq. 8vo. 1768.

An Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Shakſpeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets, with ſome Remarks upon the Miſrepreſentations of Monſ. de Voltaire. By Mrs. Montague. 8vo. 1770. Second Edition, 1776.

The Tragedy of King Lear as lately publiſhed, vindicated from the Abuſe of the Critical Reviewers; and the wonderful Genius and Abilities of thoſe Gentlemen for Criticiſm, ſet forth, celebrated and extolled. By the Editor of King Lear. (Charles Jennens, Eſq.) 8vo. 1772.

Shakſpeare, 4to. This piece was written by Dr. Kenrick Preſcott, and is dated Feb. 5, 1774.

Introduction to the School of Shakſpeare, held on Wedneſday Evenings in the Apollo, at the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar. To which is added, A Retort Courteous on the Criticks, as delivered at the Second and Third Lectures. 8vo. No Date, but printed in 1774.

Curſory

Curſory Remarks on Tragedy, on Shakſpeare, and on certain French and Italian Poets, &c. Crown 8vo. 1774.

A Philoſophical Analyſis and Illuſtration of ſome of Shakſpeare's remarkable Characters. By William Richardſon, Eſq. Profeſſor of Humanity in the Univerſity of Glaſgow. Firſt Edition. 12mo. 1773. Second, 1774.

The Morality of Shakſpeare's Drama illuſtrated. By Mrs. Griffith. 8vo. 1775.

Notes and Various Readings on Shakſpeare, Part the Firſt, &c. with a General Gloſſary. By Edward Capell, 4to. 1775.

A Letter to George Hardinge, Eſq. on the Subject of a Paſſage in Mr. Steevens's Preface to his Impreſſion of Shakſpeare. (By the Rev. Mr. Collins.) 4to. 1777. (Dr. Johnſon obſerved of this performance, that it was "a "great gun without powder or ball)." On the title page of a copy of it preſented by Mr. Capell, together with his *Shakſperiana* to Trinity college, Cambridge, is the following MS. note. "Seen through the preſs by Mr. H——, &c. Note in p. 18, added, and the Poſtſcript new molded by him. E. C." i. e. Edward Capell.

Diſcours ſur Shakſpeare et ſur Monſieur de Voltaire, par Joſeph Baretti, Secretaire pour la Correſpondence etrangere de l'Academie Royale Britannique. 8vo. 1777.

An Eſſay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falſtaff. 8vo. 1777.

A Letter from Monſieur de Voltaire to the French Academy. Tranſlated from the original Edition juſt publiſhed at Paris. 8vo. 1777.

Notes and Various Readings to Shakſpeare, by Edward Capell, 3 vols. 4to.

Remarks, Critical and Illuſtrative, on the Text and Notes of the laſt Edition of Shakſpeare, 8vo. 1783.

A Familiar Addreſs to the Curious in Engliſh Poetry, more particularly to the Readers of Shakſpeare. By Thirſites Literarius. 8vo. 1784.

A ſe-

A ſecond Appendix to Mr. Malone's Supplement to the laſt Edition of the Plays of Shakſpeare: containing additional Obſervations by the Editor of the Supplement. 8vo. 1783.

The Beauties of Shakſpeare, ſelected from his Works. To which are added, the principal Scenes in the ſame Author. 12mo. 1784. Printed for Kearſley.

Eſſays on Shakſpeare's Dramatic Characters of Richard the Third, King Lear, and Timon of Athens. To which are added, an Eſſay on the Faults of Shakſpeare, and additional Obſervations on the Character of Hamlet. By Mr. Richardſon, 12mo. 1784.

Dramatic Miſcellanies: conſiſting of Critical Obſervations on the Plays of Shakſpeare, &c. By Thomas Davies, 3 vols. 8vo. 1784.

Comments on the laſt Edition of Shakſpeare's Plays. By John Monck Maſon, 8vo. 1785.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS of ENTRIES

ON THE

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The firſt volume of theſe Entries has been either loſt or deſtroyed, as the earlieſt now to be found is lettered B. The hall was burnt in the Fire of London. The entries begin July 17, 1576.

Feb. 18, 1582. Vol. B.

M. Tottell.] Romeo and Juletta *. p. 193

April 3, 1592.

Edw. White.] The tragedie of Arden of Feverſham and Black Will †. 286

N. B. The terms *book* and *ballad* were anciently uſed to ſignify dramatic works as well as any other forms of compoſition; while *tragedy* and *comedy* were titles very often beſtowed on novels of the ſerious and the lighter kind.

* Perhaps the original work on which Shakſpeare founded his play of Romeo and Juliet.

† This play was reprinted in 1770 at Feverſham, with a preface attributing it to Shakſpeare. The collection of parallel paſſages which the editor has brought forward to juſtify his ſuppoſition, is ſuch as will make the reader ſmile. The following is a ſpecimen.

Arden of Feverſham, p. 74.

"Fling down Endimion, and ſnatch him up."

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Sc. i.

"Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion!"

Arden of Feverſham, p. 87.

"Let my death make amends for all my ſin."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act IV. Sc. ii.

"Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame."

April

April 18, 1593.

Rich. Field.] A booke entitled Venus and Adonis *. 297 b.
Afterwards entered by —— Harriſon, ſen. June 23, 1594: by W. Leake, June 23, 1596:—by W. Barret, Feb. 16, 1616, and by John Barker, March 8, 1619, by J. Harriſon and J. Wright, May 7, 1626.

Oct. 19, 1593.

Symon Waterſon.] A booke entitled the Tragedie of Cleopatra †. 301 b.

Feb. 6, 1593.

John Danter.] A booke entitled a noble Roman Hiſtory of Titus Andronicus 304 b.
Entered alſo unto him by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof.

March 12, 1593.

Tho. Millington.] A booke entituled the Firſt Part of the Contention of the twoo famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrie, and the Baniſhment and Deathe of the Duke of Yorke, and the tragical Ende of the proude Cardinall of Wincheſter, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade, and the Duke of Yorke's firſt Claime unto the Crown. 305 b.

May 2, 1594.

Peter Shorte.] A pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie called

* The laſt ſtanza of a poem entitled, "Mirrha the Mother of Adonis: or Luſtes Prodegies, by William Barkſted," 1607, has the following praiſe of Shakſpeare's *Venus and Adonis*.

"But ſtay, my Muſe, in thy own confines keepe;
"And wage not warr with ſo deere lov'd a neighbor;
"But having ſung thy day-ſong reſt and ſleepe,
"Preſerve thy ſmall fame and his greater favor.
"His ſong was worthie merit (Shakſpeare hee)
"Sung the fair bloſſome, thou the withered tree:
"Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
"Hath purchas'd it; cypres thy brow will fit."

† I ſuppoſe this to be Daniel's tragedy of Cleopatra. Simon Waterſon was one of the printers of his other works.

the

the Tayminge of a Shrowe *. 306 b.

May 9, 1594.

Mr. Harriſon, ſen.] A booke intituled the Ravyſhement of Lucrece. B. 306 b.

January 16, 1625.

Francis Williams.] Lucrece by Shakſpeare. D. 112 b.

May 12, 1594.

Tho. Strode.] A booke entituled the famous Victories of Henry the Fift, containing the honorable Battel of Agincourt †. 306 b.

May 14, 1594.

Edw. White.] A booke entituled the famous Chronicle Hiſtorye of Leire King of England and his three Daughters ‡. 307

May 22, 1594.

Edw. White.] A booke intituled a Winter Nyghts Paſtime §. 307 b.

June 19, 1594.

Tho. Creede.] An enterlude entituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is ſhown the Death of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the twoo Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable End of Shore's Wife, and the Contention of the two Houſes of Lancaſter and York ‖. 309 b.

July 20, 1594.

Tho. Creede.] The lamentable Tragedy of Locrine, the eldeſt Son of K. Brutus, diſcourſinge the Warres of the Britains, &c. 310 b.

* I conceive it to be the play that furniſhed Shakſpeare with the materials which he afterwards worked up into another with the ſame title.

† This might have been the *very diſpleaſing play* mentioned in the epilogue to the ſecond part of King Henry IV.

‡ I ſuppoſe this to be the play on the ſame ſubject as that of our author, but written before it.

§ Query, if the *Winter's Tale*.

‖ This could not have been the work of Shakſpeare, as the death of Jane Shore makes no part of his drama.

Vol. C.

Before the beginning of this volume are placed two leaves containing irregular entries, prohibitions, notes, &c. Among theſe are the following.

Aug. 4th.

As You like it, a book.
Henry the Fft, a book *.
Comedy of Much Ado about nothing.
} to be ſtaied.

The dates ſcattered over theſe pages are from 1596 to 1615.

Dec. 1, 1595.

Cuthbert Burby.] A booke entituled Edward the Third and the Black Prince, their warres with King John of France †. 6

Aug. 5, 1596.

Edw. White. | A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett‡. 12 b.

Aug. 15, 1597.

Rich. Jones.] Two ballads, being the firſt and ſecond parts of the Widowe of Watling-ſtreet §. 22 b.

Aug. 29, 1597.

Andrew Wiſe.] The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde.

Oct. 20, 1597.

Andrew Wiſe.] The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Deathe of the Duke of Clarence. 25

Feb. 25, 1597.

Andrew Wiſe.] A booke entitled the Hiſtorie of Henry the Fourth, with his Battle at Shrew-

* Probably the play before that of Shakſpeare.

† This is aſcribed to Shakſpeare by the compilers of ancient catalogues.

‡ Quere, if Shakſpeare's play, the firſt edition of which appeared in 1597.

§ Perhaps the ſongs on which the play with the ſame title was founded. It may, however, be the play itſelf. It was not uncommon to divide one dramatic piece, though deſigned for a ſingle exhibition, into two parts. See the *K. John* before that of Shakſpeare.

ſbury

ſbury againſt Henry Hottſpurre of the North, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falſtoff. 37

July 22, 1598.

James Roberts.] A booke of the Merchaunt of Venyſe, otherwiſe called the Jewe of Venyſe. Provided that it be not prynted by the ſaid James Roberts, or any other whatſoever, without leave firſt had from the ryght honourable the Lord Chamberlen. 39 b.

Aug. 4, 1600.

Tho. Pavyer.] Firſt Part of the Hiſtory of the Life of Sir John Oldcaſtle Lord Cobham.

Item, The Second Part of the Hiſtory of Sir John Oldcaſtle Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom. 63

Aug. 14, 1600.

Tho. Pavyer.]. The Hiſtorye of Henry the Fifth, with the Battel of Agincourt, &c. 63

Aug. 23, 1600.

And. Wiſe, and Wm. Aſpley.] Much Ado about Nothing. 63 b.

Second Part of the Hiſtory of King Henry the Fourth, with the Humors of Sir John Falſtaff, written by Mr. SHAKESPERE. ibid.

Oct. 8, 1600.

Tho. Fiſher.] A book called a Midſomer Nyghte Dreame. 65 b.

Oct. 28, 1600.

Tho. Heyes.] A booke called the Book of the Merchaunt of Venyce. 66

Jan. 18, 1601.

John Buſby.] An excellent and pleaſaunt conceited comedie of Sir John Faulſtoff and the Merry Wyves of Windſore. 78

Arth. Johnſton.] The preceding entered as aſſigned to him from John Buſby. ibid.

April 19, 1602.

Tho. Pavyer.] A booke called Titus Andronicus. 80 b.

July

July 26, 1602.

James Roberts.] A booke called the Revenge of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his ſervants, 84 b.

Aug. 11, 1602.

Wm. Cotton.] A booke called the Lyfe and Death of the Lord Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his ſervantes. 85 b.

Feb. 7. 1602.

Mr. Roberts.]The booke of Troilus and Creſſida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlen's men. 91 b.

June 25, 1603.

Matt. Law.] Richard 3.
Richard 2.
Henry 4. 1ſt. Part. } all kings. 98

Feb, 12, 1604.

Nath. Butter.] That he get good allowance for the Enterlude of Henry 8, before he begin to print it; and then procure the warden's hand to it for the entrance of yt, he is to have the ſame for his copy *.

May 8, 1605.

Simon Stafford.] A booke called the tragicall Hiſtorie of King Leir and his three Daughters, as it was lately acted.

John Wright.] By aſſignment from Simon Stafford and conſent of Mr. Leake, the tragical Hiſtory of King Lear, &c. provided that Si-

* Though it be uncertain whether this Enterlude was Shakſpeare's King Henry VIII. or not, yet we have never heard of any other play profeſſedly written on the ſame ſubject; and have reaſon to think that our author's performance was produced during the reign of queen Elizabeth, on account of the compliment paid to her at the concluſion of it.

Nathaniel Butter was the publiſher of Shakſpeare's King Lear. The particular cautions ſhown concerning the licence to print the preſent dramatic piece, might lead us to ſuſpect it to have been Shakſpeare's, and that the ſagacious Company of Stationers were of opinion that this compliment to the memory of the queen, might not prove very pleaſing to her inglorious ſucceſſor.

mon

mon Stafford ſhall have the printing of this book *. ibid.

July 3, 1605.

Tho. Pavyer.] A ballad of a lamentable Murder done in Yorkſhire, by a Gent. upon two of his owne Children, ſore wounding his Wife and Nurſe, &c. † 126

Jan. 22, 1606.

Nich. Ling.] Romeo and Juliett.
Love's Labour Loſt.
Taming of a Shrewe. 147

Aug. 6, 1607.

Geo. Elde.] A booke called the Comedie of the Puritan Wydowe. 157 b.

Aug. 6, 1607.

Tho. Thorpe.] A comedy called What you Will ‡. ibid.

Oct. 22. 1607.

Arth. Johnſon.] The Merry Devil of Edmonton §. 159 b.

Nov. 19, 1607.

John Smythwick.] A booke called Hamlett.
The Taminge of a Shrewe.
Romeo and Julett.
Love's Labour Loſt. 161

Nov. 26, 1607.

Nath. Butter and John Buſby.] Mr. William Shakeſpeare, his Hyſtorie of King Lear, as it was played before the King's Majeſtie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Chriſtmas laſt, by his Majeſties ſervants playing uſually at the Globe on the Bank-ſide. 161 b.

April 5, 1608.

Joſeph Hunt and Tho. Archer.] A book called the

* This is the *King Lear* before that of Shakſpeare.

† Query, if the play.

‡ Perhaps this is Marſton's comedy of *What you Will*. I have a copy of it dated 1607. *What you Will*, however, is the ſecond title to Shakſpeare's *Twelfth Night*.

§ The *Merry Devil of Edmonton* is mentioned in the *Blacke Booke* by T. M. 1604. "Give me leave to ſee the *Merry Devil of Edmunton*, or *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſſe*."

Life and Death of the Merry Devil Edmonton, with the pleaſant Pranks of Smugg the Smith, Sir John, and mine Hoſte of the George, about their ſtealing of Veniſon. By T. B. * 165 b.

May 2, 1608.

Mr. Pavyer.] A booke called a Yorkſhire Tragedy, written by Wylliam Shakeſpeare. 167

May 2, 1608.

Edw. Blount.] The book of Pericles Prince of Tyre. 167 b.
A book called Anthony and Cleopatra. ibid.

Jan. 28, 1608.

Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley.] A booke called the Hiſtory of Troylus and Creſſida. 178 b.

May 20, 1609.

Tho. Thorpe.] A booke called Shakeſpeare's Sonnets. 183 b.

Oct. 16, 1609.

Mr. Welby.] Edward the Third. 189

Dec. 16, 1611.

John Browne.] A booke called the Lyfe and Death of the Lo. Cromwell, by W. S. 214 b.

Nov. 29, 1614.

John Beale.] A booke called the Hyſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, baſtard Son to Richard Cordelion †. 256 b.

Feb. 16, 1616.

Mr. Barrett.] Life and Death of Lord Cromwell. 279

March 20, 1617

Mr. Snodham.] Edward the Third, the play. 288.

Sept. 17, 1618.

John Wright.] The comedy called Mucedorus ‡. 293 b.

* Bound up in a volume of plays attributed to Shakſpeare and once belonging to King Charles I. but now in Mr. Garrick's collection. The initial letters at the end of this entry, ſufficiently free Shakſpeare from the charge of having been its author.

† Query, if this was Shakſpeare's *King John*, or ſome old romance like that of *Richard Coeur de Lion*.

‡ Bound up in a volume of plays attributed to Shakſpeare, and once belonging to King Charles the Firſt. See Mr. Garrick's Collection.

July 8, 1619.

Nich. Okes.] A play called the Merchaunt of Venice. 303
Vol. D.

Oct. 6, 1621.

Tho. Walkely.] The tragedie of Othello the Moore of Venice. 21

Nov. 8, 1623.

Mr. Blount and Iſaak Jaggard.] Mr. William Shakeſpeare's Comedyes and Tragedyes, ſoe many of the ſaid Copies as are not formerly entered to other men.

Viz.

Comedyes.
- The Tempeſt.
- Two Gentlemen of Verona.
- Meaſure for Meaſure.
- The Comedy of Errors.
- As You Like it.
- Alls Well that Ends Well.
- Twelfe Night.
- The Winter's Tale.

Hiſtories.
- The Third Part of Henry the Sixt.
- Henry the Eight.

Tragedies.
- Coriolanus.
- Timon of Athens.
- Julius Cæſar.
- Mackbeth.
- Anthonie and Cleopatra.
- Cymbeline. 69

June 29, 1624.

Mr. Alde.] Leire and his Daughters. D 82

Ed. Brewſter. / Rob. Birde.] The plays of King Henry the Firſt. D 126

Dec. 14, 1624.

Mr. Pavyer.] Titus Andronicus.
Widow of Watling Street. 93

Feb. 23, 1625.

Mr. Stanſby.] Edward the Third, the play. 115

April 3, 1626

Mr. Parker.] Life and Death of Lord Cromwell. 120

Aug. 4, 1626.

Edw. Brewſter.] Mr. Pavyer's right in Shakeſpeare's
Rob. Birde.] plays, or any of them.
Sir John Oldcaſtle, a play.
Tytus Andronicus.
Hyſtorie of Hamblett. 127

March 1, 1627.

Rich. Hawkins.] Othello the More of Venice. 160

Jan. 29, 1629.

Mr. Meighen.] Merry Wives of Windſor. 193

Nov. 8, 1630.

Ric. Cotes.] Henrye the Fift.
Sir John Oldcaſtle.
Tytus Andronicus.
Yorke and Lancaſter.
Agincourt.
Pericles.
Hamblett.
Yorkſhire Tragedy. 208

The ſixteen plays in p. 69, were aſſigned by Tho. Blount to Edward Allot, June 26, 1632. 109

Edward Allot was one of the publiſhers of the ſecond Folio, 1632.

It is worth remark, that on theſe books of the Stationers' Company, *Titus Andronicus*, *Venus and Adonis*, two parts of *King Henry VI. Locrine*, *Widow of Watling Street*, *King Richard II. King Richard III. King Henry IV.* &c. are the firſt performances attributed to Shakſpeare. Thus might the progreſs of his dramatic art be aſcertained, were we abſolutely ſure that his productions were ſet down in chronological arrangement on theſe records of ancient publication. It may be added, that although the private intereſts of playhouſes had power to ſuſpend the printing of his theatrical pieces, they could not have retarded the appearance of his poems; and we may therefore juſtly date the commencement of his authorſhip from the time when the firſt of them came out, viz. his *Venus and Adonis*, when he was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. In the dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, Shakſpeare calls it "The firſt heir of his invention."

Of all his undiſputed plays, the only one omitted on the books of the Stationers' Company, is *King John*. The ſame attention to ſecure a laſting property in the works of Ben Jonſon and Beaumont and Fletcher, does not appear to have been exerted; as of the former I have met with no more than ſeven or eight entries, and of the latter a ſtill leſs conſiderable number. Beaumont died in 1615, Fletcher in 1625, and Jonſon in 1637. My reſearches, however, were not continued below the year 1632, the date of the ſecond folio edition of Shakſpeare.

Let it likewiſe be added to the praiſes of our author, that if he did not begin to write till 1593, nor ceaſed till within three years of his death, which happened in 1616, in the courſe of twenty years he had produced no leſs than thirty-five plays, admitting that eight others (among which is to be reckoned *Titus Andronicus* *) were ſpurious. I ſeize this opportunity, however, to expreſs my doubts concerning all but the laſt mentioned piece, and *Locrine*. *Locrine* has only the letters W. S. prefixed to it, and exhibits internal proofs that it was not only the compoſition of a ſcholar but of a pedant. See a note to the *Liſt of Plays aſcribed to Shakſpeare by the Editors of the two later folios, or the Compilers of Ancient Catalogues*, where the ſame aſſertion is more fully ſupported. See alſo another note at the beginning of *Troilus and Creſſida*. Neither has it ever yet been ſufficiently proved that it was once cuſtomary to ſet the names of celebrated living authors at full length in the title pages to the works of others, or to enter them under theſe falſe colours in the books at Stationers' Hall. Such frauds indeed have been attempted at a later period, but with little ſucceſs. The moſt inconſiderable of all the pieces rejected by the editors of Shakſpeare, is the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*; and yet, in 1608, it was both regiſtered and publiſhed with his name. At this time too, he was probably in London, preſiding at the Globe theatre, in conſequence of the licence granted by K. James I. to him and his fellow-comedians in 1603. The *Yorkſhire Tragedy* is only one out of four ſhort dramas which were exhibited for the entertainment of a ſingle evening, as the title page informs us; and perhaps would have been forgotten with the other three, but that it was known to have been the work of our celebrated author. Such miſcellaneous repreſentations

* See the notes at the end of this play.

were not uncommon, and the reader will find a ſpecimen of them in the tenth volume of Mr. Seward's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakſpeare, who has expreſſed ſuch a ſolicitude that his *clowns ſhould ſpeak no more than was ſet down for them*, would naturally have taken ſome opportunity to ſhew his impatience at being rendered anſwerable, in a ſtill more deciſive manner, for entire compoſitions which were not his own. It is poſſible likewiſe, that the copies of the plays omitted in the firſt folio, had been already diſpoſed of to proprietors, out of whoſe hands they could not be redeemed; or if Heminge and Condell were diſcerning friends to the reputation of their aſſociate, conſcious as they might have been that ſuch pieces were his, they would have omitted them by deſign, as inferior to his other productions. From this inferiority, and from a caſt of ſtyle occaſionally different, nothing relative to their authenticity can with exactneſs be inferred; for as Dr. Johnſon very juſtly obſerves on a ſimilar occaſion, "There is little reſemblance between the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt." But could it even be proved that theſe rejected pieces were not among the earlieſt effuſions of Shakſpeare, ſuch proof would by no means affect their authenticity, as both *Dryden* and *Rowe*, after having written their beſt plays, are known to have produced others, which reflect a very inconſiderable degree of honour on their memory.

It has hitherto been uſual to repreſent the ancient quartos of our author as by far more incorrect than thoſe of his contemporaries; but I fear that this repreſentation has been continued by many of us, with a deſign to magnify our own ſervices rather than to exhibit a true ſtate of the queſtion. The reaſon why we have diſcovered a greater proportion of errors in the former than in the latter, is becauſe we have ſought after them with a greater degree of diligence; for let it be remembered, that it was no more the practice of other writers than of Shakſpeare, to correct the preſs for themſelves Ben Jonſon only (who, being verſed in the learned languages, had been taught the value of accuracy) appears to have ſuperintended the publication of his own dramatic pieces; but were thoſe of Lily, Chapman, Marlow, or the Heywoods, to be reviſed with equal induſtry, an editor would meet with as frequent opportunities for the exertion of his critical abilities, as in theſe quartos which have been ſo repeatedly cenſured by thoſe who never took

took the pains to collate them, or juſtify the many valuable readings they contain; for when the character of them which we have handed down, was originally given, among typographical blunders, &c. were enumerated all terms and expreſſions which were not ſtrictly grammatical, or not eaſily underſtood. As yet we had employed in our attempts at explanation only ſuch materials as caſual reading had ſupplied; but how much more is requiſite for the complete explanation of an early writer, the laſt edition of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer* may prove a ſufficient witneſs; a work which in reſpect of accuracy and learning is without a rival, at leaſt in any commentary on an Engliſh poet. The reader will forgive me if I deſert my ſubject for a moment, while I expreſs an ardent wiſh that the ſame editor may find leiſure and inclination to afford us the means of reading the other works of the father of our poetry, with advantages which we cannot derive from the efforts of thoſe who have leſs deeply and ſucceſsfully penetrated into the receſſes of ancient Italian, French, and Engliſh literature. —An author has received the higheſt mark of diſtinction, when he has engaged the ſervices of ſuch a commentator.

The reader may perhaps be deſirous to know by whom theſe quartos of Shakſpeare are ſuppoſed to have been ſent into the world. To ſuch a curioſity no very adequate gratification can be afforded; but yet it may be obſerved, that as theſe elder copies poſſeſs many advantages over thoſe in the ſubſequent folio, we ſhould decide perverſely were we to pronounce them ſpurious. They were in all probability iſſued out by ſome performer, who, deriving no benefit from the theatre except his ſalary, was unintereſted in that retention of copies, which was the chief concern of our ancient managers. We may ſuppoſe too that there was nothing criminal in his proceeding; as ſome of the perſons whoſe names appear before theſe publications, are known to have filled the higheſt offices in the company of Stationers with reputation, bequeathing legacies of conſiderable value to it at their deceaſe. Neither do I diſcover why the firſt manuſcripts delivered by ſo careleſs a writer to the actors, ſhould prove leſs correct than thoſe which he happened to leave behind him, unprepared for the preſs, in the poſſeſſion of the ſame fraternity. On the contrary, after his plays had paſt for twenty years through the hands of a ſucceſſion of ignorant tranſcribers, they were more likely to become maimed and corrupted, than when they were

printed from papers leſs remote from the originals. It is true that *Heminge* and *Condell* have called theſe copies *ſurreptitious*, but this was probably ſaid with a view to enhance the value of their own impreſſion, as well as to revenge themſelves as far as poſſible on thoſe who had in part anticipated the publication of works from which they expected conſiderable gleanings of advantage, after their firſt harveſt on the ſtage was over.——I mean to except from this general character of the quartos, the author's rough draughts of the *Merry Wives of Windſor* and *Romeo and Juliet*; together with the play of *King Henry V.* and the two parts of *King Henry VI*; for the latter carry all the marks of having been imperfectly taken down by the ear, without any aſſiſtance from the originals belonging to the playhouſes in which they were firſt repreſented.

A preceding table of thoſe ancient copies of the plays of Shakſpeare which his commentators have really met with and conſulted, if compared with the earlieſt of theſe entries on the books already mentioned, may tempt the reader to ſuppoſe that ſome quartos have not yet been found, from which future aſſiſtance may be derived. But I fear that no ſuch reſources remain; as it ſeems to have been the practice of the numerous theatres in the time of Shakſpeare, to cauſe ſome bookſeller to make immediate entries of their new pieces, as a ſecurity againſt the encroachments of their rivals, who always conſidered themſelves as juſtified in the exhibition of ſuch dramas as had been enfranchiſed by the preſs. Imperfect copies, but for theſe precautions, might have been more frequently obtained from the repetition of hungry actors invited for that purpoſe to a tavern; or ſomething like a play might have been collected by attentive auditors, who made it their buſineſs to attend ſucceeding repreſentations with a like deſign *. By theſe means, without any intent of haſty publication, one company of players was ſtudious to prevent the treſpaſſes of another †. Nor did their policy conclude here; for I have not unfrequently met with regiſters of both tragedies and comedies, of which the titles were at ſome other time to be declared. Thus,

* See the notes of Mr. Collins and Mr. Malone at the end of the third part of K. Henry VI.

† From the year 1570 to the year 1629, when the playhouſe in White Friars was finiſhed, it appears that no leſs than ſeventeen theatres had been built.

July 26, 1576, John Hunter enters "A new and pleaſant comedie or plaie, after the manner of Common Condycyons;" and one Fielder, in Sept. 1581, prefers his right to four others, "Whereof he will bring the titles." "The famous Tragedy of the Rich Jewe of Malta," by Chriſtopher Marlow, is aſcertained to be the property of Nich. Ling and Tho. Millington, in May, 1594, though it was not printed by Nich. Vavaſour till 1633, as Tho. Heywood, who wrote the preface to it, informs us. In this manner the contending theatres (ſeventeen in number *) were prepared to aſſert a priority of title to any copies of dramatic performances; and thus were they aſſiſted by our ancient ſtationers, who ſtrengthened every claim of literary property, by entries ſecured in a manner which was then ſuppoſed to be obligatory and legal.

* Mr. Dodſley, in a note to the preface to his collection of *Old Plays*, has the following enumeration of the different theatres which had been built between the years 1570 and 1629, when that in White Friars was finiſhed:---"St. Paul's Singing-ſchool. The Globe on the Bank-ſide, Southwark. The Swan and the Hope there. The Fortune between Whitecroſs Street and Golding Lane, which Maitland tells us was the firſt playhouſe erected in London. The Red Bull in St. John's Street. The Croſs Keys in Gracechurch Street. The Tuns. The Theater. The Curtain. The Nurſery in Barbican. One in Black Friers. One in White Friers. One in Saliſbury Court. The Cockpit, and the Phœnix in Drury Lane."

To this account I may ſubjoin, that the *Fortune* (as appears from the following advertiſement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, Tueſday, Feb. 14, to Tueſday, 21, 1661), muſt have been a place of conſiderable extent; and it is by no means improbable that all the actors reſided within its precincts. "The *Fortune* playhouſe ſituate between Whitecroſs Street and Golding Lane, in the pariſh of St. Giles Cripplegate, with the ground thereunto belonging, is to be lett to be built upon; where 23 tenements may be erected, with gardens; and a ſtreet may be cut through for the better accommodation of the buildings." The *Curtain* was in Shoreditch, a part of which diſtrict ſtill retains the name of *The Curtain*. The original ſign hung out at this theatre was the painting of a *ſtriped Curtain*. We learn likewiſe from Prynne's *Hiſtriomaſtix*, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth there were two other playhouſes, the one called the *Bell Savage* (ſituated, very probably, on Ludgate Hill), the other in Biſhopſgate Street: and Taylor the Water-poet in "The true Cauſe of the Watermen's Suit concerning Players, 1613," mentions another theatre called the *Roſe*.

I may

I may add, that the difficulty of procuring licences was another reaſon why ſome theatrical publications were retarded and others entirely ſuppreſſed. As we cannot now diſcover the motives which influenced the conduct of former Lord Chamberlains and Biſhops, who ſtopped the ſale of ſeveral works, which nevertheleſs have eſcaped into the world, and appear to be of the moſt innocent nature, we may be tempted to regard their ſeverity as rather dictated by jealouſy and capriee, than by judgment and impartiality. See a note to my *Advertiſement* which follows Dr. Johnſon's Preface.

The public is now in poſſeſſion of as accurate an account of the dates, &c. of Shakſpeare's works as perhaps will ever be compiled. This was by far the moſt irkſome part of my undertaking, though facilitated as much as poſſible by the kindneſs of Mr. Longman of Pater-noſter Row, who readily furniſhed me with the three earlieſt volumes of the records of the Stationers' Company, together with accommodations which rendered the peruſal of them convenient to me though troubleſome to himſelf.

Mr. Malone has attempted, in the following pages, to aſcertain the chronological order in which the plays of Shakſpeare were written. By the aid of the regiſters at Stationers' Hall, and ſuch internal evidence as the pieces themſelves ſupply, he has ſo happily accompliſhed his undertaking, that he only leaves me the power to thank him for an arrangement which I profeſs my inability either to diſpute or to improve.

STEEVENS.

AN
ATTEMPT
TO ASCERTAIN THE
ORDER
IN WHICH THE
PLAYS attributed to SHAKSPEARE
were Written.

——— Primuſque per avia campi
Uſque procul, (necdum totas lux moverat umbras,)
Neſcio quid viſu dubium, incertumque moveri,
Corporaque ire videt. STATIUS.

Trattando l'ombre come coſa ſalda. DANTE.

EVERY circumſtance that relates to thoſe perſons whoſe writings we admire, intereſts our curioſity. The time and place of their birth, their education and gradual attainments, the dates of their productions and the reception they ſeverally met with, their habits of life, their private friendſhips, and even their external form, are all points, which, how little ſoever they may have been adverted to by their contemporaries, ſtrongly engage the attention of poſterity. Not ſatisfied with receiving the aggregated wiſdom of ages as a free gift, we viſit the manſions where our inſtructors are ſaid to have reſided, we contemplate with pleaſure the trees under whoſe ſhade they once repoſed, and wiſh to ſee and to converſe with thoſe ſages, whoſe labours have added ſtrength to virtue, and efficacy to truth.

Shakſpeare above all writers, ſince the days of Homer, has excited this curioſity in the higheſt degree; as perhaps no poet of any nation was ever more idolized by his countrymen. An ardent deſire to underſtand and explain his works, has, to the honour of the preſent age, ſo much encreaſed within theſe laſt thirty years, that more has been done

done towards their elucidation, during that period[a], than perhaps in a century before. All the ancient copies of his plays, hitherto diſcovered, have been collated with the moſt ſcrupulous accuracy. The meaneſt books have been carefully examined, only becauſe they were of the age in which he lived, and might happily throw a light on ſome forgotten cuſtom, or obſolete phraſeology: and, this object being ſtill kept in view, the toil of wading through *all ſuch reading as was never read*, has been chearfully endured, becauſe no labour was thought too great, that might enable us to add one new laurel to the father of our drama. Almoſt every circumſtance that tradition or hiſtory has preſerved relative to him or his works, has been inveſtigated, and laid before the publick; and the avidity with which all communications of this kind have been received, ſufficiently proves that the time expended in the purſuit has not been wholly miſemployed.

However, after the moſt diligent enquiries, very few particulars have been recovered, reſpecting his private life, or literary hiſtory: and while it has been the endeavour of all his editors and commentators, to illuſtrate his obſcurities, and to regulate and correct his text, no attempt has been made to trace the progreſs and order of his plays. Yet ſurely it is no incurious ſpeculation, to mark the gradations[b] by

NOTES.

[a] Within the period here mentioned, the commentaries of Warburton, Edwards, Heath, Johnſon, Tyrwhitt, Farmer, and Steevens, have been publiſhed.

[b] It is not pretended that a regular ſcale of gradual improvement is here preſented to the publick; or that, if even Shakſpeare himſelf had left us a chronological liſt of his dramas, it would exhibit ſuch a ſcale. All that is meant, is, that, as his knowledge increaſed, and as he became more converſant with the ſtage and with life, his performances *in general* were written more happily and with greater art; or, (to uſe the words of Dr. Johnſon,) "*that however favoured by nature, he could only impart what he had learned, and as he muſt increaſe his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay life better as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.*" Of this opinion alſo was Mr. Pope. "*It muſt be obſerved,* (ſays he) *that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former.—And I make*

no

by which he roſe from mediocrity to the ſummit of excellence; from artleſs and unintereſting dialogues, to thoſe unparalled compoſitions, which have rendered him the delight and wonder of ſucceſſive ages.

The materials for aſcertaining the order in which his plays were written, are indeed ſo few, that, it is to be feared, nothing very deciſive can be produced on this ſubject.

NOTES.

no doubt that this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court." From the following lines it appears, that Dryden alſo thought that our author's moſt imperfect plays were his earlieſt dramatick compoſitions:

" Your Ben and Fletcher in their firſt young flight,
" Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write;
" But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
" From bough to bough, as if they were afraid;
" And each were guilty of ſome *Slighted Maid*.
" Shakſpeare's own muſe his *Pericles* firſt bore,
" *The Prince of Tyre* was elder than *the Moor*.
" 'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
" All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
" A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
" And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do:
" Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome p— is curſt,
" But no man can be *Falſtaff* fat at firſt."

Prologue to the tragedy of *Circe*.

The plays which Shakſpeare produced before the year 1600, are known, and are about eighteen in number. The reſt of his dramas, we may conclude, were compoſed between that year and the time of his retiring to the country. It is incumbent on thoſe, who differ in opinion from the great authorities abovementioned, who think with Rowe, that "*we are not to look for his beginning in his leaſt perfect works*," it is incumbent, I ſay, on thoſe perſons, to enumerate in the former claſs, that is, among the plays produced before 1600, compoſitions of equal merit with *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, the *Tempeſt*, and *Twelfth Night*, which we have reaſon to believe were all written in the latter period; and among his late performances, that is, among the plays which are ſuppoſed to have appeared after the year 1600, to point out five pieces, as haſty, indigeſted, and unintereſting, as *the firſt* and *third parts of K. Henry VI. Love's Labour Loſt*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which, we know, were among his earlier works.

In

In the following attempt to trace the progreſs of his dramatick art, probability alone is pretended to. The ſilence and inaccuracy of thoſe perſons, who, after his death, had the reviſal of his papers, will perhaps for ever prevent our attaining to any thing like proof on this head. Little then remains, but to collect into one view, from his ſeveral dramas, and from the ancient tracts in which they are mentioned, or alluded to, all the circumſtances that can throw any light on this new and curious inquiry. From theſe circumſtances, and from the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, extracted and now firſt publiſhed by Mr. Steevens, (to whom every admirer of Shakſpeare has the higheſt obligations,) it is probable, that the plays attributed to our author were written nearly in the following ſucceſſion; which, though it cannot at this day be aſcertained to be their true order, may yet be conſidered as approaching nearer to it, than any which has been obſerved in the various editions of his works.

Of the nineteen genuine plays which were not printed in our author's life-time[c], the majority were, I believe, late compoſitions[d]. The following arrangement is in ſome meaſure formed on this idea. Two reaſons may be aſſigned,

NOTES.

[c] They are, *King Henry VI. P. I. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Winter's Tale, The Comedy of Errors, King John, All's Well that End's Well, As you like it, King Henry VIII. Meaſure for Meaſure, Cymbeline, Macbeth, The Taming of the Shrew, Julius Cæſar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Othello, The Tempeſt,* and *Twelfth Night.* Of theſe nineteen plays, *four*, viz. *The firſt part K. Henry VI. King John, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Comedy of Errors,* were certainly early compoſitions, and are an exception to the general truth of this obſervation. Perhaps, the ill ſucceſs of the two latter, was the occaſion that they were not printed ſo ſoon as his other early performances. *Two* others, viz. *The Winter's Tale*, and *All's well that ends well,* though ſuppoſed to have been early productions, were, it muſt be acknowledged, not publiſhed in Shakſpeare's life-time; but for the dates of theſe we rely only on conjecture.

[d] This ſuppoſition is ſtrongly confirmed by *Meres*'s liſt of our author's plays, in 1598. From that liſt, and from other circumſtances, we learn, that of the ſixteen genuine plays which were printed in Shakſpeare's life-time, thirteen were written before the end of the year 1600.—The ſixteen plays publiſhed in our author's

aſſigned, why Shakſpeare's late performances were not publiſhed till after his death. 1. If we ſuppoſe him to have written for the ſtage during a period of twenty years, thoſe pieces which were produced in the latter part of that period, were leſs likely to paſs through the preſs in his life-time, as the curioſity of the publick had not been ſo long engaged by them, as by his early compoſitions. 2. From the time that Shakſpeare had the ſuperintendance of a play-houſe, that is, from the year 1603[c], when he and ſeveral others obtained a licence from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, hiſtories, &c. at the Globe Theatre, and elſewhere, it became ſtrongly his intereſt to preſerve thoſe pieces unpubliſhed, which were compoſed between that year and the time of his retiring to the country; manuſcript plays being then the great ſupport of every theatre. Nor were the plays which he wrote after he became a manager, ſo likely to get abroad, being confined to his own theatre, as his former productions, which perhaps had been acted on many different ſtages, and of conſequence afforded the players at the ſeveral houſes where they were exhibited, an eaſy opportunity of making out copies from the ſeparate parts tranſcribed for their uſe, and of ſelling ſuch copies to printers; by which means,

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author's life-time, are—*Love's Labour Loſt*, *The Second and Third Parts of K. Henry VI. A Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *K. Richard II. K. Richard III. The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV. The Merchant of Venice*, *The Second Part of K. Henry IV. K. Henry V. Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *Troilus and Creſſida*, and *K. Lear*.

[c] None of the plays which in the enſuing liſt are ſuppoſed to have been written ſubſequently to this year, were printed till after the author's death, except *K. Lear*, the publication of which was probably haſtened by that of the old play with the ſame title, in 1605.—The copy of *Troilus and Creſſida*, which ſeems to have been compoſed the year before K. James granted a licence to the company at the Globe Theatre, appears to have been obtained by ſome uncommon artifice. "Thank fortune (ſays the Editor) for the *ſcape* it hath made amongſt you; ſince, by the grand poſſeſſor's wills, I believe, you ſhould have pray'd for them, rather than been pray'd.'—By *the grand poſſeſſor's*, Shakſpeare and the other managers of the Globe, Theatre, were clearly intended.

there

there is great reaſon to believe, that they were ſubmitted to the preſs, without the conſent of the author.

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1. *Titus Andronicus*, —— 1589
2. Love's Labour's Loſt, — 1591
3. First Part of King Henry VI. — 1591
4. Second Part of King Henry VI. — 1592
5. Third Part of Henry VI. — 1592
6. The Two Geelemen of Verona, 1593
7. The Winter's Tale, —— 1594
8. A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1595
9. Romeo and Juliet, —— 1595
10. The Comedy of Errors, —— 1596
11. Hamlet, — — 1596
12. King John, — — 1596
13. King Richard II. —— 1597
14. King Richard III. —— 1597
15. First Part of King Henry IV. 1597
16. The Merchant of Venice, — 1598
17. All's Well that End's Well, 1598
18. Second Part of King Henry IV. — 1598
19. King Henry V. —— 1599
20. Much Ado about Nothing, — 1600
21. As You Like It, —— 1600
22. Merry Wives of Windsor, — 1601
23. King Henry VIII. —— 1601
24. Troilus and Cressida. —— 1602
25. Measure for Measure, — 1603
26. Cymbeline, — — 1604
27. King Lear, — — 1605
28. Macbeth, — — 1606
29. The Taming of the Shrew, — 1606
30. Julius Cæsar, —— 1607
31. Antony and Cleopatra, — 1608
32. Coriolanus, — — 1609
33. Timon of Athens, —— 1610
34. Othello, — — 1611
35. The Tempest, — — 1612
36. Twelfth Night, — — 1614

1. *Titus Andronicus*, 1589.

In what year our author began to write for the ſtage, or which was his firſt performance, has not been hitherto aſcertained. And indeed we have ſo few lights to direct our inquiries, that any ſpeculation on this ſubject may appear an idle expence of time. But the method which has been already marked out, requires that ſuch facts ſhould be mentioned as may ſerve in any manner to elucidate theſe points.

Shakſpeare was born on the 23d of April, 1564, and was probably married in, or before, September 1582, his eldeſt daughter, Suſanna, having been baptized on the 26th of May, 1583. At what time he left Warwickſhire, or was firſt employed in the play-houſe, tradition does not inform us. However, as his ſon Samuel and his daughter Judith were baptized at Stratford Feb. 2, 1584-5, we may preſume that he had not left the country at that time.

He could not have wanted an eaſy introduction to the theatre; for Thomas Green[f], a celebrated comedian, was his

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[f] "There was not (ſays Heywood in his preface to *Greene's Tu quoque*, a comedy,) an actor of his nature in his time, of better ability in the performance of what he undertook, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more general love in the city." The birth-place of Thomas Greene is aſcertained by the following lines, which he ſpeaks in one of the old comedies, in the character of a clown:

"I pratled poeſie in my nurſe's arms,
"And, born where late our ſwan of Avon ſung,
"In Avon's ſtreams we both of us have lav'd,
"And both came out together."

Chetwood quotes this paſſage, in his *Britiſh Theatre*, from the comedy of the *Two Maids of Moreclack*; but no ſuch paſſage is there to be found. He deſerves but little credit, having certainly forged many of his dates; however, he probably met theſe lines in ſome ancient play, though he forgot the name of the piece from which he tranſcribed them. Greene was a writer as well as an actor. There are ſome verſes of his prefixed to a collec-

his townſman, perhaps his relation, and Michael Drayton was likewiſe born in Warwickſhire; the latter was nearly of his own age; and both were in ſome degree of reputation ſoon after the year 1590. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I ſhould name the middle of the year 1591, as the era when our author commenced a writer for the ſtage; at which time he was ſomewhat more than twenty-ſeven years old. The reaſons that induce me to fix on that period are theſe. In Webbe's *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetry*, publiſhed in 1586, we meet with the names of moſt of the celebrated poets of that time; particularly thoſe of George Whetſtone[g] and Antony Munday[h], who were *dramatick* writers; but

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tion of Drayton's poems, publiſhed in the year 1613. He was perhaps a kinſman of Shakſpeare's. In the regiſter of the pariſh of Stratford, Thomas Greene, alias Shakſpere, is ſaid to have been buried March 6, 1589. He might have been the actor's father.

[g] The author of *Promos and Caſſandra*, a play which furniſhed Shakſpeare with the fable of *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

[h] This poet is mentioned by Meres, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, as an eminent comick writer, and the *beſt plotter* of his time. He ſeems to have been introduced under the name of Don Antonio Balladino, in a comedy that has been attributed to Ben Jonſon, called *The Caſe is Altered*, and from the following paſſages in that piece appears to have been city-poet; whoſe buſineſs it was to compoſe an annual panegyrick on the Lord Mayor, and to write verſes for the pageants: an office which has been diſcontinued ſince the death of Elkanah Settle in 1722:

Onion. "Shall I requeſt your name?

Ant. My name is Antonio Balladino.

Oni. Balladino! You are not pageant-poet to the city of Milan, Sir, are you?

Ant. I ſupply the place, Sir, when a worſe cannot be had, Sir.——Did you ſee the laſt pageant I ſet forth?"

Afterwards Antonio, ſpeaking of the plays he had written, ſays,

"Let me have good ground—no matter for the pen; *the plot* ſhall carry it.

Oni. Indeed that's right; *you are in print, already, for* THE BEST PLOTTER.

Ant. Ay; I might as well have been put in for a dumb-ſhew too."

It is evident, that this poet is here intended to be ridiculed by Ben Jonſon: but he might, notwithſtanding, have been deſervedly eminent.

but we find no trace of our author, or any of his works. Three years afterwards, Puttenham printed his *Art of Engliſh Poeſy*; and in that work alſo we look in vain for the name of Shakſpeare[i]. Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetry*, prefixed to the *Tranſlation of Arioſto* (which was entered in the Stationers' books Feb. 26, 1590-1, in which year, it was printed,) takes occaſion to ſpeak of the theatre, and mentions ſome of the celebrated dramas of that time; but ſays not a word of Shakſpeare, or of any of his plays. If even *Love's Labour's Loſt* had then appeared, which was probably his firſt dramatick compoſition, is it imaginable, that Harrington ſhould have mentioned the Cambridge *Pedantius*, and *The Play of the Cards*, (which laſt, he tells us was a *London* comedy), and have paſſed by, unnoticed, the new prodigy of the dramatick world?

That Shakſpeare had commenced a writer for the ſtage, and had even excited the jealouſy of his contemporaries, before September 1592, is now deciſively proved by a paſſage[k] extracted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from Robert Greene's *Greatſworth*

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eminent. That malignity, which endeavoured to tear a wreath from the brow of Shakſpeare, would certainly not ſpare inferior writers.

[i] The thirty-firſt chapter of the firſt book of Puttenham's *Art of Engliſh Poeſy* is thus entitled: "Who in any age have bene the moſt commended writers in our Engliſh Poeſie, and the author's cenſure given upon them."

After having enumerated ſeveral authors who were then celebrated for various kinds of compoſition, he gives this ſuccinct account of thoſe who had written for the ſtage: "*Of the later ſort I thinke thus;—that for tragedie, the Lord Buckhurſt and Maiſter Edward Ferrys, for ſuch doings as I have ſene of theirs, do deſerve the hyeſt price; the Earl of Oxford and Maiſter Edwardes of her Majeſtie's Chappell, for comedie and enterlude.*"

[k] See Vol. VI. p. ult. where the paſſage is given at large. The paragraph which immediately follows that quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, though obſcure, is worth tranſcribing, as it ſeems to allude to Shakſpeare's country education, and to intimate, that he had not removed to London long before the year 1592.—After having mentioned a perſon who had newly appeared in the double capacity of actor and author, "*one who is in his owne conceit the only* Shake-ſcene *in a country*," and exhorted his brother poets to ſeek *better maſters* than the players, Greene proceeds thus: "*In this I might inſert two more, that both have written againſt theſe buckram gentlemen* [the players:] *but let their owne worke ſerve to witneſſe*

Groatſworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance, in which there is an evident alluſion to our author's name, as well as to one of his plays.

At what time ſoever he became acquainted with the theatre, we may preſume that he had not compoſed his firſt play *long before it was acted*; for being early incumbered with a young family, and not in very affluent circumſtances, it is improbable that he ſhould have ſuffered it to lie in his cloſet, without endeavouring to derive ſome profit from it; and in the miſerable ſtate of the drama in thoſe days, the meaneſt of his genuine plays muſt have been a valuable acquiſition, and would hardly have been *refuſed* by any of the managers of our ancient theatres.

Titus Andronicus appears to have been *acted* before any other play attributed to Shakſpeare; and therefore, as it has been admitted into all the editions of his works, whoever might have been the writer of it, it is entitled to the firſt place in this general liſt of his dramas. From Ben Jonſon's induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before, that is, at the loweſt computation, in 1589; or, taking a middle period, (which is perhaps more juſt) in 1587. In our author's dedication of his *Venus and Adonis* to lord Southampton, in 1593, he tells us, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, that that poem was "*the firſt heir of his invention:*" and if we were ſure that it was publiſhed immediately, or ſoon, after it was written, it would at once prove *Titus Andronicus* not to be the production of Shakſpeare, and nearly aſcertain the time when he commenced a dramatic wri-

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neſſe againſt their own wickedneſſe, if they perſever to maintaine any more ſuch peaſants. *For* other new-commers, *I leave them to the mercie of theſe painted monſters, who, I doubt not, will drive the beſt-minded to deſpiſe them*, &c." Greene's *Groatſworth of Witte*, &c. Sig. E. 4.

[1] This tract has no date, but was publiſhed after the author's death, agreeably to his dying requeſt. It appears to have been written not long before his death; for near the concluſion he ſays, "*Albeit* weakneſs will ſcarce ſuffer me to write, *yet to my fellow ſcholliers about this citie will I direct theſe few inſuing lines.*" He died, according to Dr. Gabriel Harvey's account, on the third of September 1592. *Additions* by Oldys to Winſtanley's *Lives of the Poets*, Mſ.

ter. But we do not know what interval might have elapſed between the compoſition and the publication of that poem. There is indeed a paſſage in the dedication already mentioned, which, if there were not ſuch deciſive evidence on the other ſide, might induce us to think that he had not written, in 1593, any piece of more dignity than a love-poem, or at leaſt any on which he himſelf ſet a value. "If (ſays he to his noble patron) your honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account myſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome *graver* labour."

"A booke, entitled a *Noble Roman Hiſtory of Titus Andronicus*," (without any author's name) was entered at Stationers' hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This I ſuppoſe to have been the play, as it was printed in that year, and acted (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have ſeen the firſt edition) by the ſervants of the earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Eſſex.

Mr. Pope thought that *Titus Andronicus* was not written by Shakſpeare, becauſe Ben Jonſon ſpoke ſlightingly of it, while Shakſpeare was yet living. This argument will not, perhaps, bear a very ſtrict examination. If it were allowed to have any validity, many of our author's genuine productions muſt be excluded from his works; for Ben Jonſon has ridiculed ſeveral of his dramas, in the ſame piece in which he has mentioned *Andronicus* with contempt.

It has been ſaid that Francis Meres, who in 1598 enumerated this among our author's plays, might have been miſled by a title page; but we may preſume that he was informed or deceived by ſome other means; for Shakſpeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in 1611, and therefore, we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was probably a re-impreſſion.

However, (notwithſtanding the authority of Meres) the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books without the name of the writer, the regularity of the verſification, the diſſimilitude of the ſtyle from that of thoſe plays which are undoubtedly compoſed by our author, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenſcroft [m], at a period when ſome

NOTES.

[m] "I have been told, by ſome anciently converſant with the ſtage, that it [*Titus Andronicus*] was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave ſome maſter touches

ſome of his contemporaries had not been long dead[n], render it highly improbable that this play ſhould have been the compoſition of Shakſpeare.

2. Love's Labour's Lost, 1591.

Shakſpeare's natural diſpoſition leading him, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, to comedy, it is highly probable that his firſt dramatick production was of the comick kind: and of his comedies none appears to me to bear ſtronger marks of a firſt eſſay than *Love's Labour's Loſt*. The frequent rhymes with which it abounds[o], of which, in his early performances

NOTES.

touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Ravenſcroft's preface to *Titus Andronicus*, altered by him.

[n] John Lowin, and Joſeph Taylor, two of the actors in Shakſpeare's plays, were alive a few years before the Reſtoration of K. Charles II.; and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himſelf written for the ſtage in 1629 (thirteen years after the death of our author), did not die till April 1668. Ravenſcroft's alteration of *Titus Andronicus* was publiſhed in 1687.

[o] As this circumſtance is more than once mentioned in the courſe of theſe obſervations, it may not be improper to add a few words on the ſubject of our author's metre. A mixture of rhymes with blank verſe, in the ſame play, and ſometimes in the ſame ſcene, is found in almoſt all his pieces, and is not peculiar to Shakſpeare, being alſo found in the works of Jonſon, and almoſt all our ancient dramatick writers. It is not, therefore, merely the uſe of rhymes, mingled with blank verſe, but their *frequency*, that is here urged as a circumſtance which ſeems to characterize and diſtinguiſh our poet's earlieſt performances. In the whole number of pieces which were written antecedent to the year 1600, and which, for the ſake of perſpicuity, have been called his *early compoſitions*, more rhyming couplets are found than in all the plays compoſed ſubſequently to that year; which have been named his *late productions*. Whether in proceſs of time Shakſpeare grew weary of the bondage of rhyme, or whether he became convinced of its impropriety in a dramatick dialogue, his neglect of rhyming (for he never wholly diſuſed it) ſeems to have been *gradual*. As, therefore, moſt of his early productions are characterized by the multitude of ſimilar terminations which they exhibit, whenever, of two early pieces, it is doubtful which preceded the other, I am diſpoſed to believe (other proofs being wanting,) that play, in which the greater number of rhymes is found, to have been firſt compoſed. This, however, muſt be acknowledged to

be

formances he ſeems to have been extremely fond, its imperfect verſification, its artleſs and deſultory dialogue, and the irregularity of the compoſition, may be all urged in ſupport of this conjecture.

Love's Labour's Loſt was not entered at Stationers' hall till the 23d of January 1606, but is mentioned by Francis Meres[p] in his *Wit's Treaſury*, or *the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*[q], in 1598, and was printed in that year. In the title-page of this edition, (the oldeſt hitherto diſcovered,) this piece is ſaid to have been *preſented before her highneſs* [Queen Elizabeth] *the laſt Chriſtmas* [1597], and to be *newly corrected and augmented:* from which it ſhould ſeem, that there had been a former impreſſion.

Mr. Gildon, in his obſervations on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, ſays, "*he cannot ſee why the author gave it this name.*"—The following lines exhibit the train of thoughts, which probably ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare this title, as well as that which anciently was affixed to another of his comedies—*Love's Labour Won.*

"To be *in love* where ſcorn is bought with groans,
"Coy looks with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's [mirth
"With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
"If haply *won*, perhaps a hapleſs gain;
"If *loſt*, why then a grievous *labour won.*"
Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act. I. ſc. i.

NOTES.

be but a fallible criterion; for the *Three Parts of King Henry VI.* which appear to have been among our author's earlieſt compoſitions, do not abound in rhymes.

[p] This writer, to whoſe liſt of our author's plays we are ſo much indebted, appears, from the following paſſage of the work here mentioned, to have been perſonally acquainted with Shakſpeare:

"As the ſoul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet witty ſoul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakeſpeare. Witneſs his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his ſugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, &c" *Wit's Treaſury*, p. 282. There is no edition of Shakſpeare's *Sonnets*, now extant, of ſo early a date as 1598, when Meres's book was printed; ſo that we may conclude, he was one of thoſe friends to whom they were privately recited, before their publication.

[q] This book was probably publiſhed in the latter end of the year 1598; for it was not entered at Stationers' hall till September in that year.

3. The First Part of King Henry VI. 1591.

The regular *first Part of K. Henry VI.* was not publiſhed till 1623, at which time it was entered at Stationers' hall by the printers of the earlieſt folio, under the name of the *Third Part of K. Henry VI.* In one ſenſe it might be called ſo; for *two* parts had appeared before. But conſidering the hiſtory of that reign, and the period of time it comprehends, it ought to have been called, what in fact it is, the First *Part of K. Henry VI.* Why this *Firſt Part* was not entered on the Stationers' books with the other two, it is impoſſible now to determine. That it was written before the *Second* and *Third Parts*, Dr. Johnſon thinks, appears indubitably from the ſeries of events. "It is apparent" he ſays, "that *the Second Part* begins where the former ends, and continues the ſeries of tranſactions of which it preſuppoſes the firſt part already known. This is a ſufficient proof that the *Second* and *Third Parts* were not written without dependence on *the Firſt*, though they were printed as containing a complete period of hiſtory."

I once thought differently from the learned commentator; imagining that *the Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* was not written till after the two other parts. But on an attentive examination of theſe three plays, I have found ſufficient reaſon to ſubſcribe to Dr. Johnſon's opinion.

This piece is ſuppoſed to have been produced in the year 1591, on the authority of Thomas Naſhe, who in a tract entitled *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, which was publiſhed in 1592[r], expreſsly mentions one of the characters in it, who does not appear in the *ſecond or third Part of K. Henry VI.* nor, I believe, in any other play of that time. "How (ſays he) would it have joyed brave *Talbot*, the terror of the French[s], to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he ſhould triumph again on the

NOTES.

[r] This was the firſt edition, for it was not entered on the Stationers' books before that year.

[s] Thus *Talbot* is deſcribed in *the firſt part of K. Henry VI.* Act I. ſc. iii.

"Here, ſaid they, is *the terror of the French.*"

Again, in Act V. ſc. i.

"Is Talbot ſlain, the Frenchmen's only ſcourge,
"Your kingdom's *terror?*"——

ſtage,

ſtage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt, (at ſeveral times) who, in the tragedian that repreſents his perſon, imagine they behold him freſh bleeding."

4. } SECOND AND THIRD PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.
5. } 1592.

In a tract already mentioned, entitled *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, &c. which was written before the end of the year 1592, there is, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved [t], a parody on a line in *the Third Part of K. Henry VI.* and an alluſion to the name of Shakſpeare.

Theſe two hiſtorical dramas were entered on the books of the Stationers' company, March 12, 1593-4, but were not printed till the year 1600. In their ſecond titles they are called—THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS *of the Contention of the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*; but in reality they are THE SECOND and THIRD PARTS of *King Henry VI.*

In the laſt chorus of *King Henry V.* Shakſpeare alludes to *the Second Part*, perhaps to *all* the parts of *K. Henry VI.* as popular performances, that had frequently been exhibited on the ſtage; and expreſſes a hope, that *K. Henry V.* may, *for their ſake*, meet with a favourable reception; a plea, which he ſcarcely would have urged, if he had not been their author.

6. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, 1593.

This comedy was not entered on the books of the Stationers' company till 1623, at which time it was firſt printed; but is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and bears ſtrong internal marks of an early compoſition.

7. THE WINTER'S TALE, 1594.

The Winter's Tale was, *perhaps*, entered on the Stationers' books, May 22, 1594, under the name of *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime*; which might have been the ſame play. It is obſervable that Shakſpeare has two other ſimilar titles;—Twelfth *Night*, and A Miſummer *Night's* Dream: and it

NOTE.

[t] See vol. VI. p. ult.

appears

appears that the titles of his plays were ſometimes changed; thus, *All's Well that Ends Well*, we have reaſon to think, was called *Love's Labour Won*; and *Hamlet* was ſometimes called *Hamlet's* REVENGE, ſometimes The HISTORY *of Hamlet*. However, it muſt not be concealed, that *The Winter's Tale* is not enumerated among our author's plays, by Meres, in 1598: a circumſtance which, yet, is not deciſive to ſhew that it was not then written; for neither is *Hamlet* nor *King Henry VI.* mentioned by him.

Greene's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, from which the plot of this play is borrowed, was publiſhed in 1588.

The Winter's Tale was acted at court in the beginning of the year 1613[w]. It was not printed till 1623.

Mr. Walpole thinks, that this play was intended by Shakſpeare as an indirect apology for Anne Boleyn; and conſiders it as a Second Part to *K. Henry VIII.*[x] My reſpect for that very judicious and ingenious writer, the ſilence of Meres, and the circumſtance of there not being one rhyming couplet throughout this piece, except in the chorus, make me doubt whether it ought not to be aſcribed to the year 1601, or 1602, rather than that in which it is here placed.

8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1595.

The poetry of this piece, glowing with all the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination, the many ſcenes that it contains of almoſt continual rhyme[y], the poverty of the fable, and want of diſcrimination among the higher perſonages, diſpoſe me to believe that it was one of our author's earlieſt attempts in comedy.

It ſeems to have been written, while the ridiculous competitions, prevalent among the hiſtrionick tribe, were ſtrongly impreſſed by novelty on his mind. He would naturally copy thoſe manners firſt, with which he was firſt acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applauſe he has happily ridiculed in *Bottom* the weaver. But among the more dignified perſons of the drama we look in vain for any traits of character. The manners of

NOTES.

[w] Mſ. of the late Mr. Vertue.

[x] *Hiſtorick Doubts.*

[y] Ante, p. 294.

Hippolita

Hippolita, *the Amazon*, are undiſtinguiſhed from thoſe of other females. Theſeus, the aſſociate of Hercules, is not engaged in any adventure, worthy of his rank or reputation, nor is he in reality an agent throughout the play. Like K. Henry VIII. he goes out a Maying. He meets the lovers in perplexity, and makes no effort to promote their happineſs; but when ſupernatural accidents have reconciled them, he joins their company, and concludes his day's entertainment by uttering ſome miſerable puns at an interlude repreſented by a troop of clowns. Over the fairy part of the drama he cannot be ſuppoſed to have any influence. This part of the fable, indeed, (at leaſt as much of it as relates to the quarrels of Oberon and Titania,) was not of our author's invention[z].—Through the whole piece, the more exalted characters are ſubſervient to the intereſt of thoſe beneath them. We laugh with Bottom and his fellows, but is a ſingle paſſion agitated by the faint and childiſh ſollicitudes of Hermia and Demetrius, of Helena and Lyſander, thoſe ſhadows of each other?—That a drama, of which the principal perſonages are thus inſignificant, and the fable thus meagre and unintereſting, was one of our author's earlieſt compoſitions, does not, therefore, ſeem a very improbable conjecture; nor are the beauties with which it is embelliſhed, inconſiſtent with this ſuppo-

NOTE.

[z] The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, printed in 1775, obſerves in his introductory diſcourſe (vol. IV. p. 161.) that Pluto and Proſerpina in the Merchant's Tale, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakſpeare's Oberon and Titania." In a tract already quoted, *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, 1592, a player is introduced, who boaſts of having performed the part of *the King of Fairies* with applauſe. Greene himſelf wrote a play, entitled *The Scottiſhe Hiſtorie of James the Fourthe, ſlaine at Flodden, intermixed with a pleaſant Comedie preſented by Oberon King of Fayeries*; which was entered at Stationers' hall in 1594, and printed in 1598. Shakſpeare, however does not appear to have been indebted to this piece. The plan of it is ſhortly this. Bohan, a Scot, in conſequence of being diſguſted with the world, having retired to a tomb where he has fixed his dwelling, is met by *After Oberon*, king of the fairies, who entertains him with an antick or dance by his ſubjects. Theſe two perſonages, after ſome converſation, determine to liſten to a tragedy, which is acted before them, and to which they make a kind of chorus, by moralizing at the end of each act.

 ſition;

fition; for the genius of Shakſpeare, even in its minority, could embroider the coarſeſt materials with the brighteſt and moſt laſting colours.

A Midſummer Night's Dream was not entered at Stationers' hall till Oct. 8, 1600, in which year it was printed; but is mentioned by Meres in 1598.

From the comedy of *Dr. Dodipoll* Mr. Steevens has quoted a line, which the author ſeems to have borrowed from Shakſpeare:

" 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads,
" Where the light *fairies* danc'd upon the *flowers*,
" *Hanging in ev'ry leaf an orient pearl.*"

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*,

" And *hang a pearl* in ev'ry cowſlip's ear."

Again,

" And that ſame dew, which ſometimes on the buds
" Was wont to ſwell, like round and *orient pearls*,
" Stood now within the pretty *flouret's* eyes,
" Like tears," &c.——

There is no earlier edition of the anonymous play in which the foregoing lines are found, than that in 1600; but *Dr. Dodipowle* is mentioned by Naſhe, in his preface to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, printed in 1596. This, therefore, is another circumſtance, that in ſome meaſure authoriſes the date here aſſigned to *A Midſummer Night's Dream*.

The paſſage in the fifth act, which, with ſome probability, has been thought to allude to the death of Spenſer*, is not inconſiſtent with the early appearance of this comedy; for it might have been inſerted between the time of the poet's death, and the year 1600, when the play was publiſhed. And indeed, if the alluſion was intended, the paſſage muſt have been added in that interval; for *A Midſummer Night's Dream* was certainly written in, or before, 1598, and Spenſer, we are told by Sir James Ware (whoſe teſtimony with reſpect to this controverted point muſt have great weight), did not die till 1599: " others, (he adds)

NOTE.

* " The thrice three muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, *late* deceas'd in beggary.

have

have it *wrongly*, 1598[a]." So careful a ſearcher into antiquity, who lived ſo near the time, is not likely to have been miſtaken in a fact, concerning which he appears to have made particular inquiries.

9. Romeo and Juliet, 1595.

It has been already obſerved, that our author, in his early plays, appears to have been much addicted to rhyming; a practice from which he gradually departed, though he never wholly deſerted it. In this piece *more* rhymes, I believe, are found, than in any other of his plays, *Love's Labour Loſt* and *A Midſummer Night's Dream* only excepted. This circumſtance, the ſtory on which it is founded, ſo likely to captivate a young poet, the imperfect form in which it originally appeared, and its very early publication[b], all incline me to believe that this was Shakſpeare's firſt tragedy; for the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* do not pretend to that title.

"A new ballad of *Romeo and Juliet*," (perhaps our author's play) was entered on the Stationers' books Auguſt 5, 1596[c], and the firſt ſketch of the play was printed in 1597; but

NOTES.

[a] Preface to Spenſer's *View of the State of Ireland.* Dublin, fol. 1633. This treatiſe was written, according to Sir James Ware, in 1596. The teſtimony of that hiſtorian, relative to the time of Spenſer's death, is confirmed by a fact related by Ben Jonſon to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, and recorded by that writer. When Spenſer and his wife were forced in great diſtreſs to fly from their houſe, which was burnt in the Iriſh Rebellion, the Earl of Eſſex ſent him twenty pieces; but he refuſed them; telling the perſon that brought them, he was ſure he had no time to ſpend them. He died ſoon after, according to Ben Jonſon's account, in King Street [Dublin]. Lord Eſſex was not in Ireland in 1598, and was there from April to September in the following year.—If Spenſer had died in London, as Camden ſays he did, his death would probably have been mentioned by Rowland Whyte, in his letters to Sir Robert Sydney (brother to the poet's great patron), which are ſtill extant, and contain a minute detail of moſt of the memorable occurrences of that time.

It ſhould likewiſe be remembered that Verſes by Spenſer are prefixed to Lewknor's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, printed in 1599.

[b] There is no edition of any of our author's genuine plays extant, prior to 1597, when *Romeo and Juliet* was publiſhed.

[c] There is no entry in the Stationers' books relative to the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, antecedent to its publication in 1597,

if

but it did not appear in its preſent form till two years afterwards.

Few of his plays appear to have been entered at Stationers' hall, till they have been ſome time in poſſeſſion of the ſtage; on which acount it may be conjectured that this tragedy was written in 1595.

If the following paſſage in an old comedy already mentioned, entitled *Dr. Dodipoll*, which had appeared before 1596, be conſidered as an imitation, it may add ſome weight to the ſuppoſition that *Romeo and Juliet* had been exhibited before that year:

" The glorious parts of fair Lucilia.
" Take them and join them in the heavenly ſpheres,
" And fix them there as an eternal light
" For lovers to adore and wonder at."

Dr. Dodipoll.

" Take him and cut him out into little ſtars,
" And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
" That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
" And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun."

Romeo and Juliet.

Mr. Steevens in his obſervations on *Romeo and Juliet* has quoted theſe lines from Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*:

NOTE.

if this does not relate to it. This entry was made by Edward Whyte, and therefore is not likely to have related to the *poem* called *Romeo and Juletta*, which was entered in 1582, by Richard Tottel. How vague the deſcription of plays was at this time, may appear from the following entry, which is found in the Stationers' books, an. 1590, and ſeems to relate to Marlowe's *tragedy* of Tamburlaine, publiſhed in that year, by Richard Jones:

" To Richard Jones] Twoe Commical *Diſcourſes* of Tamburlein, the Cythian Shepparde."

In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, as originally performed, ſeveral comick enterludes were introduced; whence, perhaps, the epithet *comical* was added to the title.—As tragedies were ſometimes entitled *diſcourſes*, ſo a grave poem or *ſad diſcourſe* in verſe (to uſe the language of the times,) was frequently denominated a *tragedy*. All the poems inſerted in the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, and ſome of Drayton's pieces, are called *tragedies*, by Meres and other ancient writers. Some of Sir David Lindſay's poems, though not in a dramatick form, are alſo by their author entitled *tragedies*.

" And

" And nought-reſpecting *death* (the laſt of paines)
" Plac'd his *pale colou s* (th' *enſign* of his might)
" Upon his new-got ſpoil, &c."

So in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. Sc. iii.

——— " Beauty's *enſign* yet
" Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
" And *death's pale flag* is not advanced there."

That Shakſpeare imitated Daniel, or was imitated by him, there can, I think, be little doubt. The early appearance of *The Complaint of Roſamond*[d], (which is commended by Naſhe, in a tract entitled *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication, &c.* 1592,) ſeems to authorize the former opinion.

From a ſpeech of the Nurſe in this play, which contains theſe words—" *It is now ſince the earthquake eleven years*, &c." Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or at leaſt part of it, was written in 1591; the novels from which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have drawn his ſtory, not mentioning any ſuch circumſtance; while, on the other hand, there actually was an earthquake in England on the 6th of April, 1580, which he might here have had in view[e].—It is not without great diſtruſt of my own opinion that I expreſs my diſſent from a gentleman, to whoſe judgment the higheſt reſpect is due; but, I own, this argument does not appear to me concluſive. It ſeems improbable, that Shakſpeare, when he was writing this tragedy, ſhould have adverted, with ſuch preciſion, to the date of an earthquake that had been felt in his youth; unleſs we ſuppoſe him to have entertained ſo ſtrange and incongruous a thought, as to wiſh to perſuade his audience, that the events which are the ſubject of his play, happened at Verona in 1591, at the very moment that a dramatick repreſentation of them was exhibiting in London: for if *Romeo and Juliet* was written in 1591, it probably was then alſo repreſented. The paſſage quoted ſtrikes me, as only diſplaying one of thoſe characteriſtical traits, which diſtinguiſh old people of the lower claſs; who delight in enumerating a multitude of minute circumſtances that have

NOTES.

[d] " A booke called *Delia*, contaynynge diverſe ſonates, with *the Complainte of Roſamonde*," was entered at Stationers' hall by Simon Waterſon in Feb. 1591-2.

[e] See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. iii.

no

no relation to the buſineſs immediately under their conſideration [f], and are particularly fond of computing time from extraordinary events, ſuch as battles, comets, plagues, and earthquakes. This feature of their character our author has, in various places, ſtrongly marked. Thus (to mention one of many inſtances) the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* ſays, that he came to his employment, "of all the days i'th'year, that day that the laſt king *o'ercame Fortinbras*,—that very day that young *Hamlet* was *born*."—Shakſpeare probably remembered the earthquake in 1580, and thought he might introduce one, *for the nonce*, at Mantua. Why he has placed this earthquake at the diſtance of *eleven* years, it is not very eaſy to determine. However, it may be obſerved, that having ſuppoſed it to have happened on the day on which Juliet was weaned, he could not well have made it more diſtant than *thirteen* years; which, indeed, from the context, ſhould ſeem to be the true reading. Suppoſing the author to have uſed figures, the miſtake might eaſily have happened.—At preſent there is a manifeſt contradiction in the Nurſe's account; for ſhe expreſsly ſays that Juliet was within a fortnight and odd days of completing her *fourteenth year*; and yet, according to the computation here made, ſhe could not well be much more than *twelve* years old. Perhaps Shakſpeare was more careful to mark the garrulity, than the preciſion, of the old woman;—or perhaps, he meant this very incorrectneſs as a trait of her character:—or, without having recourſe to either of theſe ſuppoſitions, ſhall we ſay, that our author was here, as in ſome other places, haſty and inattentive? It is certain that there is nothing in which he is leſs accurate, than the computation of time. Of his negligence in this reſpect, *As you Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and *Othello*, furniſh remarkable inſtances [g].

NOTES.

[f] Thus Mrs. Quickly in *K. Henry IV.* reminds Falſtaff, that he "ſwore on a parcel-gilt goblet, to marry her, ſitting in her Dolphin chamber, at a round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the prince broke his head for likening his father to a ſinging man of Windſor."

[g] See *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. Sc. laſt.—*Meaſ. for Meaſ.* Act I. Sc. iii. and iv.—*As you Like It*, Act IV. Sc. i. and iii.—*Othello*, Act III. Sc. iii. "I ſlept the *next night* well," &c.

10. Comedy of Errors, 1596.

In a tract, written by Thomas Decker, entitled *Newes from Hell brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606, there ſeems to be an alluſion to this comedy:

"—— his ignorance (ariſing from his blindneſs) is the only cauſe of this *Comedie of Errors*."

This play was neither entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623, but is mentioned by Meres in 1598; and exhibits internal proofs of having been an early production. It could not, however, have been written before 1596; for the tranſlation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, from which the plot was taken, was not publiſhed till 1595.

The *alternate* rhimes that are found in this play, as well as in *Love's Labour Loſt*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, are a farther proof that theſe pieces were among our author's earlieſt dramatick productions. We are told by himſelf, that *Venus and Adonis* was his firſt compoſition. *The Rape of Lucrece* was probably the next. When he turned his thoughts to the ſtage, the meaſure that he had uſed in theſe poems naturally preſented itſelf to him in his firſt dramatick eſſays.

11. Hamlet, 1596.

The tragedy of *Hamlet* was not regiſtered in the books of the Stationers' company till the 26th of July 1602, nor printed till 1604. The circumſtance, and indeed the general air of the play itſelf, which has not, it muſt be owned, the appearance of an early compoſition, might induce us to claſs it five or ſix years later than 1596, were we not overpowered by the proof adduced by Dr. Farmer, and by other circumſtances, from which it appears to have been acted in, or before, that year[h]. The piece, however, which

NOTE.

[h] "Dr. Lodge publiſhed, in the year 1596, a pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſs, diſcovering the incarnate Devils of the age*, quarto. One of theſe devils is *Hate-virtue, or ſorrow for another man's ſucceſſe*, who, ſays the doctor, is a *foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *ghoſt*, who cried ſo miſerably at the theatre, *Hamlet* revenge." Farmer's *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare*.

was then exhibited, was probably but a rude ſketch of that which we now poſſeſs; for, from the title-page of the firſt edition, in 1604, we learn, that (like *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Merry Wives of Windſor*) it had been enlarged to almoſt twice its original ſize.

The Caſe is altered, a comedy, attributed to Ben Jonſon, and written before the end of the year 1599[i], contains a paſſage, which ſeems to me to have a reference to this play:

Angelo. "But firſt I'll *play the ghoſt*; *I'll call him out*[k]."

In the ſecond act of *Hamlet*, a conteſt between the children of the queen's chapel[l], and the actors of the eſtabliſhed theatres, is alluded to. At what time that conteſt began, is uncertain. But, ſhould it appear not to have commenced till ſome years after the date here aſſigned, it would not, I apprehend, be a ſufficient reaſon for aſcribing this play to a later period; for, as we are certain that conſiderable additions were made to it after its firſt production, and have ſome authority for attributing the firſt ſketch of it to 1596, till that authority is ſhaken, we may preſume, that any paſſage which is inconſiſtent with that date was not in the play originally, but a ſubſequent inſertion.

With reſpect to the alluſion in queſtion, it probably was an addition; for it is not found in the quarto of 1604 (which has not the appearance of a mutilated or imperfect copy), nor did it appear in print till the publication of the folio in 1623.

The ſame obſervation may be made on the paſſage produced by Mr. Holt, to prove that this play was not written

NOTES.

[i] This comedy was not printed till 1609, but it had appeared many years before. The time when it was written is aſcertained with great preciſion by the following circumſtances. It contains an alluſion to Meres's *Wit's Treaſury*, firſt printed in the latter end of the year 1598 (ante p. 276.), and is itſelf mentioned by Naſhe in his *Lenten Stuff*, 4to. 1599.—"It is right of the merry cobler's ſtuff, in that witty play of *the Caſe is Altered*."

[k] Jonſon's works, vol. VII. p. 362. Whalley's edit.

[l] Between the years 1595 and 1600, ſome of Lilly's comedies were performed by theſe children. Many of the plays of Jonſon were repreſented by them between 1600 and 1609.—From a paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or the Comedy of Paſquil and Catherine*, which was printed in 1601, we learn that they were much followed at that time.

till

till after 1597: "*Their inhibition comes bymeans of the late innovation.*" This, indeed, does appear in the quarto of 1604, but, we may preſume, was added in the interval between 1597 (when the ſtatute alluded to—39 Eliz. ch. 4—was enacted), and that year.

Hamlet [m] Sadler was one of the witneſſes to Shakſpeare's Will. He was probably born ſoon after the firſt exhibition of this play; and, according to this date, was twenty years old at the time of his atteſtation.

If this tragedy had not appeared till ſome years after the date here aſſigned, he would not have been at the time of Shakſpeare's death above ſixteen or ſeventeen years old; at which age he ſcarcely would have been choſen as a witneſs to ſo ſolemn an act.

The following paſſage, in *An Epiſtle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Univerſities* by Thomas Naſhe, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia* (which has no date), has been thought to allude to this play:—"I will turn back to my firſt text of ſtudies of delight, and talk a little in friendſhip with a few of our trivial tranſlators [n]. It is a common practice now-a-days, among a ſort of ſhifting companions, that runne through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and buſie themſelves with the endeavours of art, that could ſcarcely latinize their neck-verſe if they ſhould have neede; yet Engliſh *Seneca*, read by candle-light, yeelds many good ſentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and ſo forth: and if you intreat him faire in a froſty morning, he will affoord you whole hamlets, I ſhould ſay, handfuls of tragical ſpeeches. But, O grief! *Tempus edax rerum*—what is that will laſt always? The ſea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and *Seneca*, let

NOTES.

[m] It has been obſerved to me, that there are other inſtances of this being uſed as a chriſtian name; it is certainly very uncommon, and may be fairly ſuppoſed, in this caſe, to have taken its riſe from the play.—After all, however, it is not quite clear that this was his name. The name ſubſcribed to Shakſpeare's original Will (which I have ſeen) *ſeems* to be *Hamnet*; but in the body of the Will he is called *Hamlet* Sadler.

[n] The perſon, whom Nathe had in contemplation in this paſſage, was, I believe, *Thomas Kyd.* The only play to which his name is affixed (*Cornelia*), is a profeſſed *tranſlation* from the French of Garnier, who imitated *Seneca*, as did alſo Kyd.

MALONE.

bloud line by line and page by page, at length muſt needes die to our ſtage."

This paſſage does not, in my apprehenſion, deciſively prove that our author's *Hamlet* was written ſo early as 1591 (in which year [o] Dr. Farmer, on good grounds, conjectures that Greene's *Arcadia* was publiſhed); for ſuppoſing this to have been a ſneer at Shakſpeare, it might have been inſerted in ſome new edition of this tract after 1596, it being a frequent practice of Naſhe and Greene, to make additions to their pamphlets at every re-impreſſion.

But it is by no means clear, that Shakſpeare was the perſon whom Naſhe had here in contemplation. He ſeems to point at ſome dramatick writer of that time, who had been originally a ſcrivener or attorney;—

"*A clerk foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,*
"*Who penn'd a ſtanza when he ſhould engroſs;*"

who, inſtead of tranſcribing deeds and pleadings, choſe to imitate Seneca's plays, of which a tranſlation had been publiſhed not many years before.—"*The trade of Noverint*" is the trade of an attorney or notary [p]. Shakſpeare was not bred to the law, at leaſt we have no ſuch tradition; nor, however freely he may have borrowed from North's *Plutarch* and Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, does he appear to be at all indebted to the tranſlation of *Seneca*.

Of all the writers of the age of queen Elizabeth, Naſhe is the moſt licentious in his language; perpetually diſtorting words from their primitive ſignification, in a manner often puerile and ridiculous, but more frequently incomprehenſible and abſurd. His proſe works, if they were collected together, would perhaps exhibit a greater farrago of unintelligible jargon, than is to be found in the productions

NOTES.

[o] Mr. Oldys, in his Mſ. Additions to Langbaine's *Lives of the Dramatick Poets*, ſays, that Greene's *Arcadia* was printed in 1589. If he is right, it is ſtill leſs probable that this paſſage ſhould have related to our author's *Hamlet*.

[p] "The country lawyers too jog down apace,
Each with his *noverint univerſi* face."

Ravenſcroft's Prologue prefixed to *Titus Andronicus*. Our ancient deeds were written in Latin, and frequently began with the words, *Noverint Univerſi*. The form is ſtill retained: *Know all men*, &c.

of

of any author ancient or modern. An argument that reſts on a term uſed by ſuch a writer, has but a weak foundation.

The phraſe—"*whole hamlets of tragical ſpeeches*"—is certainly intelligible, without ſuppoſing an alluſion to the play; and might have only meant a *large quantity*.—We meet a ſimilar expreſſion in our author's *Cymbeline*.

"I'd let a *pariſh* of ſuch Clotens blood."—

It ſhould alſo be obſerved, that "hamlets," in the foregoing paſſage, is not printed in Italicks *, though the word *Seneca*, in the ſame ſentence, is; and all the quotations, authors' names, and *books* mentioned in this epiſtle, are diſtinguiſhed by that character.

12. KING JOHN, 1596.

This is the only one of our poet's unconteſted plays that is not entered in the books of the Stationers' company. It was not printed till 1623, but is mentioned by Meres in 1598, unleſs he miſtook the old play in two parts, printed in 1591, for the compoſition of Shakſpeare[r].

In the firſt act of *King John*, an ancient tragedy, entitled *Solyman and Perſeda*, is alluded to. The earlieſt edition of that play, now extant, is that of 1599, but it was written, and probably acted, many years before; for it was entered on the Stationers' books, by Edward Whyte, Nov. 20, 1592.

Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, printed in 1603, contains a paſſage, which, if it ſhould be conſidered as an imitation of

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* It is ſo printed in edition 1589. FARMER.

[r] It is obſervable, that on the republication of this old play in 1611, the two parts are ſet forth—"as they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the *Queene's Majeſties ſervants*"—a deſcription, which, probably, was copied literally from the former edition in 1591. If this had been really Shakſpeare's performance, it would have been deſcribed, on its re-impreſſion, *as acted by his Majeſty's ſervants*; for ſo runs the title of moſt of his genuine pieces, that were either originally printed or re-publiſhed after the year 1603. The bookſeller, the better to impoſe on the publick, prefixed the letters W. Sh. to the new edition of this play in 1611, which do not appear in the form impreſſion in 1591.

a ſimilar one in *King John*, will aſcertain this hiſtorical drama to have been written at leaſt before that year:

" Then how much more in me, whoſe youthful veins,
" *Like a proud river, overflow their bounds.*"

So in *King John:*

" Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
" *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds.*"

13. Richard II. 1597.

King Richard II. was entered on the Stationers' books, Auguſt 29, 1597, and printed in that year.

14. Richard III. 1597.

Entered at the Stationers' hall, Oct. 20, 1597. Printed in that year.

15. First Part of K. Henry IV. 1597.

Entered Feb. 25, 1597, according to our preſent reckoning, 1598. Written therefore probably in 1597. Printed in 1598.

16. The Merchant of Venice, 1598.

Entered July 22, 1598; and mentioned by Meres in that year. Publiſhed in 1600.

17. All's Well that Ends Well, 1598.

All's Well that Ends Well was not entered at Stationers' hall, nor printed, till 1623; but probably is the play mentioned by Meres, in 1598, under the title of *Love's Labour Won.* This comedy was, I belive, alſo ſometimes called *A Bad Beginning makes a Good Ending*; for I find that a play with that title, together with *Hotſpur*, *Benedict* and *Beatrix*, and ſeveral others, was acted at court, by John Heminge's company, in the year 1613; and no ſuch piece is to be found in any collection however complete or extenſive, nor is ſuch a title preſerved in any liſt or catalogue whatſoever. As the titles of *Hotſpur*, and *Benedict* and *Beatrix*, were ſubſtituted in the place of *the firſt part of K Henry IV.* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, it is probable that the other was only a new name for *All's Well that Ends Well.*

By an entry in the hand-writing of king Charles I. in a copy of the ſecond edition of our author's plays in folio, which formerly belonged to that monarch, and is now in

the poſſeſſion of Mr. Steevens, it appears, that this play was alſo ſometimes called *Mr. Parolles*.

18. Second Part of K. Henry IV. 1598.

The Second Part of K. Henry IV. was entered on the Stationers' books, Auguſt 23, 1600, and was printed in that year. It was probably written in the latter end of the year 1598, for from the epilogue it appears to have been compoſed before *K. Henry V.* which itſelf muſt have been written in, or before, 1599.

I ſuppoſe this drama to have been written in the *latter part* of the year 1598, becauſe Meres, who in his *Wit's Treaſury* (which was not publiſhed before September in that year) has enumerated *Henry IV.* among our author's plays, does not ſpeak of it as a *firſt* part, nor does he mention it as a play in *two* parts His words are theſe: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the beſt for comedy and tragedy among the Latines; ſo Shakeſpeare, among the Engliſh, is the moſt excellent in both kinds for the ſtage: for comedy, witneſs his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour Loſt*, his *Love's Labour Wonne*, his *Midſummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy[y], his *Richard II. Richard III.* Henry IV. *K. John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*[z]."

The following alluſion to one of the characters in this play, which is found in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act V. ſc. ii. firſt acted in 1599, is an additional authority for ſuppoſing the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* to have been written in 1598.

"*Savi.* What's he, gentle Monſ. Briſk? Not that gentleman?

"*Faſt.* No, Lady; this is a kinſman to *Juſtice Silence*."

19. K. Henry V. 1599.

Mr. Pope thought that this hiſtorical drama was one of our author's lateſt compoſitions; but he was evidently

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[y] The circumſtance of Hotſpur's death in this play, and its being an hiſtorical drama, I ſuppoſe, induced *Meres* to denominate *the firſt part of King Henry IV.* a tragedy.

[z] *Wit's Treaſury*, p. 282.

 miſtaken.

miſtaken. *King Henry V.* was entered on the Stationers' books, Auguſt 14, 1600, and printed in the ſame year. It was written *after* the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* being promiſed in the epilogue of that play; and while the Earl of Eſſex was in Ireland[a], Lord Eſſex went to Ireland April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 28th of September in the ſame year. So that this play (unleſs the paſſage relative to him was inſerted after the piece was finiſhed) muſt have been compoſed between April and September, 1599. Suppoſing that paſſage a ſubſequent inſertion, the play was probably not written *long* before; for it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598.

The prologue[b] to Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour* ſeems clearly to allude to this play; and, if we were ſure that it was written at the ſame time with the piece itſelf, might induce us, notwithſtanding the ſilence of Meres, to place *King Henry V.* a year or two earlier; for *Every Man in his Humour* is ſaid to have been acted in 1598. But the prologue, which now appears before it, was not written till after 1601, when the play was printed without a prologue. It appears to have been Jonſon's firſt performance[c]; and we may preſume that it was the very play, which, we are told, was brought on the ſtage by the good offices of Shakſpeare, who himſelf acted in it[d]. Malignant and envious as Jonſon appears to have been, he hardly would have ridiculed his benefactor at the very time he was ſo eſſentially obliged to him. Some years afterwards, his jealouſy probably broke out, and vented itſelf in this

NOTES.

[a] See the Chorus to the fifth act of *King Henry V.*

[b] "He rather prays you will be pleas'd to ſee
"One ſuch, to-day, as other plays ſhould be;
"*Where neither Chorus wafts you o'er the ſeas, &c.*"
Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour.* Fol. 1616.

[c] Jonſon himſelf tells us in his Induction to *the Magnetick Lady*, that this was his firſt dramatick performance.—"The author beginning his ſtudies of this kind with *Every Man in his Humour.*"

[d] If the names of the actors, prefixed to this play, were arranged in the ſame order as the perſons repreſented, which is very probable, Shakſpeare played the part of *Old Knowell.* It is ſaid, that he alſo played the part of Adam in *As you Like it*; and we are informed by Betterton, that he performed the *Ghoſt* in his own *Hamlet.* We may preſume, therefore, that he uſually repreſented old men.

prologue,

prologue[d]. It is certain that, not long after the year 1600, a coolneſs[e] aroſe between Shakſpeare and him, which, however he may talk of his almoſt idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the death of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumſy ſarcaſm and many malevolent reflections[f].

On

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[d] See an old comedy called *The Return from Parnaſſus:* [This piece was not publiſhed till 1606; but appears to have been written in 1602,—certainly was produced before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March 1603.] "Why here's our fellow Shakeſpeare puts them all down; ay and *Ben Jonſon* too. O, that Ben Jonſon is a peſtilent fellow; he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakeſpeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit."

The play of Jonſon's in which *he gave the poets a pill*, is the *Poetaſter*, acted in 1601. In that piece ſome paſſages of *King Henry V.* are ridiculed. In what manner Shakſpeare *put him down, or made him bewray his credit*, does not appear. His retaliation, we may be well aſſured, contained no groſs or illiberal abuſe; and, perhaps, did not go beyond a ballad or an epigram, which may have periſhed with things of greater conſequence. He has, however, marked his diſregard for the calumniator of his fame, by not leaving him any memorial by his Will.—In an apologetical dialogue that Jonſon annexed to the *Poetaſter*, he ſays, he had been provoked for three years (i. e. from 1598 to 1601) on every ſtage by ſlanderers; as for the players, he ſays,

"It is true, I taxed them,
And yet but ſome, and thoſe ſo ſparingly,
As all the reſt might have ſat ſtill unqueſtion'd:—
——— What they have done againſt me
I am not mov'd with. If it gave them meat,
Or got them cloaths, 'tis well; that was their end,
Only, amongſt them, I am ſorry for
Some better natures, by the reſt drawn in
To run in that vile line."

By the words "*Some better natures*" there can, I think, be little doubt that Shakſpeare was alluded to.

[e] In his *Silent Woman*, Act V. Sc. ii. 1609, Jonſon perhaps pointed at Shakſpeare, as one whom he *viewed with ſcornful, yet with jealous, eyes:*

"So, they may cenſure poets and authors, and compare them; Daniel with Spenſer, Jonſon with *t'other youth*, and ſo forth." Decker, however, might have been meant.

In

On this play Mr. Pope has the following note, Act I. Sc. i.

" This

NOTES.

In the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, which was acted in 1614, two years before the death of our author, three of his plays, and in the piece itſelf two others, are attempted to be ridiculed.

In *The Devil's an Aſs*, acted in 1616, all his hiſtorical plays are obliquely cenſured.

Meer-cr. " By my faith you are cunning in the chronicles.

Fitz-dot. " No, I confeſs, I ha't from the play-books, and think they are more authentick."

They are again attacked in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair:*

" An ſome writer that I know had but the penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you ſuch a *jig-a-jog i' the booths*, you ſhould ha' thought an *earthquake* had been in the fair. But theſe *maſter-poets*, they will ha' their own abſurd courſes, they will be informed of nothing."

The following paſſage in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, was, I think, likewiſe pointed againſt Shakſpeare:

" Beſides they would wiſh your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jeſts, and to way-lay all the ſtale apophthegms or *old books* they can hear of, in print or otherwiſe, to farce their ſcenes withal:—Again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have *twice* or *thrice cooked*, they ſhould not wantonly give out how ſoon they had *dreſs'd it*, nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, beſides hobby-horſes and foot-cloth nags."

Jonſon's plots were all his own invention; our author's chiefly taken from preceding plays or novels. The former employed a year or two in compoſing a play; the latter porbably produced two every year, while he remained in the theatre.

The Induction to *The Staple of News*, which appeared in 1625, not very long after the publication of our author's plays in folio, contains a ſneer at a paſſage in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Know Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
" Will he be ſatisfied:"

which for the purpoſe of ridicule is quoted unfaithfully; and in the ſame play may be found an effort, as impotent as that of Voltaire *, to raiſe a laugh at Hamlet's exclamation when he kills Polonius.

* " *Ah! ma mere, s'écrie-t-il, il y a un gros rat derriére la tapiſſirie—il tire ſon épée, court au rat, et tue le bon homme Polonius.*"—Oeuvres de Voltaire, Tome XV. p. 473. 4to.

" Le prince tue le pere de ſa maitreſſe, *feignant de tuer un rat.*"—Tome IX. Diſſertation ſur la tragedie ancienne et moderne, p. 26.

Some

"This firſt ſcene was added ſince the edition of 1608, which is much ſhort of the preſent editions, wherein the ſpeeches are generally enlarged, and raiſed; ſeveral whole ſcenes beſides, and the choruſes alſo, were ſince *added by Shakeſpear.*"

Dr. Warburton alſo poſitively aſſerts that this firſt ſcene was written after the acceſſion of K. James I.; and the ſubſequent editors agree, that ſeveral additions were made *by*

NOTES.

Some other paſſages, which are found in Jonſon's works, might be mentioned in ſupport of this obſervation; but being quoted hereafter for other purpoſes, they are here omitted.

Notwithſtanding theſe proofs, Jonſon's malevolence to Shakſpeare, and jealouſy of his ſuperior reputation, have been doubted by Mr. Pope and others; and much ſtreſs has been laid on a paſſage in his *Diſcoveries*, and on the commendatory verſes prefixed to the firſt edition of our author's plays in folio.—The reader, after having peruſed the following character of Jonſon, drawn by Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, a contemporary, and an intimate acquaintance of his, will not, perhaps, readily believe theſe *poſthumous* encomiums to have been ſincere. "Ben Jonſon, (ſays that writer) was a great lover and praiſer of himſelf; a contemner and ſcorner of others, given rather to loſe a friend than a jeſt; jealous of every word and action of thoſe about him, eſpecially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a diſſembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of ſome good that he wanted: he thinketh nothing well done, but what either himſelf or ſome of his friends have ſaid or done; he is paſſionately kind and angry; careleſs either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if he be well anſwered, [angry] at himſelf; interprets the beſt ſayings and deeds often to the worſt *. He was for any religion as being verſed in both; oppreſſed with fancy, which over-maſtered his reaſon, a general diſeaſe in many poets. His inventions are ſmooth and eaſy, but above all, he excelleth in tranſlation. *Drummond's Works*, fol. 1711, p. 226.

In the year 1619 Jonſon went to Scotland, to viſit Mr. Drummond, who has left a curious account of a converſation that paſſed between them, relative to the principal poets of thoſe times.

* His miſquoting a line of *Julius Cæſar*, ſo as to render it nonſenſe, at a time when the play was in print, is a ſtrong illuſtration of this part of his character. The plea of an unfaithful memory cannot be urged in his defence, for he tells us in his *Diſcoveries*, that till he was paſt forty, he could repeat every thing that he had written.

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the author to *King Henry V.* after it was originally compoſed. But there is, I believe, no good ground for theſe aſſertions. It is true, that no perfect edition of this play was publiſhed before that in folio, in 1623; but it does not follow from thence, that the ſcenes which then firſt appeared in print, and all the choruſes, were added by *Shakſpeare*, as Mr. Pope ſuppoſes, after 1608. We know indeed the contrary to be true; for the chorus to the fifth act muſt have been written in 1599. The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, publiſhed in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exiſt, but that thoſe copies were ſurreptitious (probably taken down in ſhort-hand, during the repreſentation); and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publiſh the whole, publiſhed what he could.

I have not indeed met with any evidence (except in three plays) that the ſeveral ſcenes, which are found in the folio of 1623, and are not in the preceding quartos, were added by the ſecond labour of the author —The laſt chorus of *K. Henry V.* already mentioned, affords a ſtriking proof that this was not always the caſe. The two copies of *the Second Part of K. Henry IV*, printed in the ſame year (1600), furniſh another. In one of theſe, the whole firſt ſcene of Act III. is wanting; not becauſe it was then unwritten, (for it is found in the other copy publiſhed in that year,) but becauſe the editor was not poſſeſſed of it. That what have been called *additions by the author*, were not really ſuch, may be alſo collected from another circumſtance; that in ſome of the quartos where theſe ſuppoſed additions are wanting, references and replies are found to the paſſages omitted [h].

I do not however mean to ſay, that Shakſpeare never made any alterations in his plays. We have reaſon to believe that *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *the Merry Wives*

NOTE.

[h] Of this ſee a remarkable inſtance in *K. Henry IV. P. II.* Act I ſc. i. where Morton in a long ſpeech having informed Northumberland that the archbiſhop of York had joined the rebel party, the Earl replies,—"*I knew of this before*"—The quarto contains the reply, but not a ſingle line of the narrative to which it relates.

of

of Windſor, were entirely new written; and a ſecond reviſal or temporary topicks might have ſuggeſted, in a courſe of years, ſome additions and alterations in all his pieces. But with reſpect to the entire ſcenes that are wanting in ſome of the early editions (particularly thoſe of *King Henry V. King Richard II.* and *the Second Part of King Henry IV.*) I ſuppoſe the omiſſions to have ariſen from the imperfection of the copies; and inſtead of ſaying that "the firſt ſcene of *K. Henry V.* was *added by the author* after the publication of the quarto in 1600," all that we can pronounce with certainty is, that this ſcene is not *found* in the quarto of 1600.

20. Much Ado about Nothing, 1600.

Much Ado about Nothing was written, we may preſume, early in the year 1600; for it was entered at Stationers' hall, Auguſt 23, 1600, and printed in that year.

It is not mentioned by Meres in his liſt of our author's plays, publiſhed in the latter end of the year 1598.

21. As You Like It, 1600.

This comedy was not printed till 1623, and the caveat or memorandum[*] in the ſecond volume of the books of the Stationers' company, relative to the three plays of *As You Like it*, *Henry V. and Much Ado about Nothing*, has no date except *Aug.* 4. But immediately *above* that caveat there is an entry, dated May 27, 1600,—and the entry, immediately *following* it, is dated Jan. 23, 1603. We may therefore preſume that this caveat was entered *between* thoſe two periods: more eſpecially, as the dates ſcattered over the pages where this entry is found are, except in one inſtance, in a regular ſeries from 1596 to 1615. This will appear more clearly by exhibiting the entry exactly as it ſtands in the book:

27 May 1600.

To Mr. Roberts.] Allarum to London.

NOTE.

[*] See Mr. Steevens's extracts from the books of the Stationers' company, ante p. 270.

4 Aug.

As You like it, a book,
Henry the Fift, a book,
Every Man in his Humour, a book,
Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing,
} to be ſtaied.

23 Jan. 1603.

To Thomas Thorpe, and William Aſpley. } This to be their copy, &c.

It is extremely probable that this 4th of Auguſt was of the year 1600; which ſtanding a little higher on the paper, the clerk of the Stationers' company might have thought unneceſſary to be repeated. All the plays which were entered with *As You like It*, and are here ſaid *to be ſtaied*, were printed in the year 1600 or 1601. The ſtay or injunction againſt the printing appears to have been very ſpeedily taken off; for in ten days afterwards, on the 14th of Auguſt, 1600, *King Henry V.* was entered, and publiſhed in the ſame year. So, *Much Ado about Nothing* was entered Auguſt 23, 1600, and printed alſo in that year: and *Every Man in his Humour* was publiſhed in 1601.

Shakſpeare, it is ſaid, played the part of Adam in *As You Like It*. As he was not eminent on the ſtage, it is probable that he ceaſed to act ſome years before he retired to the country. His appearance, however, in this comedy, is not inconſiſtent with the date here aſſigned; for we know that he performed a part in Jonſon's *Sejanus* in 1603.

22. Merry Wives of Windsor, 1601.

The firſt ſketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. It was entered in the books of the Stationers' company, on the 18th of January 1601-2, and was therefore probably written in 1601, after the *two parts of K. Henry IV.* being, it is ſaid, compoſed at the deſire of queen Elizabeth, in order to exhibit Falſtaff in love, when all the pleaſantry which he could afford in any other ſituation was exhauſted. But it may not be thought ſo clear, that it was written after *K. Henry V.* Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in *K. Henry V.* yet appear in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. Falſtaff is diſgraced in the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* and dies in *K. Henry V.* But in the *Merry Wives of Windſor* he talks as if

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he were yet in favour at court; "*If it ſhould come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, &c.*" and Mr. Page diſcountenances Fenton's addreſſes to his daughter, *becauſe he kept company with the wild Prince and with Pointz.* Theſe circumſtances ſeem to favour the ſuppoſition that this play was written between the *Firſt and Second Parts of K. Henry IV.* But that it was not written then, may be collected from the tradition above-mentioned. If it ſhould be placed (as Dr. Jonſon obſerves it ſhould be read) between the *Second Part of K. Henry IV. and Henry V.* it muſt be remembered, that Mrs. Quickly, who is half-bawd half-hoſteſs in *K. Henry IV.* is, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Dr. Caius's houſe-keeper, and makes a decent appearance; and in *K. Henry V.* is Piſtol's wife, and dies in an hoſpital; a progreſſion that is not very natural. Beſides, on Mrs. Quickly's firſt appearance in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff does not know her, nor does ſhe know Piſtol nor Bardolph. The truth, I believe, is, that it was written *after K. Henry V.* and after Shakſpeare had killed Falſtaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it neceſſary at the ſame time to revive all thoſe perſons with whom he was wont to be exhibited; Nym, Piſtol, Bardolph, and the Page; and diſpoſed of them as he found it convenient, without a ſtrict regard to their ſituations or cataſtrophes in former plays.

There is reaſon to believe that *The Merry Wives of Windſor* was reviſed and conſiderably enlarged by the author, after its firſt production. The old edition in 1602, like that of *Romeo and Juliet*, is apparently a rough draught, and not a mutilated or imperfect copy. At what time the alterations and additions were made, is uncertain. Mr. Warton ſuppoſes them to have been made in 1607. Dr. Farmer concurs with him * in that opinion, though he does not think the argument, on which it is founded, concluſive. I have not met with any information on this head.

This comedy was not printed in its preſent ſtate, till 1623, when it was publiſhed with the reſt of our author's plays, in folio.

NOTE.

* Not before 1607. Probably ſome years after; at leaſt not acted, as the imperfect copy was reprinted 1619.

FARMER.

23. K. Henry VIII. 1601.

This play was probably written, as Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens obſerve, before the death of queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March, 1603. The elogium on king James, which is blended with the panegyrick on Elizabeth, in the laſt ſcene, was evidently a ſubſequent inſertion, after the acceſſion of the Scotiſh monarch to the throne; for Shakſpeare was too well acquainted with courts, to compliment in the life-time of queen Elizabeth, her preſumptive ſucceſſor, of whom hiſtory informs us ſhe was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning king James was added after the death of the queen, is ſtill more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnſon has remarked, by the aukward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and ſubſequent lines.

It may be objected, that, if this play was written after the acceſſion of king James, the author could not introduce a panegyrick on him, without making queen Elizabeth the vehicle of it, ſhe being the object immediately preſented to the audience in the laſt act of *K. Henry VIII.* and that, therefore, the praiſes ſo profuſely laviſhed on her do *not* prove this play to have been written in her life-time; on the contrary, that the concluding lines of her character ſeem to imply that ſhe was dead, when it was compoſed. The objection certainly has weight; but, I apprehend, the following obſervations afford a ſufficient anſwer to it.

1. It is more likely that Shakſpeare ſhould have written a play, the chief ſubject of which is, the diſgrace of queen Catharine, the aggrandizement of Anne Boleyn, and the birth of her daughter, in the life-time of that daughter, than after her death; at a time when the ſubject muſt have been highly pleaſing at court, rather than at a period when it muſt have been leſs intereſting.

Queen Catharine, it is true, is repreſented as an amiable character, but ſtill ſhe is *eclipſed*; and the greater her merit, the higher was the compliment to the mother of Elizabeth, to whoſe ſuperior beauty ſhe was obliged to give way.

2. Had *K. Henry VIII.* been written in the time of king James I. the author, inſtead of expatiating ſo largely in the laſt ſcene, in praiſe of the queen, which he could not think would be very acceptable to her ſucceſſor, would probably have made him the principal figure in the prophecy, and thrown her into the back-ground as much as poſſible.

3. Were

3. Were James I. Shakſpeare's chief object in the original conſtruction of the laſt act of this play, he would probably have given a very ſhort character of Elizabeth, and have *dwelt* on that of James, with whoſe praiſe he would have *concluded*, in order to make the ſtronger impreſſion on the audience, inſtead of returning again to queen Elizabeth, in a very aukward and abrupt manner, after her character ſeemed to be quite finiſhed; an aukwardneſs that can only be accounted for, by ſuppoſing the panegyrick on king James an after-production [1].

4. If the queen had been dead when our author wrote this play, he would have been acquainted with the particular circumſtances attending her death, the ſituation of the kingdom at that time, and of foreign ſtates, &c. and, as archbiſhop Cranmer is ſuppoſed to have had the gift of prophecy, Shakſpeare, probably, would have made him mention ſome of thoſe circumſtances. Whereas the prediction, as it ſtands at preſent, is quite general, and ſuch

NOTE.

1 After having enumerated ſome of the bleſſings that were to enſue from the birth of Elizabeth, and celebrated her majeſty's various virtues, the poet thus proceeds:

Cran. "In *her* days every man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known; and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by thoſe claim their greatneſs, not by blood.
[Nor ſhall this peace *ſleep* with her; but as when
The bird of wonder *dies*, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one, &c.
——————————— *He* ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:---our children's children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs heaven.
King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.]
Cran. *She* ſhall be, to the happineſs of England,
An aged princeſs: many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Wou'd I had known no more! but ſhe *muſt die*,
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her; yet a virgin, &c."

The lines between crotchets are thoſe ſuppoſed to have been inſerted by the author after the acceſſion of king James.

as might, without any hazard of error, have been pronounced in the life-time of her majeſty; for the principal facts that it foretells are, that ſhe ſhould die aged, and a virgin. Of the former, ſuppoſing this piece to have been written in 1601, the author was ſufficiently ſecure; for ſhe was then near ſeventy years old. The latter may perhaps be thought too delicate a ſubject, to have been mentioned while ſhe was yet living. But, we may preſume, it was far from being an ungrateful topick; for very early after her acceſſion to the throne, ſhe appears to have been proud of her maiden character; declaring, that ſhe was *wedded* to her people, and that ſhe deſired no other inſcription on her tomb, than—*Here lyeth Elizabeth, who reigned and died a* VIRGIN[m]. Beſides, if Shakſpeare knew, as probably moſt people at that time did, that ſhe became very ſolicitous about the reputation of virginity, when her title to it was at leaſt equivocal, this would be an additional inducement to him to compliment her on that head.

5. Granting that the *latter part* of the panegyrick on Elizabeth implies that ſhe was dead when it was compoſed, it would not prove that this play was written in the time of king James; for *theſe latter lines* in praiſe of the queen, as well as the whole of the compliment to the king, might have been added after his acceſſion to the throne, in order to bring the ſpeaker back to the object immediately before him, the infant Elizabeth. And this Mr. Theobald conjectured to have been the caſe. I do not, however, ſee any *neceſſity* for this ſuppoſition; as there is nothing, in my apprehenſion, contained in *any* of the lines, in praiſe of the queen, inconſiſtent with the idea of the *whole* of the panegyrick on her having been compoſed in her life-time.

In further confirmation of what has been here advanced, to ſhew that this play was probably written while queen Elizabeth was yet alive, it may be obſerved, (to uſe the words of an anonymous writer[n]), that "Shakſpeare has caſt the diſagreeable parts of her *father's* character as much into ſhade as poſſible; that he has repreſented him as greatly diſpleaſed with the grievances of his ſubjects, and ordering them to be relieved; tender and obliging (in the early part

NOTES.

[m] Camden, 27. Melvil, 49.
[n] The author of *Shakſpeare illuſtrated.*

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of the play) to his queen; grateful to the cardinal; and, in the caſe of Cranmer, capable of diſtinguiſhing and rewarding true merit." "He has exerted (adds the ſame author) an equal degree of complaiſance by the amiable lights in which he has ſhewn the *mother* of Elizabeth. Anne Bullen is repreſented as affected with the moſt tender concern for the ſufferings of her miſtreſs, queen Catharine; receiving the honour the king confers on her, by making her marchioneſs of Pembroke, with a graceful humility; and more anxious to conceal her advancement from the queen, leſt it ſhould aggravate her ſorrows, than ſolicitous to penetrate into the meaning of ſo extraordinary a favour, or of indulging herſelf in the flattering proſpect of future royalty."

It is unneceſſary to quote particular paſſages in ſupport of theſe aſſertions; but the following lines, which are ſpoken of Anne Boleyn by the Lord Chamberlain, appear to me ſo evidently calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, (to whom ſuch incenſe was by no means diſpleaſing,) that I cannot forbear to tranſcribe them:—

—— "I have peruſed her well;
"Beauty and honour are in her ſo mingled,
"That they have caught the king: *and who knows yet,*
"*But from this lady may proceed a gem,*
"*To lighten all this iſle.*"

The Globe play-houſe, we are told by the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, was burnt down, on St. Peter's day, in the year 1613, while the play of *K. Henry VIII.* was exhibiting. Sir Henry Wotton (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved) ſays, in one of his letters, that this accident happened during the exhibition of a *new* play, called *All is True*; which, however, appears both from Sir Henry's minute deſcription of the piece, and from the account given by Stowe's continuator, to have been our author's play of *K. Henry VIII.* If indeed Sir H. Wotton was accurate in calling it a *new* play, all the foregoing reaſoning on this ſubject would be at once overthrown; and this piece, inſtead of being aſcribed to 1601, ſhould have been placed twelve years later. But I ſtrongly ſuſpect that the only novelty attending this play, in the year 1613, was its title, decorations, and perhaps the prologue and epilogue. The Elector Palatine was in London in that year; and it appears from the Mſ. regiſter of lord Harrington, treaſurer of the chambers to K. James I. that many of our author's plays

were then exhibited for the entertainment of him and the princeſs Elizabeth. By the ſame regiſter we learn, that the titles of many of them were changed [o] in that year. Princes are fond of opportunities to diſplay their magnificence before ſtrangers of diſtinction; and James, who, on his arrival here, muſt have been dazzled by a ſplendour foreign to the poverty of his native kingdom, might have been peculiarly ambitious to exhibit before his ſon-in-law the mimick pomp of an Engliſh coronation [p]. *King Henry VIII.* therefore, after having lain by for ſome years unacted, on account of the coſtlineſs of the exhibition, might have been revived in 1613, under the title of *All is True*, with new decorations, and a new prologue and epilogue. Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves, that the prologue has two or three direct references to this title; a circumſtance which authorizes us to conclude, almoſt with certainty, that it was an occaſional production, written ſome years after the compoſition of the play. *King Henry VIII.* not being then publiſhed, the fallacy of calling it a new play on its revival was not eaſily detected.

Dr. Johnſon long ſince ſuſpected, from the contemptuous manner in which "*the noiſe of targets*, and *the fellow in a long motley coat*," or, in other words, moſt of our author's plays, are ſpoken of in this prologue, that it was not the compoſition of Shakſpeare, but written after his departure from the ſtage, on ſome accidental revival of *K. Henry VIII.* by B. Jonſon, whoſe ſtyle it ſeemed to him to reſemble [q].

Dr.

NOTE.

[o] Thus *Henry IV.* P. I. was called *Hotſpur*; *Henry IV.* P. II. or *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, was exhibited under the name of *Sir John Falſtaff*; *Much Ado about Nothing* was new-named *Benedict and Beatrix*; and *Julius Cæſar* ſeems to have been repreſented under the title of *Cæſar's Tragedy*.

[p] The Prince Palatine was not preſent at the repreſentation of *K. Henry VIII.* on the 30th of June, O. S. when the Globe playhouſe was burnt down, having left England ſome time before. But the play might have been revived for his entertainment in the beginning of the year 1613; and might have been occaſionally repreſented afterwards.

[q] In ſupport of this conjecture it may be obſerved, that Ben Jonſon has in many places endeavoured to ridicule our author, for repreſenting battles on the ſtage. So, in his prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*:

——"Yet

Dr. Farmer is of the ſame opinion, and thinks he ſees ſomething of Jonſon's hand, here and there, in the dialogue alſo. After our author's retirement to the country, Jonſon was perhaps employed to give a novelty to the piece by a new title and prologue, and to furniſh the managers of the Globe with a deſcription of the coronation ceremony, and of thoſe other decorations with which, from his connection with Inigo Jones, and his attendance at court, he was peculiarly converſant.

The

NOTE.

——" Yet ours for want hath not ſo lov'd the ſtage,
As he dare ſerve the *ill cuſtoms* of the age,
Or purchaſe your delight at ſuch a rate
As, for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate;
To make, &c. ————
———— or *with three ruſty ſwords,*
And help of ſome few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaſter's long jars,
And in the tyring houſe bring wounds to ſcars."

Again, in his *Silent Woman*, Act IV. ſc. iv.

" Nay, I would fit out a play, that were nothing but fights at ſea, drum, trumpet, and *target.*"

We are told, in the memoirs of Ben Jonſon's life, that he went to France in the year 1613. But at the time of the revival of *King Henry VIII.* he either had not left England, or was then returned; for he was a ſpectator of the fire which happened at the Globe theatre during the repreſentation of that piece. [See the next note.]

It may, perhaps, ſeem extraordinary, that he ſhould have preſumed to prefix this covert cenſure of Shakſpeare to one of his own plays. But he appears to have eagerly embraced every opportunity of depretiating him. This occaſional prologue (whoever was the writer of it) confirms the tradition handed down by Rowe, that our author retired from the ſtage about three years before his death. Had he been at that time joined with Heminge and Burbage in the management of the Globe theatre, he ſcarcely would have ſuffered the lines, above alluded to, to have been ſpoken. In lord Harrington's account of the money diſburſed for the plays that were exhibited by his majeſty's ſervants, in the year 1613, before the Elector Palatine, all the payments are ſaid to have been made to " *John Heminge*, for himſelf and the reſt of his fellows;" from which we may conclude that he was then the principal manager. A correſpondent, however, of Sir Thomas Puckering's (as I learn from Mr. Tyrwhitt) in a Mſ. letter preſerved in the Muſeum, and dated in the year 1613, calls the company at the Globe, " *Bourbage's* company."—Shakſpeare's

 name

The piece appears to have been revived with ſome degree of ſplendour; for Sir Henry Wotton gives a very pompous account of the repreſentation. The unlucky accident that happened to the houſe during the exhibition, was occaſioned by diſcharging ſome ſmall pieces, called chambers, on K. Henry's arrival at cardinal Wolſey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciouſly managed, ſet fire to the thatched roof of the theatre [r].

The

NOTES.

name ſtands before either of theſe in the licence granted by K. James; and, had he not left London before that time, the players at the Globe theatre, I ſhould imagine, would rather have been entitled *his* company.—The burleſque parody on the account of Falſtaff's death, which is contained in Fletcher's comedy of *The Captain*, acted in 1613, and the ridicule of Hamlet's celebrated ſoliloquy, and of Ophelia's death, in his *Scornful Lady*, which was repreſented about the ſame time, confirm the tradition that our author had then retired from the ſtage, careleſs of the fate of his writings, inattentive to the illiberal attacks of his contemporaries, and negligent alike of preſent and poſthumous fame.

[r] The Globe theatre (as I learn from the Mſſ. of Mr. Oldys) was thatched with reeds, and had an open area in its center. This area we may ſuppoſe to have been filled by the loweſt part of the audience, whom Shakſpeare calls the *groundlings*.—*Chambers* are not, like other guns, pointed horizontally, but are diſcharged as they ſtand erect on their breeches. The accident may, therefore, be eaſily accounted for. If theſe pieces were let off behind the ſcenes, the paper or wadding, with which their charges were confined, would reach the thatch on the inſide; or, if fixed without the walls, it might have been carried by the wind to the top of the roof.

This accident is alluded to in the following lines of Ben Jonſon's *Execration upon Vulcan*; from which it appears, that he was at the Globe playhouſe when it was burnt, a circumſtance which in ſome meaſure ſtrengthens the conjecture that he was employed on the revival of *King Henry VIII.* for this was not the theatre at which his pieces were uſually repreſented:

"Well fare the wiſe men yet on the Bank-ſide,
"My friends, the watermen! they could provide
"Againſt thy fury, when, to ſerve their needs,
"They made a Vulcan of a ſheaf of reeds;
"Whom they durſt handle in their holy-day coats,
"And ſafely truſt to dreſs, not burn their boats.
"But O thoſe reeds! thy mere diſdain of them
"Made thee beget that cruel ſtratagem

"(Which

The play, thus revived and new-named, was probably called, in the bills of that time, a *new* play; which might have led Sir Henry Wotton to deſcribe it as ſuch. And thus his account may be reconciled with that of the other contemporary writers, as well as with thoſe arguments which have been here urged in ſupport of the early date of *K. Henry VIII.* Every thing has been fully ſtated on each ſide of the queſtion. The reader muſt judge.

Mr. Roderick, in his notes on our author, (appended to Mr. Edwards's *Canons of Criticiſm,*) takes notice of ſome peculiarities in the metre of the play before us; viz. "*that there are many more verſes in it than in any other, which end with a redundant ſyllable*"—"*very near two to one*"—and that "*the cæſuræ or pauſes of the verſe are full as remarkable.*" The *redundancy*, &c. obſerved by this critick, Mr. Steevens thinks (a remark which, having omitted to introduce in its proper place, he deſires me to inſert here,) "was rather the effect of chance, than of deſign in the author; and might have ariſen either from the negligence of Shakſpeare, who in this play has borrowed whole ſcenes and ſpeeches from Holinſhed, whoſe words he was probably in too much haſte to compreſs into verſification ſtrictly regular and harmonious; or from the interpolations of Ben Jonſon, whoſe hand Dr. Farmer thinks he occaſionally perceives in the dialogue."

NOTE.

"(Which ſome are pleas'd to ſtyle but thy mad prank)
"Againſt *the Globe*, the glory of *the Bank:*
"Which, though it were the fort of the whole pariſh,
"Flank'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a mariſh,
"*I ſaw* with two poor *chambers* taken in,
"And raz'd; ere thought could urge this might have been.
"See the world's ruins! nothing but the piles
"Left, and wit ſince to cover it with tiles.
"The brethren, they ſtraight nois'd it out for news,
"'Twas verily ſome relick of the ſtews,
"And this a ſparkle of that fire let looſe,
"That was lock'd up in the Wincheſtrian gooſe,
"Bred on *the Bank* in time of popery,
"When Venus there maintain'd her miſtery.
"But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
"And cried, it was a threat'ning to the bears,
"And that accurſed ground, *the Paris-garden*, &c."

Whether Mr. Roderick's poſition be well founded is hardly worth a conteſt; but the peculiarities which he has animadverted on (if ſuch there be) add probability to the conjecture that this piece underwent ſome alterations, after it had paſſed out of the hands of Shakſpeare.

Our author had produced ſo many plays in the preceding years, that it is not likely that *K. Henry VIII.* was written *before* 1601. It might perhaps with equal propriety be aſcribed to 1602, and it is not eaſy to determine in which of thoſe years it was compoſed; but it is extremely probable that it was written in one of them. It was not printed till 1623.

A book or poem, called "The Life and Death of Thomas Woolſey Cardinall," which was entered on the books of the Stationers' company, in the year 1599, perhaps ſuggeſted this ſubject to Shakſpeare.

24. Troilus and Cressida, 1602.

Troilus and Creſſida was entered at Stationers' hall Feb. 7, 1602-3, by J. Roberts, the printer of *Hamlet*, *the Merchant of Venice*, and *A Midſummer Night's Dream*. It was therefore, probably, written in 1602. It was printed in 1609, with a preface by the editor, who ſpeaks of it as if it had not been then acted. But it is entered in 1602-3, "*as* acted *by my Lord Chamberlen's men.*" The players at the Globe theatre, to which Shakſpeare belonged, were called *the Lord Chamberlain's ſervants* till the year 1603. In that year they obtained a licence for their exhibitions from king James; and from that time they bore the more honourable appellation of *his majeſty's ſervants*. There can, therefore, be little doubt, that the *Troilus and Creſſida*, which is here entered as acted at Shakſpeare's theatre, was his play, and was, if not repreſented, intended to have been repreſented there[s].

Perhaps the two diſcordant accounts, relative to this piece, may be thus reconciled. It might have been performed in 1602 at *court*, by the lord chamberlain's ſervants, (as many plays at that time were), and yet not have been

NOTE.

[s] No other play with this title has come down to us. We have therefore a right to conclude, that the play entered in the books of the Stationers' company was Shakſpeare's.

exhibited

exhibited on the publick ſtage till ſome years afterwards. The editor in 1609 only ſays, "it had never been ſtaled with the *ſtage*, never clapperclaw'd with the palms of the *vulgar*."

As a further proof of the early appearance of *Troilus and Creſſida*, it may be obſerved, that an incident in it ſeems to be burleſked in a comedy entitled *Hiſtriomaſtix*, which, though not printed till 1610, muſt have been written before the death of queen Elizabeth, who, in the laſt act of the piece, is ſhadowed under the character of Aſtræa; and is ſpoken of as then living.

In our author's play, when Troilus and Creſſida part, he gives her his ſleeve; and ſhe, in return, preſents him with her glove.

To this circumſtance theſe lines in *Hiſtriomaſtix* ſeem to refer. They are ſpoken by Troilus and Creſſida, who are introduced in an interlude:

Troi. "Come, Creſſida, my creſſet light,
Thy face doth ſhine both day and night.
Behold, behold, *thy garter blue*
Thy knight his valiant elbow weares,
That, when he ſhakes his furious ſpeare,
The foe in ſhivering fearful ſort
May lay him down in death to ſnort.

Creſſ. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here take my ſkreene, weare it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the ſame,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame."

Dryden ſuppoſed *Troilus and Creſſida* to have been one of Shakſpeare's earlieſt performances[t]; but has not mentioned on what principles he founded his judgement. Pope, on the other hand, thought it one of his laſt; grounding his opinion not only on the preface by the editor in 1609, but on "the great number of obſervations, both moral and political, with which this piece is crowded, more

NOTE.

[t] "The tragedy which I have undertaken to correct was, in all probability, one of his *firſt endeavours* on the ſtage.—— Shakſpeare (as I hinted) *in the apprenticeſhip of his writing* modelled it [the ſtory of Lollius] into that play which is now called by the name of *Troilus and Creſſida*."—Dryden's preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*.

than

than any other of our author's." For my own part, were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books, I ſhould have been led, both by the colour of the writing and by the above-mentioned preface, to claſs it (though not one of our author's happieſt effuſions) in 1608, rather than in that year in which it is here placed.

25. MEASURE FOR MEASURE, 1603.

This play was not regiſtered at Stationers' hall, nor printed, till 1623. But from two paſſages in it, which ſeem intended as a courtly apology for the ſtately and ungracious demeanour of K. James I. on his entry into England, it appears probable that it was written ſoon after his acceſſion to the throne:

" I'll privily away. I love the people,
" But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes.
" Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
" Their loud applauſe, and aves vehement;
" Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
" That does affect it."

Meaſ. for Meaſ. Act I. ſc. i.

Again, Act II. ſc. iv.

———————— " So
" The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,
" Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
" Croud to his preſence, where their untaught love
" Muſt needs appear offence [u]."

King James was *ſo much offended* by the *untaught*, and, we may add, undeſerved, gratulations of his ſubjects, on his entry into England, that he iſſued a proclamation, forbidding the people to reſort to him.—" Afterwards," ſays the hiſtorian of his reign, " in his publick appearances, eſpecially in his ſports, the acceſſes of the people made him ſo impatient, that he often diſperſed them with frowns, that we may not ſay with *curſes* [w]."

That *Meaſure for Meaſure* was written before 1607, may be fairly concluded from the following paſſage in a poem

NOTES.

[u] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note.
[w] Wilſon's *Hiſt. of K. James*, ad ann. 1603.

publiſhed

publiſhed in that year, which we have good ground to believe was copied from a ſimilar thought in this play, as the author, at the end of his piece, profeſſes a perſonal regard for Shakſpeare, and highly praiſes his *Venus and Adonis* * :

" So play the fooliſh *throngs* with one that *ſwoons* ;
" Come all to *help* him, and ſo ſtop the *air*
" By which he ſhould revive."

Meaſ. for Meaſ. Act II. Sc. iv.

" And like as when ſome ſudden extaſie
" Seizeth the nature of a ſicklie man ;
" When he's diſcern'd to *ſwoune*, ſtraite by and by
" Folke to his *helpe* confuſedly have ran,
" And ſeeking with their art to fetch him backe,
" So many *throng* that he the *ayre* doth lacke."

Myrrha the Mother of Adonis, or Luſt's Prodigies, by William Barkſted, a poem, 1607

26. CYMBELINE, 1604.

Cymbeline was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623. It ſtands the *laſt* play in the earlieſt folio edition ; but nothing can be collected from thence, for the folio editors manifeſtly paid no attention to chronological arrangement. Not containing any intrinſick evidence by which its date might be aſcertained, it is attributed to this year, chiefly becauſe there is no proof that any other play was written by Shakſpeare in 1604. And as in the courſe of ſomewhat more than twenty years, he produced, according to ſome, thirty-ſix, in the opinion of others,

NOTES.

* See the verſes alluded to, ante p. 268. note *.

This writer does not ſeem to have been very ſcrupulous about adopting either the thoughts or expreſſions of his contemporaries ; for in this poem are found two lines taken verbatim from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, printed four years before *Myrrha the Mother of Adonis*, &c.

" Night like a maſque was enter'd heaven's great hall,
" With thouſand torches uſhering the way."

It appears from B. Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, that W. Barkſted was an actor, and was employed in the theatre where our author's plays were repreſented. He might therefore have performed a part in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, or have ſeen the copy before it was printed.

thirty-five dramas, we may preſume that he was not idle during any one year of that time.

This play was perhaps alluded to, in an old comedy, called *The Return from Parnaſſus:*

" Frame as well me might, with eaſy ſtrain,
" With far more praiſe, and with as little pain,
" Stories of love, where 'fore the wond'ring bench
" The liſping gallant might enjoy his wench;
" *Or make ſome ſire acknowledge his loſt ſon*[y],
" *Found, when the weary act is almoſt done.*"

If the author of this piece had *Cymbeline* in contemplation, it muſt have been more ancient than it is here ſuppoſed; for from ſeveral paſſages in *the Return from Parnaſſus*, that comedy appears to have been written before the death of queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March 1603.

Mr. Steevens has obſerved, that there is a paſſage in Beaumont's and Fletcher's *Philaſter*, which bears a ſtrong reſemblance to a ſpeech of Jachimo in *Cymbeline:*

" I hear the tread of people: I am hurt;
" *The Gods take part againſt me: could this boor*
" *Have hold me thus, elſe?*"

Philaſter, Act IV. Sc. i.

——————— " I have bely'd a lady
" The princeſs of this country; *and the air of't*
" *Revengingly enfeebles me; or cou'd this carle,*
" *A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me,*
" *In my profeſſion?*"

Cymbeline, Act V. Sc. ii.

Philaſter is ſuppoſed to have appeared on the ſtage before 1611; being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Epigrams*, which have no date, but were printed, according to Oldys, in or about that year[z].

One edition of the tract called *Weſtward for Smelts*, from which part of the fable of *Cymbeline* is borrowed, was publiſhed in 1603.

NOTES.

[y] In the laſt act of *Cymbeline two* ſons are found. But the author might have written *ſon* on account of the rhyme.

[z] *Additions* to Langbaine's *Account of the Dramatick Poets.* Mſ.

27. King Lear, 1605.

The tragedy of *King Lear* was entered on the books of the Stationers' company Nov. 26, 1607, and is there mentioned to have been played the preceding Chriſtmas, before his majeſty at Whitehall. But this, I conjecture, was not its firſt exhibition. It ſeems extremely probable that its firſt appearance was in 1605; in which year the old play of *K. Leir*, that had been entered at Stationers' hall in 1594, was printed by Simon Stafford, for John Wright, who, we may preſume, finding Shakſpeare's play ſucceſsful, hoped to palm the ſpurious one on the publick for his [a].

Our author's *King Lear* was not publiſhed till 1608. Harſnet's *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, from which Shakſpeare borrowed ſome fantaſtick names of ſpirits, mentioned in this play, was printed in 1603.

28. Macbeth, 1606.

From a book, entitled *Rex Platonicus*, cited by Dr. Farmer, we learn that king James, when he viſited Oxford in 1605, was addreſſed by three ſtudents of St. John's college, who perſonated the three weird ſiſters, and recited a ſhort dramatick poem, founded on the prediction of thoſe ſibyls (as the author calls them,) relative to Banquo and Macbeth.

Dr. Farmer is of opinion, that this little piece [b] preceded Shakſpeare's play; a ſuppoſition which is ſtrengthened by the ſilence of the author of *Rex Platonicus*, who, if *Macbeth* had then appeared on the ſtage, would probably have mentioned ſomething of it. It ſhould be likewiſe remembered, that there ſubſiſted at that time a ſpirit of oppoſition and rivalſhip between the regular players and the academicks of the two univerſities; the latter of whom frequently acted plays both in Latin and Engliſh, and ſeem

NOTES.

[a] Shakſpeare has copied one of the paſſages in this old play. This he might have done, though we ſhould ſuppoſe it not to have been publiſhed till after his *K. Lear* was written and acted; for the old play had been in poſſeſſion of the ſtage for many years before 1605.

[b] In *Rex Platonicus* it is called *Luſiuncula*.

to have piqued themſelves on the ſuperiority of their exhibitions to thoſe of the eſtabliſhed theatres [d]; Wiſhing probably to manifeſt this ſuperiority to the royal pedant, it is not likely that they would chooſe, for a collegiate interlude, a ſubject which had already appeared on the public ſtage, with all the embelliſhments that the magick hand of Shakſpeare could beſtow.

This tragedy contains an alluſion to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under one ſovereign, and alſo to the cure of the king's-evil by the royal touch [e]; but in what year that pretended power was aſſumed by king James I. is uncertain. *Macbeth* was not entered in the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623.

In *The Tragedy of Cæſar and Pompey, or Cæſar's Revenge*, are theſe lines:

" Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's* ſpur
" That *pricketh* Cæſar to theſe high attempts?"

If the author of that play, which was publiſhed in 1607, ſhould be thought to have had Macbeth's ſoliloquy in view (which is not unlikely), this circumſtance may add ſome degree of probability to the ſuppoſition that this tragedy had appeared before that year:

——————— " I have no *ſpur*
" To *prick* the ſides of my intent, but only
" Vaulting *ambition*, which o'er-leaps itſelf
" And falls at the other"——

At the time when *Macbeth* is ſuppoſed to have been written, the ſubject, it is probable, was conſidered as a

NOTES.

[d] Ab ejuſdem collegii alumnis (qui et cothurno tragico et ſocco comico principes ſemper habebantur) *Vertumnus*, comœdia faceta, ad principes exhilarandos exhibetur. *Rex Platonicus*, p. 78.

Arcadiam reſtauratam Iſiacorum Arcadum lectiſſimi cecinerunt, unoque opere, principum omniumque ſpectantium animos immenſa et ultra fidem affecerunt voluptate; *ſimulque patrios ludiones, etſi exercitatiſſimos, quantum interſit inter ſcenam mercenarium & eruditam docuerunt*, Ib. p. 228. See alſo the lines quoted above from the *Return from Parnaſſus*, and Act IV. Sc. iii. of that piece, which was acted publickly at St. John's college in Cambridge.

[e] *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. i. ii.

topick

topick the moſt likely to conciliate the favour of the court. In the additions to *Warner's Albion's England*, which were firſt printed in 1606, the ſtory of "*the Three Fairies or Weird Elves*," as he calls them, is ſhortly told, and king James's deſcent from Banquo carefully deduced.

Ben Jonſon, a few years afterwards, paid his court to his majeſty by his *Maſque of Queens*[f], preſented at Whitehall, Feb. 12, 1609; in which he has given a minute detail of all the magick rites that are recorded by king James in his book of *Dæmonologie*, or by any other author ancient or modern.

Mr. Steevens has lately diſcovered a Mſ. play, entitled THE WITCH, written by Thomas Middleton[g], which renders it queſtionable, whether Shakſpeare was not indebted to that author for the firſt hint of the magick introduced in this tragedy. The reader will find an account

NOTES.

[f] Mr. Upton was of opinion that this maſque preceded *Macbeth* But the only ground that he ſtates for this coujecture, is, "that Jonſon's pride would not ſuffer him to borrow from Shakeſpeare, though he ſtole from the ancients."

[g] In an advertiſement prefixed to an edition of *A Mad World my Maſters*, a comedy by Thomas Middleton, 1640, the printer ſays, that the author was "*long ſince dead.*" Middleton probably died ſoon after the year 1626. He was chronologer to the city of London, and it does not appear that any maſque or pageant, in honour of the Lord Mayor, was ſet forth by him after that year*. From the dates of his printed plays, and from the enſuing verſes on his laſt performance, by Sir William Lower, we may conclude, that he was as early a writer, and at leaſt as old, as Shakſpeare:

"*Tom Middleton* his numerous iſſue brings,
"And his laſt muſe delights us when ſhe ſings:
"His halting age a pleaſure doth impart,
"And his white locks ſhew maſter of his art."

The following dramatick pieces, by Middleton, appear to have been publiſhed in his life-time.—*Your Five Gallants*, no date.—*Blurt Maſter Conſtable, or the Spaniard's Night Walke*, 1602.—*Michaelmas Term*, 1607.—*The Phœnix*, 1607.—*The Family of Love*, 1608.—*A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1608.—*A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608.—*The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurſe*, 1611.—*Fair Quarrel*, 1617.—*A Chaſte Maid of Cheapſide*, 1620.—*A Game*

* *The Triumph of Health and Proſperity at the Inauguration of the moſt worthy Brother, the Right Hon. Cuthbert Haſket, draper; compoſed by* Thomas Middleton, draper, 1626, 4to.

count of this ſingular curioſity in the note[h].—To the obſervations of Mr. Steevens I have only to add, that the ſongs,

NOTES.

at Cheſſe, 1625.—Moſt of his other plays were printed, about thirty years after his death, by Kirkman and other bookſellers, into whoſe hands his manuſcripts fell.

[h] In a former note on this tragedy, I have ſaid that the original edition contains only the two firſt words of the ſong in the 4th act, beginning—*Black ſpirits*, &c.; but have lately diſcovered the entire ſtanza in an *unpubliſhed* dramatick piece, viz. "A Tragi-Coomodie called THE WITCH; *long ſince* acted by his Ma.ties Servants at the Black Friers; written by *Tho. Middleton*." The ſong is there called—"A charme-ſong, about a veſſel." The other ſong omitted in the 5th ſcene of the 3d act of *Macbeth*, together with the imperfect couplet there, may likewiſe be found, as follows, in *Middleton's* performance.—The *Hecate* of *Shakeſpeare*, ſays:——

"I am for the air, &c."

The *Hecate* of *Middleton* (who like the former is ſummoned away by aerial ſpirits) has the ſame declaration in almoſt the ſame words:—"I am for aloft," &c.

"*Song.*] Come away, come away:
"*Hecat*, *Hecat*, come away. } *in the aire.*

"*Hec.* I come, I come, I come,
"With all the ſpeed I may,
"With all the ſpeed I may.
"Wher's *Stadlin?*
"Heere.] *in the aire.*
"Wher's *Puckle?*
"Heere.] *in the aire.*
"And *Hoppo* too, and *Hellwaine* too,
"We lack but you, we lack but you: } *in the aire.*
"Come away, make up the count.

"*Hec.* I will but 'noynt, and then I mount.

"A ſpirit like a cat deſcends. { There's one comes downe to fetch his dues,
A kiſſe, a coll, a ſip of blood:
And why thou ſtaiſt ſo long
"I muſe, I muſe,
"Since the air's ſo ſweet and good. } *above*

"*Hec.* Oh, art thou come?
"What newes, what newes?
"All goes ſtill to our delight,
"Either come, or els
Refuſe, refuſe. } *above.*

"*Hec.*] Now I am furniſh'd for the flight.
"*Fire.*] Hark, hark, the catt ſings a brave treble in her owne language.

"*Hec.*

ſongs, beginning, *Come away*, &c. and *Black ſpirits*, &c. being found at full length in *The Witch*, while only the the

NOTES.

" *Hec. going up.* Now I goe, now I flie,
" *Malkin* my ſweete ſpirit and I,
" Oh what a daintie pleaſure 'tis
" To ride in the aire,
" When the moone ſhines faire,
" And ſing, and daunce, and toy and kiſs!
" Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
" Over ſeas, our miſtris' fountains,
" Over ſteepe towres and turrets,
" We fly by night 'mongſt troopes of ſpiritts.
" No ring of bells to our eares ſounds,
" No howles of woolves, no yelpes of hounds;
" No, not the noyſe of waters'-breache,
" Or cannons' throat, our height can reache.
" No ring of bells, &c.] *above.*

" *Fire.*] Well mother, I thank your kindneſs: you muſt be gambolling i' th'aire, and leave me to walk here, like a fool and a mortall. *Exit.* *Finis Actus Tertii.*"

This *Fire-ſtone*, who occaſionally interpoſes in the courſe of the dialogue, is called, in the liſt of Perſons Repreſented,—" The *Clowne* and *Heccat*'s ſon.

Again, the *Hecate* of *Shakeſpeare* ſays to her ſiſters:—

" I'll charm the *air* to give a ſound,
" While you perform your antique round, &c.
[*Muſick. The Witches dance and vaniſh.*"

The *Hecate* of *Middleton* ſays on a ſimilar occaſion:

" Come, my ſweete ſiſters, let the *aire* ſtrike our tune,
" Whilſt we ſhew reverence to yond peeping moone.
[*Here they dance and Exeunt.*"

In this play, the motives which incline the witches to miſchief, their manners, the contents of their cauldron, &c. ſeem to have more than accidental reſemblance to the ſame particulars in *Macbeth*. The hags of *Middleton*, like the weird ſiſters of *Shakeſpeare*, deſtroy cattle becauſe they have been refuſed proviſions at farm houſes. The owl and the cat *(Gray Malkin)* give them notice when it is time to proceed on their ſeveral expeditions.—Thus *Shakeſpeare*'s Witch:—

" Harper cries;—'tis time, 'tis time."

Thus too the *Hecate* of *Middleton:* ——

" *Hec.*] Heard you the owle yet?
" *Stad.*] Briefely in the copps.
" *Hec.*] 'Tis high time for us then."

The *Hecate* of *Shakeſpeare*, addreſſing her ſiſters, obſerves, that Macbeth is but *a wayward ſon, who loves for his own ends, not for*

the two firſt words of them are printed in *Macbeth*, favour the ſuppoſition that Middleton's piece preceded that of Shakſpeare;

NOTES.

them. The *Hecate* of *Middleton* has the ſame obſervation, when the youth who has been conſulting her retires:

" I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't."

Inſtead of the *greaſe that's ſweaten from the murderer's gibbet*, and the *finger of birth-ſtrangled babe*, the witches of Middleton employ " the griſtle of a man that *hangs after ſunſet*," (i. e. of a murderer, for all other criminals were anciently cut down before evening) and the " fat of an unbaptized child." They likewiſe boaſt of the power to raiſe tempeſts that ſhall blow down trees, overthrow buildings, and occaſion ſhipwreck; and, more particularly, that they can " *make miles of woods walk.*" Here too the Grecian *Hecate* is degraded into a preſiding witch, and exerciſed in ſuperſtitions peculiar to our own country. So much for the ſcenes of enchantment; but even other parts of *Middleton*'s play coincide more than once with that of *Shakſpeare*. Lady *Macbeth* ſays, in act II:

" ——— the ſurfeited grooms
" Do mock their charge with *ſnores*. I have *drugg'd* their *poſſets*." ———

So too *Franciſca* in the piece of *Middleton*:

" ——— they're now all at reſt,
" And Gaſper there and all:—Liſt!—faſt aſleepe;
" He *cryes* it hither.——I muſt diſeaſe you ſtraight, Sir;
" For the maide-ſervants, and the girles o' th' houſe,
" I *ſpic'd* them lately with a *drowſie poſſet*,
" They will not hear in haſte."———

And *Franciſca*, like lady *Macbeth*, is watching late at night to encourage the perpretration of a murder.

The expreſſion which *Shakſpeare* has put into the mouth of *Macbeth*, when he is ſufficiently recollected to perceive that the dagger and the blood on it were the creations of his own fancy, ——" There's no ſuch thing"—is likewiſe appropriated to *Franciſca*, when ſhe undeceives her brother, whoſe imagination had been equally abuſed.

From the inſtances already produced, perhaps the reader would allow, that if *Middleton*'s piece preceded *Shakſpeare*'s, the originality of the magic introduced by the latter might be fairly queſtioned; for our author (who, as actor, and manager, had acceſs to unpubliſhed dramatic performances) has ſo often condeſcended to receive hints from his contemporaries, that our ſuſpicion of his having been a copyiſt in the preſent inſtance might not be without foundation. Nay, perhaps, a time may arrive, in which it will become evident from books and manuſcripts yet undiſcovered and unexamined, that *Shakſpeare* never attempted a play on any argument,

Shakſpeare; the latter, it ſhould ſeem, thinking it unneceſſary to ſet down verſes which were probably well known, and perhaps then in the poſſeſſion of the managers of the Globe theatre.

NOTE.

argument, till the effect of the ſame ſtory, or at leaſt the ruling incidents in it, had been already tried on the ſtage, and familiarized to his audience. Let it be remembered, in ſupport of this conjecture, that dramatic pieces on the following ſubjects,—viz. *King John*, *King Richard II. and III. King Henry IV. and V. King Henry VIII. King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *the Merchant of Venice*, *the Taming of a Shrew*, *and the Comedy of Errors*,—had appeared before thoſe of *Shakeſpeare*, and that he has taken ſomewhat from all of them that we have hitherto ſeen. I muſt obſerve, at the ſame time, that *Middleton*, in his other dramas, is found to have borrowed little from the ſentiments, and nothing from the fables of his predeceſſors. He is known to have written in concert with *Jonſon*, *Fletcher*, *Maſſinger*, and *Rowley*; but appears to have been unacquainted, or at leaſt unconnected, with *Shakſpeare*.

It is true that the date of THE WITCH cannot be aſcertained. The author, however, in his dedication (*to the truelie-worthie and generouſly-affected Thomas Holmes, Eſquire*) obſerves, that he *recovered this ignorant-ill-fated labour of his* (from the play-houſe, I ſuppoſe) *not without much difficultie. Witches* (continues he) *are, ipſo facto, by the law condemn'd, and that onely, I thinck, hath made her lie ſo long in an impriſon'd obſcuritie.* It is probable, therefore, from theſe words, as well as from the title-page, that the play was written *long* * before the dedication, which ſeems to have been added ſoon after the year 1603, when the act of K. James againſt witches paſſed into a law. If it be objected, that THE WITCH appears from this title-page to have been acted only by *his* majeſty's ſervants, let it be remembered that theſe were the very players who had been before in the ſervice of the *Queen*; but *Middleton*, dedicating his work in the time of *James*, ſpeaks of them only as dependants on the reigning prince.

Here too it may be remarked, that the firſt dramatic piece, in which *Middleton* is known to have had a hand, viz. *The Old Law*, was acted in 1599; ſo that THE WITCH might have been com-

* That dramatic pieces were ſometimes written *long* before they were printed, may be proved from the example of Marlowe's *Rich Jew of Malta*, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' company in the year 1594, but was not publiſhed till 1633, as we learn from the preface to it written by *Heywood*. It appears likewiſe, from the ſame regiſters, that ſeveral plays were written, that were never publiſhed at all.

theatre. The high reputation of Shakſpeare's performances (to mention a circumſtance which in the courſe of theſe obſervations will be more than once inſiſted upon) likewiſe ſtrengthens

NOTE.

poſed, if not performed at an earlier period * than the acceſſion of *James* to the crown; for the belief of witchcraft was ſufficiently popular in the preceding reigns. The piece in queſtion might likewiſe have been neglected through the caprice of players, or retarded till it could be known that *James* would permit ſuch repreſentations (for on his arrival here, both authors and actors, who ſhould have ventured to bring the midnight mirth and jollity of witches on the ſtage, would probably have been indicted as favourers of magic and enchantment); or, it might have ſhrunk into obſcurity after the appearance of *Macbeth*; or perhaps was forbidden by the command of the king. The witches of *Shakſpeare* (excluſive of the flattering circumſtance to which their prophecy alludes) are ſolemn in their operations, and therefore behaved in conformity to his majeſty's own opinions. On the contrary, the hags of *Middleton* are ludicrous in their conduct, and leſſen, by ridiculous combinations of images, the ſolemnity of that magic in which our ſcepter'd perſecutor of old women moſt reverently and potently believed.

The concluſion to *Middleton's* dedication has likewiſe a degree of ſingularity that deſerves notice.—"For your ſake alone, ſhe hath thus conjur'd herſelf abroad; and beares no other charmes about her, but what may tend to your recreation; nor no other ſpell, but to poſſeſs you with a belief, that as ſhe, ſo he, that *firſt* taught her to enchant, will alwaies be, &c."—"He that taught her to enchant," would have ſufficiently expreſſed the obvious meaning of the writer, without aid from the word *firſt*, which ſeems to imply a covert cenſure on ſome perſon who had engaged his *Hecate* in a *ſecondary* courſe of witchcraft.

The reader muſt have inferred from the ſpecimen of incantation already given, that this MS. play (which was purchaſed by *Major Pearſon* out of the collection of one *Griffin*, a player, and is in all probability the preſentation copy) had indubitably paſſed through the hands of Sir *William Davenant*; for almoſt all the additions which he pretends to have made to the ſcenes of witchcraft in *Macbeth* (together with the names of the ſupplemental agents) are adopted from *Middleton*. It was not the intereſt therefore of *Sir William*, that this piece ſhould ever appear in print: but time,

* The ſpelling in the MS. is ſometimes more antiquated than any to be met with in the printed copies of *Shakſpeare*, as the following inſtances may prove:—*Byn* for *been*—*ſollempnely* for *ſolemnly*—*dampnation* for *damnation*—*quight* for *quite*—*grizzle* for *griſile*—*doa* for *doe*—*ollyff* for *olive*, &c.

that

ſtrengthens this conjecture; for it is very improbable, that Middleton, or any other poet of that time, ſhould have ventured into thoſe regions of fiction, in which our author had *already* expatiated:

—"Shakſpeare's magick could not *copy'd* be,
Within that circle none durſt walk but he."

Other pieces of equal antiquity may, perhaps, be hereafter diſcovered, for the names of ſeveral ancient plays are preſerved, which are not known to have been ever printed. Thus we hear of *Valentine and Orſon, plaied by her Majeſtie's players*,—The tragedy of *Ninus and Semiramis*,—*Titirus and Galathea*,--*Godfrey of Bulloigne*,--*The Cradle of Securitie*,--*Hit the Naile o'the Head*,—*Sir Thomas More*,—(Harl. Mſ. 7368)—*The Iſle of Dogs*, by Thomas Naſhe,—The comedy of *Fidele and Fortunatus*,—The famous tragedy of *The Deſtruction of Jeruſalem*, by Dr. Legge,—*The Freman's Honour*, by William Smith,—*Mahomet and Irene the Faire Greek*,—*The Play of the Cards*,—*Cardenio*,—*The Knaves*,—*The Knot of Fools*,—*Raymond Duke of Lyons*,—*The Nobleman*, by Cyril Tourneur,—[the five laſt acted in the year 1613;]—*The honoured Loves*,—*The Parliament of Love*,—and *Nonſuch*, a comedy; all by William Rowley;—*The Pilgrimage to Parnaſſus*, by the author of *the Return from Parnaſſus*,—*Believe as you Liſt*, by Maſſinger,--*The Pirate*, by Davenport,--*Roſania or Love's Victory*, a comedy by Shirley, (ſome of whoſe plays were extant in Mſ. in Langbaine's time;)—*The Twins*, a tragedy, acted in 1613,—*Tancred*, a tragedy, by Sir Henry Wotton,—*Demetrius and Marſina, or the imperial impoſtor and unhappy Heroine*, a tragedy,—*The Tyrant*, a tragedy,—*The*

NOTE.

that makes important diſcoveries, has likewiſe brought his petty plagiariſm to light *.

I ſhould remark, that Sir *W. D.* has corrupted ſeveral words as well as proper names in the ſongs, &c. but it were needleſs to particularize his miſtakes, as this entire tragi-comedy will hereafter be publiſhed for the ſatisfaction of the curious and intelligent readers of *Shakſpeare*. STEEVENS.

* Sir William Davenant might likewiſe have formed his play of *Albovine King of Lombardy* on ſome of the tragic ſcenes in this unpubliſhed piece by Middleton. Yet the chief circumſtances on which they are both founded occur in the fourth volume of the *Hiſtoires Tragiques, &c. par François de Belle foreſt*, 1580, p. 297, and at the beginning of *Machiavel's Florentine Hiſtory*. STEEVENS.

Queen of Corſica,—*The Bugbears*,—*The Second Maid's Tragedy*,—*Timon*, a comedy,—*Catiline's Conſpiracy*, a tragedy, and *Captain Mario*, a comedy, both by Stephen Goſſon;—*The True Hiſtorie of George Scanderbeg*, as played by the right hon. the Earl of Oxenforde's ſervants,—*Jane Shore*,—*The Bold Beauchamps*,—*The Second Part of Sir John Oldcaſtle*,—*The General*,—*The Toy*,—*The Tell-tale* *, a comedy,—*The Woman's Plot*, *The Woman's too hard for Him*, [both acted at court in 1621;]—*The Love-ſick Maid*, [acted at court in 1629;]—*Fulgius and Lucrelle*,—*The Fool Transformed*, a comedy,—*The Hiſtory of Lewis the Eleventh*, *King of France*, a tragi-comedy,—*The Chaſte Woman againſt her Will*, a comedy,—*The Tooth Drawer*, a comedy,—*Honour in the End*, a comedy—*The Hiſtory of Don Quixote*, *or the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance*, a comedy,—*The Fair Spaniſh Captive*, a tragi-comedy,—*The tragedy of Heildebrand*,—*Love yields to Honour*,—*The Noble Friend*, &c. &c. Soon after the Reſtoration, one Kirkman, a bookſeller, printed many dramatick pieces that had remained unpubliſhed for more than ſixty years; and, in an advertiſement ſubjoined to "*A true, perfect, and exact catalogue of all the comedies, tragedies, &c. that were ever yet printed and publiſhed, till this preſent year* 1671," he ſays, that although there were, at that time, but eight hundred and ſix plays in print, yet many more had been written and acted, and that "he himſelf had *ſome quantity in manuſcript*."—The reſemblance between *Macbeth* and this newly diſcovered piece by Middleton naturally ſuggeſts a wiſh, that if any of the unpubliſhed plays, above enumerated, be yet in being, (beſides *Timon*, *Sir Thomas More*, and *the Second Maid's Tragedy*, which are known to be extant) their poſſeſſors would condeſcend to examine them with attention; as hence, perhaps, new lights might be thrown on others of our author's plays.

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* The perſons repreſented in this play (which is in my poſſeſſion) are—Duke; Fidelio; Aſpero; Hortenſio; Borgias; Picentio; Count Giſmond; Ferneſe; Bentivoglio; Coſmo; Julio; Captain; Lieutenant; Ancient; two Doctors; an Ambaſſador; Victoria; Elinor; Iſabel; Leſbia.—Scene, Florence.

29. The Taming of the Shrew, 1606.

The Taming of a Shrew, which, together with *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Love's Labour Loſt*, was entered at Stationers'-hall, by Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606-7, was not, I believe, Shakſpeare's play, but the old comedy of the ſame name, on which our author's piece was manifeſtly formed. Nich. Ling never printed either *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Love's Labour's Loſt*; though in the books of the Stationers' company they were entered by him. The *old* Taming of a Shrew, which had been originally entered in 1594, and perhaps ſoon afterwards printed[g], was re-publiſhed in 1607 by Nich. Ling. As it bore nearly the ſame title with Shakſpeare's play (*which was not printed till* 1623) the hope of getting a ſale for it, under the ſhelter of a celebrated name, was probably the inducement to iſſue it out at that time: and its publication *then* gives weight to the ſuppoſition that Shakſpeare's play was written and firſt acted in the latter end of the year 1606. It was entered by John Smythwick, Nov. 19, 1607; from which circumſtance, we may conclude, that he had procured a copy of it, and had then thoughts of publiſhing it. It was not, however, printed by him till 1631, eight years after it had appeared in the edition of the players in folio.

30. Julius Cæsar, 1607.

A tragedy on the ſubject, and with the title, of *Julius Cæſar*, written by Mr. William Alexander, who was afterwards Earl of Sterline, was printed in the year 1607. This, I imagine, was prior to our author's performance. Shakſpeare, we know, formed ſeven or eight plays on fables that had been unſucceſsfully managed by other poets[h]; but no contemporary writer was daring enough to

NOTES.

[g] From a paſſage in a tract written by Sir John Harrington, entitled *The Metamorphoſes of Ajax*, 1596, this old play appears to have been printed before that year, though no edition of ſo early a date has hitherto been diſcovered. "*Read* the booke of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us ſo perfect, that now every one can rule a ſhrew in our country, ſave he that hath hir."

[h] See a note on *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. Sc. i. in which they are enumerated.

enter the lists with him in his life-time, or to model into a drama a subject that had already employed his pen: and it is not likely that Lord Sterline, who was then a very young man, and had scarcely unlearned the Scottish idiom, should have been more hardy than any other poet of that age.

I am aware, it may be objected, that this writer might have formed a drama on this story, not knowing that Shakspeare had previously composed the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*; and that, therefore, the publication of Mr. Alexander's play in 1607 is no proof that our author's performance did not then exist.—In answer to this objection, it may, perhaps, be sufficient to observe, that Mr. Alexander had, before that year, very wisely left the bleak fields of Menstrie in Clackmananshire, for a warmer and more courtly residence in London, having been appointed gentleman of the privy chamber to prince Henry; in which situation his literary curiosity must have been gratified by the earliest notice of the productions of his brother dramatists.

Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, though not printed till 1607, might have been written a year or two before; and perhaps its publication in that year was in consequence of our author's play on the same subject being then first exhibited. The same observation may be made with respect to an anonymous performance, called *The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge*[k], which was likewise printed in 1607. The subject of that piece is the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia, the death of Julius, and the final overthrow of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. The attention of the town being, perhaps, drawn to the history of *the hook-nosed fellow of Rome*, by the exhibition of our author's *Julius Cæsar*, the booksellers, who printed these two plays, might have flattered themselves with the hope of an expeditious sale for them at that time, especially as Shakspeare's play was not then published.

We have certain proof that *Antony and Cleopatra* was composed before the middle of the year 1608. An attentive review of that play and *Julius Cæsar* will, I think,

NOTE.

[k] This play, as appears by the title-page, was privately acted by the students of Trinity College in Oxford. In the running title it is called *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*; perhaps the better to impose it on the publick for the performance of Shakspeare.

lead

lead us to conclude that this latter was first written[1]. Not to inſiſt on the chronology of the ſtory, which would naturally ſuggeſt this ſubject to our author before the other, in *Julius Cæſar* Shakſpeare does not ſeem to have been thoroughly poſſeſſed of Antony's character. He has, indeed, marked one or two of the ſtriking features of it; but Antony is not fully delineated till he appears in that play which takes its name from him and Cleopatra. The rough ſketch would naturally precede the finiſhed picture.

From a paſſage in the comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, which was printed in 1609, we learn, that a droll on the ſubject of Julius Cæſar had been exhibited before that year. "I have ſeen (ſays one of the perſonages in that comedy), *the City of Nineveh*, and *Julius Cæſar*, acted by mammets." Moſt of our antient drolls and puppet-ſhews are known to have been regular abridgments of celebrated plays, or particular ſcenes of them only. It does not appear that lord Sterline's *Julius Cæſar* was ever cele-

NOTE.

[1] The following paſſages in *Antony and Cleopatra* (and others of the ſame kind may perhaps be found) ſeem to me to diſcover ſuch a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the perſons exhibited in *Julius Cæſar*, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakſpeare would neceſſarily have acquired from having previouſly written a play on that ſubject:

" *Pompey*, —— I do not know
" Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
" Having a ſon and friends, ſince *Julius Cæſar*
" *Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted*,
" There ſaw you labouring for him. What was't
" That mov'd *pale* Caſſius to conſpire? And what
" Made *all-honour'd*, *honeſt*, *Roman Brutus*,
" With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
" To drench the capitol, but that they would
" Have one man but a man?"

So, in another place,

" When Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
" He cry'd almoſt to roaring; and he wept
" When at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain."

Again,

" *Ant.* He at Philippi kept
" His ſword ev'n like a dancer, while I ſtruck
" The *lean* and *wrinkled* Caſſius; and 'twas I
" That the *mad* Brutus ended."

brated,

brated, or even acted; neither that nor his other plays being at all calculated for dramatick repreſentation. On the other hand, we know that Shakſpeare's *Julius Cæſar* was a very popular piece; Digges, a contemporary writer, having, in his commendatory verſes on our author's works, particularly alluded to it, as one of his moſt applauded performances [m]. The droll here mentioned was, therefore, probably formed out of Shakſpeare's play: and we may preſume that it had been in poſſeſſion of the ſtage at leaſt a year or two, before it was exhibited in this degraded form. Though the term *mammets*, in the paſſage above quoted, ſhould be conſidered as contemptuouſly applied to the children of Paul's or thoſe of the Chapel [n] (an interpretation which it will commodiouſly enough admit), the argument with reſpect to the date of *Julius Cæſar* will ſtill remain in its full force.

In the prologue to *The Falſe One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, this play is alluded to [o]; but in what year that tragedy was written, is unknown.

If the date of *The Maid's Tragedy*, by the ſame authors, were aſcertained, it might throw ſome light on the preſent

NOTES.

[m] "Nor fire nor cank'ring age, as Naſo ſaid
Of his, thy wit-fraught book ſhall once invade:
Nor ſhall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
(Though miſs'd) untill our bankrout ſtage be ſped
(Impoſſible!) with ſome new ſtrain, to outdo
Paſſions of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*;
Or till I hear a ſcene *more nobly take*
Than when thy half-ſword parlying Romans ſpake."

Verſes by L. Digges, prefixed to the firſt edition of our author's plays, in 1623.

[n] By a ſimilar figure theſe children are, in *Hamlet*, called "*little Eyaſes.*"——

[o] "New titles warrant not a play for new,
The ſubject being old; and 'tis as true,
Freſh and neat matter may with eaſe be fram'd
Out of their ſtories that have oft' been nam'd
With glory on the ſtage. What borrows he
From him that wrought old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love for Hecuba? Sure to tell
Of Cæſar's amorous heats, and *how he fell*
In the Capitol, can never be the ſame
To the judicious."

Prologue to *the Falſe One.*

enquiry;

enquiry; the quarreling ſcene between Melantius and his friend being manifeſtly copied from a ſimilar ſcene in *Julius Cæſar*. Dryden mentions a tradition (which he might have received from Sir William D'Avenant) that *Philaſter* was the firſt play that brought Beaumont and Fletcher into reputation. That play, as has been already mentioned, was acted before 1611, perhaps in 1609. We may therefore preſume that the *Maid's Tragedy* did not appear before that year; for we cannot ſuppoſe it to have been one of the unſucceſsful pieces that preceded *Philaſter*. That the *Maid's Tragedy* was written before 1611, is aſcertained by a Mſ. play, now extant, entitled *The* SECOND *Maid's Tragedy* which was licenſed by Sir George Buck, on the 31ſt of Oct. 1611. I believe it never was printed[P].

If, therefore, we fix the date of the original *Maid's Tragedy* in 1610, it agrees ſufficiently well with that here aſſigned to *Julius Cæſar*.

It appears by the papers of the late Mr. George Vertue, that a play called *Cæſar's Tragedy* was acted at court before the 10th of April, in the year 1613. This was probably Shakſpeare's *Julius Cæſar*, it being much the faſhion at that time to alter the titles of his plays.

31. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, 1608.

Antony and Cleopatra was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608; but was not printed till 1623.

In Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Act IV. Sc. iv. 1609, this play ſeems to be alluded to:

"*Moroſe*. Nay, I would ſit out a play that were nothing but *fights at ſea*, drum, trumpet and target."

32. CORIOLANUS, 1609.

33. TIMON OF ATHENS, 1610.

Theſe two plays, which were neither entered in the books of the Stationers' company, nor printed, till 1623,

NOTE.

[P] This tragedy (as I learn from a Mſ. of Mr. Oldys) was formerly in the poſſeſſion of John Warburton, Eſq; Somerſet Herald. It had no author's name to it, when it was licenſed, but was afterwards aſcribed to George Chapman, whoſe name is eraſed by another hand, and that of *Shakſpeare* inſerted.

are claſſed here only on the principle mentioned in a preceding article[r]. Shakſpeare, in the courſe of about twenty years, produced thirty-five dramas. Moſt of his *other* plays have been attributed, on colourable grounds at leaſt, to *former years*. As we have no proof to aſcertain when *theſe* were written, it ſeems reaſonable to aſcribe them to that period, to which we are not led by any particular circumſtance to attribute any other of his works; at which, it is ſuppoſed, he had not ceaſed to write; which yet, unleſs theſe pieces were then compoſed, muſt, for aught that now appears, have been unemployed. When once he had availed himſelf of North's Plutarch, and had thrown any one of the lives into a dramatick form, he probably found it ſo eaſy as to induce him to proceed, till he had exhauſted all the ſubjects which he imagined that book would afford. Hence the four plays of *Julius Cæſar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, are ſuppoſed to have been written in ſucceſſion.

Cominius, in the panegyrick which he pronounces on Coriolanus, ſays,

——"In the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince
"He lurch'd all ſwords of the garland."

In Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Act V. Sc. laſt, we meet (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) the ſame uncommon phraſeology: "You have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of *the garland*."

Whether this was a ſneer at Shakſpeare, or a new phraſe of that day, it adds ſome degree of probability to the date here aſſigned to *Coriolanus*; for *The Silent Woman* alſo made its firſt appearance in 1609.

There is a Mſ. comedy now extant, on the ſubject of *Timon*, which, from the hand-writing and the ſtyle, appears to be of the age of Shakſpeare. In this piece a ſteward is introduced, under the name of *Lache*, who, like *Flavius* in that of our author, endeavours to reſtrain his maſter's profuſion, and faithfully attends him when he is forſaken by all his other followers —Here too a mock-banquet is given by Timon to his falſe friends; but, inſtead of warm water, ſtones painted like artichokes are ſerved up, which he throws at his gueſts. From a line in Shakſpeare's play, one might be tempted to think that

NOTE.

[r] Ante No. 26.

ſomething

ſomething of this ſort was introduced by him; though, through the omiſſion of a marginal direction in the only ancient copy of this piece, it has not been cuſtomary to exhibit it:

" *Second Senator.* Lord Timon's mad.
" *3d Sen.* I feel it on my bones.
" *4th Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day *ſtones.*"

This comedy (which is evidently the production of a ſcholar, many lines of Greek being introduced into it) appears to have been written after Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, (1599) to which it contains a reference; but I have not diſcovered the preciſe time when it was compoſed. If it were aſcertained, it might be ſome guide to us in fixing the date of our author's *Timon*, which, on the grounds that have been already ſtated[s], I ſuppoſe to have been poſterior to this anonymous play.

34. Othello, 1611.

Dr. Warburton thinks that there is in this tragedy a ſatirical alluſion to the inſtitution of the order of Baronets, which dignity was created by king James I. in the year 1611:

——" The hearts of old gave hands,
" But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts."
Othello, Act III. Sc. iv.

" Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour," (ſays that commentator) " they [the new-created baronets] had an addition to their paternal arms, of an hand *gules* in an eſcutcheon argent. And we are not to doubt but that this was *the new heraldry* alluded to by our author; by which he inſinuates, *that ſome then created had hands indeed, but not hearts; that is, money to pay for the creation, but no virtue to purchaſe the honour.*"

Such is the obſervation of this critick. But by what chymiſtry can the ſenſe which he has affixed to this paſſage be extracted from it? Or is it probable, that Shakſpeare, who has more than once condeſcended to be the encomiaſt

NOTE.

[s] Ante p. 340. 343, 341.

of

of the unworthy founder of the order of Baronets, who had been perſonally honoured by a letter from his majeſty, and ſubſtantially benefited by the royal licence granted to him and his fellow-comedians, ſhould have been ſo impolitick, as to ſatirize the king, or to depretiate his new-created dignity?

Theſe lines appear to me to afford an obvious meaning, without ſuppoſing them to contain ſuch a multitude of alluſions:

Of old (ſays *Othello*) *in matrimonial alliances, the heart dictated the union of hands; but our modern junctions are thoſe of hands, not of hearts.*

On every marriage the arms of the wife are *united* to thoſe of the huſband. This circumſtance, I believe, it was, that ſuggeſted *heraldry*, in this place, to our author. I know not whether a heart was ever uſed as an armorial enſign, nor is it, I conceive, for this interpretation, neceſſary to enquire. It was the office of the herald to *join*, or, to ſpeak technically, to *quarter* the arms of the new-married pair[t]. Hence, with his uſual licence, Shakſpeare uſes *heraldry* for *junction*, or *union* in general. Thus, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, the ſame term is employed to denote that *union* of colours which conſtitutes a beautiful complexon:

> "This *heraldry* in Lucrece' face was ſeen,
> "Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white."

This paſſage not affording us any aſſiſtance, we are next to conſider one in *The Alchemiſt*, by Ben Jonſon, which, if it alluded to an incident in *Othello* (as Mr. Steevens ſeems to think it does), would aſcertain this play to have appeared before 1610, in which year *The Alchemiſt* was firſt acted:

> "*Lovewit.* Didſt thou hear a cry, ſay'ſt thou?
> "*Neighb.* Yes, Sir, like unto a man that had been ſtrangled an hour, and could not ſpeak."

But I doubt whether *Othello* was here in Jonſon's contemplation. Old Ben generally ſpoke out; and if he had intended to ſneer at the manner of Deſdemona's death,

NOTE.

[t] "I may *quarter*, coz," ſays *Slender*, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*. "You may (replies juſtice Shallow) by *marrying*."

I think,

I think, he would have taken care that his meaning ſhould not be miſs'd, and have written—"like unto a *woman*," &c.

This tragedy was not entered on the books of the Stationers' company till Oct. 6, 1621, nor printed till the following year; but it was acted at court early in the year 1613[u]. How long before that time it had appeared, I have not been able to aſcertain, either from the play itſelf, or from any contemporary production. I have, however perſuaded myſelf that it was one of Shakſpeare's lateſt performances: a ſuppoſition, to which the acknowledged excellence of the piece gives ſome degree of probability. It is here attributed to the year 1611, becauſe Dr. Warburton's comment on the paſſage above-cited may convince others, though, I confeſs, it does not ſatisfy me.

Emilia and *Lodovico*, two of the characters in this play, are likewiſe two of the perſons repreſented in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, firſt printed in 1611.

35. The Tempest, 1612.

Though ſome account of the Bermuda Iſlands, which are mentioned in this play, had been publiſhed in 1600, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved), yet as they were not generally known till Sir George Somers arrived there in 1609, *The Tempeſt* may be fairly attributed to a period ſubſequent to that year; eſpecially as it exhibits ſuch ſtrong internal marks of having been a late production.

The entry at Stationers' hall does not contribute to aſcertain the time of its compoſition; for it appears not on the Stationers' books, nor was it printed till 1623, when it was publiſhed with the reſt of our author's plays in folio: in which edition, having, I ſuppoſe, by mere accident, obtained the firſt place, it has ever ſince preſerved a ſtation to which indubitably it is not entitled.

As the circumſtance from which this piece receives its title, is at an end in the very firſt ſcene, and as many other titles, all equally proper, might have occurred to Shakſpeare, (ſuch as *The Enchanted Iſland—The Baniſhed Duke—Ferdinand and Miranda*, &c.) it is poſſible, that ſome particular

NOTE.

[u] Mſ. Vertue.

and recent event determined him to call it *The Tempeſt*. It appears from Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 913, that in the October, November, and December of the year 1612, a dreadful tempeſt happened in England, "*which did exceeding great damage, with extreame ſhipwrack throughout the ocean.*" "*There periſhed*" (ſays the hiſtorian) *above an hundred ſhips in the ſpace of two houres.*"—Several pamphlets were publiſhed on this occaſion, decorated with prints of ſinking veſſels, *caſtles topling on their warder's heads*, the devil overturning ſteeples, &c. In one of them, the author, deſcribing the appearance of the waves at Dover, ſays, "the whole ſeas appeared like a fiery world, all ſparkling red." Another of theſe narratives recounts the eſcape of Edmond Pet, a ſailor; whoſe preſervation appears to have been no leſs marvellous than that of Trinculo or Stephano: and ſo great a terror did this tempeſt create in the minds of the people, that a form of prayer was ordered on the occaſion, which is annexed to one of the publications above-mentioned.

There is reaſon to believe that ſome of our author's dramas obtained their names from the ſeaſons at which they were produced. It is not very eaſy to account for the title of *Twelfth Night*, but by ſuppoſing it to have been firſt exhibited in the Chriſtmas holydays[x]. Neither the title of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, nor that of *The Winter's Tale*, denotes the ſeaſon of the action; the events which are the ſubject of the latter, occurring at the time of ſheep-ſhearing, and the dream, from which the former receives its name, happening on the night preceding May-day.—Theſe titles, therefore, were probably ſuggeſted by the ſeaſon at which the plays were exhibited, to which they

NOTE.

[x] It was formerly an eſtabliſhed cuſtom to have plays repreſented at court in the Chriſtmas holydays, and particularly on *Twelfth Night*. Two of Lilly's comedies (*Alexander and Campaſpe*, 1591—and *Mydas*, 1592) are ſaid, in their title-pages, to have been *played before the queenes majeſtie on Twelfth-day at night*; and ſeveral of Ben Jonſon's maſques were preſented at Whitehall, on the ſame feſtival. Our author's *Love's Labour Loſt* was exhibited before queen Elizabeth in the Chriſtmas holidays; and his *King Lear* was acted before king James on St. Stephen's night (the night after Chriſtmas-day).

belong;

belong; *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, having, we may preſume, been firſt repreſented in June, and *The Winter's Tale* in December.

Perhaps, then, it may not be thought a very improbable conjecture, that this comedy was written in the ſummer of 1612, and produced on the ſtage in the latter end of that year; and that the author availed himſelf of a circumſtance then freſh in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it, which was more likely to excite curioſity than any other that he could have choſen, while at the ſame time it was ſufficiently juſtified by the ſubject of the drama.

Mr. Steevens, in his obſervations on this play, has quoted from the tragedy of *Darius* by the earl of Sterline, firſt printed in 1603, ſome lines [y] ſo ſtrongly reſembling a celebrated paſſage in *the Tempeſt*, that one author muſt, I apprehend, have been indebted to the other. Shakſpeare, I imagine, borrowed from lord Sterline [z].

NOTES.

y "Let greatneſs of her glaſſy ſcepters vaunt,
Not ſcepters, no but reeds, ſoon bruis'd, ſoon broken,
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and ſcarcely leaves behind a token.
Thoſe golden *palaces*, thoſe *gorgeous* halls,
With furniture ſuperfluouſly fair,
Thoſe ſtately courts, thoſe *ſky-encount'ring* walls,
Evaniſh all like vapours in the air."

Darius, Act III. Ed. 1603.

——— "Theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The *cloud-capt* tow'rs, the *gorgeous palaces*,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like this unſubſtantial pageant *faded*,
Leave not a rack behind."

Tempeſt, Act IV. Sc. i.

Whether we ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have imitated lord Sterline, or lord Sterline to have borrowed from him, the fourth line above quoted from the tragedy of *Darius* renders it highly probable that Shakſpeare wrote,

"Leave not a *track* behind."

z See a note on *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. Sc. i.

Mr. Holt conjectured[a], that the maſque in the fifth act of this comedy was intended by the poet as a compliment to the earl of Eſſex, on his being united in wedlock, in 1611, to lady Frances Howard, to whom he had been contracted ſome years before[b]. However this might have been, the date, which that commentator has aſſigned to this play (1614), is certainly too late; for it appears from the Mſſ. of Mr. Vertue, that the *Tempeſt* was acted by John Heminge and the reſt of the King's Company, before prince Charles, the lady Elizabeth, and the prince Palatine elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.

The names of *Trinculo* and *Antonio*, two of the characters in this comedy, are likewiſe found in that of *Albumazar*; which was firſt printed in 1614, but is ſuppoſed by Dryden to have appeared ſome years before.

36. Twelfth Night, 1614.

It has been generally believed, that Shakſpeare retired from the theatre, and ceaſed to write, about three years before he died. The latter ſuppoſition muſt now be conſidered as extremely doubtful; for Mr. Tyrwhitt, with great probability, conjectures, that *Twelfth Night* was written in 1614: grounding his opinion on an alluſion[c], which it ſeems to contain, to thoſe parliamentary *undertakers*, of whom frequent mention is made in the Journals of the Houſe of Commons for that year[d]; who were ſtigmatized with this invidious name, on account of their having *undertaken* to manage the elections of knights and burgeſſes in ſuch a manner as to ſecure a majority in parliament for the court. If this alluſion was intended, *Twelfth Night* was probably our author's laſt production;

NOTES.

[a] Obſervations on the *Tempeſt*, p. 67. Mr. Holt imagined, that lord Eſſex was united to lady Frances Howard in 1610; but he was miſtaken: their union did not take place till the next year.

[b] Jan. 5, 1606—7. The earl continued abroad four years from that time; ſo that he did not cohabit with his wife till 1611.

[c] "Nay, if you be *an undertaker*, I am for you. See *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. Sc. iii. and the note there.

[d] Comm. Journ. Vol. I. p. 456, 457. 470.

and,

and, we may preſume, was written after he had retired to Stratford. It is obſervable, that Mr. Aſhley, a member of the Houſe of Commons, in one of the debates on this ſubject, ſays, "that the rumour concerning theſe *undertakers* had ſpread into the *country*."

When Shakſpeare quitted London and his profeſſion, for the tranquillity of a rural retirement, it is improbable that ſuch an excurſive genius ſhould have been immediately reconciled to a ſtate of mental inactivity. It is more natural to conceive, that he ſhould have occaſionally bent his thoughts towards the theatre, which his muſe had ſupported, and the intereſt of his aſſociates whom he had left behind him to ſtruggle with the capricious viciſſitudes of publick taſte, and whom, his laſt Will ſhews us, he had not forgotten. To the neceſſity, therefore, of literary amuſement to every cultivated mind, or to the dictates of friendſhip, or to both theſe incentives, we are perhaps indebted for the comedy of *Twelfth Night*; which bears evident marks of having been compoſed at leiſure, as moſt of the characters that it contains are finiſhed to a higher degree of dramatick perfection, than is diſcoverable in ſome of our author's earlier comick performances[c].

In the third act of this comedy, Decker's *Weſtward Hoe* ſeems to be alluded to. *Weſtward Hoe* was printed in 1607, and, from the prologue to *Eaſtward Hoe*, appears to have been acted in 1604, or before.

Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, ſpeaking of Malvolio, ſays, "he does ſmile his face into more lines than the *new* map with the augmentation of the Indies." I have not been able to learn the date of the map here alluded to; but, as it is ſpoken of as a *recent* publication, it may, when diſcovered, ſerve to aſcertain the date of this play more exactly.

The comedy of *What you Will*, (the ſecond title of the play now before us,) which was entered at Stationers' hall, Aug 9 1607, was probably *Marſton*'s play, as it was *printed* in that year; and it appears to have been the *general* practice of the booksellers at that time, *recently before*

NOTE.

[c] The comedies particularly alluded to are, *Love's Labour Loſt*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, and *The Comedy of Errors*.

 publication,

publication, to enter thoſe plays of which they had procured copies.

Twelfth Night was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623.

It has been thought, that Ben Jonſon intended to ridicule the conduct of this play, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of *Act III. Sc.* vi. where he makes Mitis ſay,—"That the argument of his comedy might have been of ſome other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a counteſs, and that counteſs to be in love with the duke's ſon, and the ſon in love with the lady's waiting maid; *ſome ſuch croſs wooing, with a clown to their ſerving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time[f].

I doubt, however, whether Jonſon had here *Twelfth Night* in contemplation. If an alluſion to this comedy were intended, it would aſcertain it to have been written before 1599, when *Every Man out of his Humour* was firſt acted. But Meres does not mention *Twelfth Night* in 1598; nor is there any reaſon to believe that it then exiſted.

IF the dates here aſſigned to our author's plays ſhould not, in every inſtance, carry with them conviction of their propriety, let it be remembered, that this is a ſubject on which conviction cannot at this day be obtained; and that the obſervations, now ſubmitted to the publick, do not pretend to any higher title than that of "AN ATTEMPT to aſcertain the chronology of the dramas of Shakſpeare."

Should the errors and deficiencies of this eſſay invite others to deeper and more ſucceſsful reſearches, the end propoſed by it will be attained: and he who offers the preſent arrangement of Shakſpeare's dramas will be happy to transfer the ſlender portion of credit that may reſult from the novelty of his undertaking, to ſome future

NOTE.

[f] See the firſt note on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. i.

claimant,

claimant, who may be ſupplied with ampler materials, and endued with a ſuperior degree of antiquarian ſagacity.

To ſome, he is not unapprized, this enquiry will appear a tedious and barren ſpeculation. But there are many, it is hoped, who think nothing that relates to the brighteſt ornament of the Engliſh nation, wholly unintereſting; who will be gratified by obſerving, how the genius of our great poet gradually expanded itſelf, till, like his own Ariel, *it flamed amazement* in every quarter, blazing forth with a luſtre that has not hitherto been equalled, and perhaps will never be ſurpaſſed.

MALONE.

PLAYS, &c. contained in each VOLUME.

CONTENTS of VOL. I.

Head of Shakſpeare, from an original picture in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Chandos, *to face the Title.*
Editor's Advertiſement, p. i.
Preface by Johnſon, p. 1.
Advertiſement by Steevens, *ibid.*
Extract from the Gul's Hornbook, by Decker, concerning our ancient theatres, &c. p. 81.
The Globe Theatre, from the Long Antwerp View of London in the Pepyſian Library, p. 87.
Catalogue of the earlieſt Tranſlations from Greek and Roman Claſſicks, p. 88.
Appendix to Colman's Terence, relative to the Learning of Shakſpeare, p. 104.
Dedication by Heminge and Condell to the Folio, 1623, p. 108.
Preface by the ſame, p. 110.
——— by Pope, p. 112.
——— by Theobald, p. 126.
——— by Hanmer, p. 150.
——— by Warburton, p. 153.
Advertiſement prefix'd to Steevens's Twenty Plays, &c. p. 166.
Head of Shakſpeare, from an Engraving by Martin Droeſhout, before the Folio, 1623, p. 177.
Rowe's Life of Shakſpeare, *ibid.*
Mſ. in the Herald's Office, p. 195.
Licences to Shakſpeare, &c, from Rymer's Fœdera, and his Mſſ. p. 197.
Shakſpeare's Will, p. 200.
Head of Shakſpeare from that by Marſhall prefixed to the Poems, 1640, *to face* p. 200.

Fac-Simile

Fac-Simile of Shakſpeare's Hand-writing, *to face* 204.
Anecdotes of Shakſpeare, from Oldys's Mſſ. &c. p. 207.
Farmer's Account of a Pamphlet falſely imputed to Shakſpeare; together with Remarks on a paſſage in Warton's Life of Dr. Bathurſt, p. 211.
Obſervations on Paſſages in the Preface to the French Tranſlation of Shakſpeare, p. 215.
Regiſters of the Shakſpeare Family, p. 217.
Granger's Catalogue of the Portraits of Shakſpeare, p. 220.
Ancient and Modern Commendatory Verſes on Shakſpeare, with Notes, &c. p. 223.
The Names of the original actors in Shakſpeare's plays, p. 245.
Liſt of Editions of Shakſpeare's Plays, both ancient and modern;—of Plays alter'd from him;—of detach'd Pieces of Criticiſm, &c. p. 246.
Entries of Shakſpeare's Plays on the Books of the Stationers' Company, p. 254.
An Attempt to aſcertain the Chronological Order in which the Plays of Shakſpeare were written, by Edmond Malone, Eſq. p. 283.

Tempeſt.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Merry Wives of Windſor.

VOL. II.

Meaſure for Meaſure.
Comedy of Errors.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Love's Labour Loſt.

VOL. III.

Midſummer Night's Dream.
Merchant of Venice.

As

As You Like It.
Taming of a Shrew.

VOL. IV.

All's Well that Ends Well.
Twelfth Night.
Winter's Tale.
Macbeth.

VOL. V.

King John.
King Richard II.
King Henry IV. Part First.
King Henry IV. Part Second.

VOL. VI.

King Henry V.
King Henry VI. Part First.
King Henry VI. Part Second.
King Henry VI. Part Third.

VOL. VII.

King Richard III.
King Henry VIII.
Coriolanus.

VOL. VIII.

Julius Cæsar.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Timon of Athens.
Titus Andronicus.

VOL. IX.

Troilus and Creſſida.
Cymbeline.
King Lear.

VOL. X.

Romeo and Juliet.
Hamlet.
Othello.

TEMPEST.

Perſons Repreſented *.

Alonſo, *king of Naples.*
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful duke of Milan.*
Anthonio, *his brother, the uſurping duke of Milan.*
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of Naples.*
Adrian, Franciſco, } *lords.*
Calaban, *A ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, boatſwain, and mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to Proſpero.*
Ariel, *an airy ſpirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *ſpirits.*

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea, with a ſhip; afterwards an uninhabited iſland.

* This enumeration of perſons is taken from the Folio 1623.
STEEVENS.

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a ſhip at ſea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-maſter and a boatſwain[2].

Maſt. Boatſwain,—
Boatſ. Here, maſter: what cheer?

Maſt.

[1] *Tempeſt.*] *The Tempeſt* and *The Midſummer's Night's Dream* are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of nature without forſaking ſenſe; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. Fletcher ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*. But when he preſumes to break a lance with Shakſpeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The Falſe One*, which is the rival of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, ſir John Suckling and Milton catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſk at Ludlow Caſtle*. WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to diſcover the romance on which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not ſecure it from the criticiſm of Ben Jonſon, whoſe malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he ſays: "if there be never *a ſervant monſter* in the "fair, who can help it, nor a neſt of *antiques?* He is loth to "make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget *Tales*, "*Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that the *Tempeſt* muſt have been written after 1609, becauſe the Bermuda iſlands, which are men-

Maſt. Good: Speak to the mariners:—[3] fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; Tend to the

tioned in it, were unknown to the Engliſh until that year; but this is a miſtake. He might have ſeen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a deſcription of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was ſhipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's laſt works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Proſpero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonſon taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in the *Tempeſt*.

"Is not this *Stephăno*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, the *Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the ſtage at leaſt two or three years before its publication in 1600.

"My friend *Stephāno*, ſignify I pray you," &c.

——— So little did a late editor know of his author, when he idly ſuppoſed his *ſchool literature* might perhaps have been loſt by the *diſſipation of youth*, or the *buſy ſcene* of publick life!

FARMER.

This play muſt have been written after 1609, when Bermudas was diſcovered, and before 1614, when Jonſon ſneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakſpeare, he has leſs of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expreſsly declares againſt them. This perhaps might be one criterion to diſcover the dates of his plays.

BLACKSTONE.

See a Note on *The cloud-capt Towers*, &c. act IV. STEEVENS.

[2] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the firſt example of ſailor's language exhibited on the ſtage, there are, as I have been told by a ſkilful navigator, ſome inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

[3] —*fall to't yarely*,——] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his uſe of this word. So in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*.

"They'll make his muſe as *yare* as a tumbler." STEEVENS.

Here it is applied as a ſea-term, and in other parts of the ſcene. So he uſes the adjective, act V. ſc. v. "Our ſhip is "tight and *yare*." And in one of the *Henries*, "*yare* are our "ſhips." To this day the ſailors ſay, "ſit *yare* to the helm." Again in Anton. and Cleop. II. iii. "The tackles *yarely* frame the office." It occurs, in its *general* acceptation, in Robert of Gloſter's

the maſter's whiſtle; [4] Blow, till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men [5].

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence; trouble us not.

Gloſter's Chronicle; where Edward the Confeſſor receives from two pilgrims the notice of his approaching death, edit. Hearne, vol. I. p. 348. In conſequence of this unexpected admonition, ſays the chronicler,

"His gold he delde to pouere men, and made his bernes bare,
"And his treſorie al ſo gode, and to God hym made at *gare*."

Gare is *yare*, *g* and *y* being convertible. "He diſtributed his "goods to the poor, and made himſelf *ready* for God." The ſame writer has alſo *gare y made*, i. e. "finiſhed, well-prepared." Chaucer, who wrote many years afterwards, has it both as a ſhip-phraſe, and in its *general* ſenſe. But the common and unreſtrained uſe of this word was grown obſolete before the age of Shakſpeare; who, notwithſtanding, ſeems affectedly fond of introducing it in that ſignification. In *Twelfth Night*, act III. ſc. iv. Sir Toby ſays, "Diſmount thy tuck, be *yare* in thy preparation." And in Ant. and Cleop. and other plays. WARTON.

[4] Perhaps it might be read——*blow till thou burſt, wind, if room enough.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather——*blow till thou burſt* thee, *wind! if room enough.* Beaum. and Fletcher have copied this paſſage in *The Pilgrim.*

——*Blow, blow weſt wind,*
Blow till thou rive!

Again in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.

"1ſt *Saylor.* Blow and *ſplit thyſelf!*
"2d *Saylor.* But ſea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow
"Kiſs the moon, I care not."

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent [6], we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

[7] *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office—

Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

And yet, deſiring the *winds* to blow till they burſt their *winds*, is not unlike many other conceits of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[5] *Play the men.*] i. e. act with ſpirit, behave like men. So in *K. Henry* VI. P. I. ſc. vi.

"When they ſhall hear how we have *play'd the men.*"

Again in Marlow's *Tamberlaine*, 1590, p. 2.

"Viceroys and peers of Turkey, *play the men.*" Ανερες, εστι φιλοι. STEEVENS.

Again, in Scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage, "and let us *play the men* for our people." MALONE.

[6] — *of the preſent,*] It may mean *of* the preſent *inſtant.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Gonzalo.*] It may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preſerves his cheerfulneſs in the wreck, and his hope on the iſland. JOHNSON.

Seb.

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſemaker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanched [8] wench.

Boatſ. [9] Lay her a-hold, a-hold; [1] ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Exeunt.*

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us aſſiſt them,
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're [2] merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This

[8] —— an *unſtanch'd* wench.]
Unſtanch'd, I believe, means incontinent. STEEVENS.

[9] *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*——] *To lay a ſhip a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as ſhe can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to ſea. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *ſet her two courſes off to ſea again,*———] The courſes are the main ſail and fore-ſail. This term is uſed by Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on Shipping*. JOHNSON.

The paſſage, as Mr. Holt has obſerved, ſhould be pointed, *Set her two courſes; off*, &c.

Such another expreſſion occurs in Decker's, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it.* 1612.

" —— off with your Drablers and your Banners; *out with* " *your Courſes.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*merely*——] In this place ſignifies *abſolutely*. In which ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet*, act I. ſc. iii.

" ——— Things rank and groſs in nature
" Poſſeſs it *merely*."

This wide-chopp'd raſcal;—Would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt [3] to glut him.
[*A confuſed noiſe within.*] Mercy on us!—
We ſplit, we ſplit!—Farewell, my wife and children!—[4] Farewell, brother!—We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit—

Ant. Let's all ſink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; [5] long heath, brown furze,

So in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

"——— at requeſt
"Of ſome *mere* friends, ſome honourable Romans."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *to glut him.*] Shakſpeare probably wrote, *t'englut him, to ſwallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever uſed by him. In this ſignification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry* VI.

"——— Thou art ſo near the gulf
"Thou needs muſt be *englutted*."

And again in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *ſwallowed*, and therefore perhaps the preſent text may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Thus in Sir A. Gorges's tranſlation of Lucan. B. 6.

"——— oylie fragments ſcarcely burn'd,
"Together ſhe doth ſcrape and *glut*."

i. e. ſwallow. STEEVENS.

[4] *Brother, farewell!*] All theſe lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ſhip. It is probable that the lines ſucceeding the *confuſed noiſe within* ſhould be conſidered as ſpoken by no determinate characters, but ſhould be printed thus:

1 *Sailor.* Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit!
2 *Sailor.* Farewell, my, &c.
3 *Sailor.* Brother, farewell, &c. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *long heath,*——] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*. WARBURTON.

——— *long*

furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inchanted iſland: before the cell of Proſpero.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or ere[6]
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

——— *long heath*] The diſtinction between the different ſorts of *erica*, are either—*vulgaris*, *tenuifolia* or *brabantica*. There is no ſuch plant as *erica baccifera*. WARNER.

"An acre of barren ground, *long* heath, *brown* furze," &c. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, *broom*, furze.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harriſon's Deſcription of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holingſhed, p. 91. "*Brome*, *heth*, *firze*, brakes, whinnes, "*ling*," &c. FARMER.

Mr. Tollet has ſufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with ſpecimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would gladly have inſerted his obſervations at length; but, to ſay the truth, our author, like one of Cato's ſoldiers who was bit by a ſerpent,

Ipſe latet penitus congeſto corpore merſus. STEEVENS.

[6] *Or ere*, is *before*. Of this uſe, many inſtances are given hereafter. STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. [7] No harm,
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better [8]
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full poor cell [9],
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle [1] with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*

[7] Pro. *No harm.*] I know not whether Shakſpeare did not make Miranda ſpeak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Proſpero properly anſwers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, when ſhe ſpeaks the words, *O, woe the day!* ſuppoſes, not that the crew had eſcaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their deſtruction *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[8] —— *more better.*——] This ungrammatical expreſſion is very frequent among our oldeſt writers. So in the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swan.* bl. L. no date: *imprinted by William Copland.* "And alſo the *more ſooner* to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicles, &c." Again in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla.* 1594

"To wait a meſſage of *more better* worth."

Again, ibid.

"That hale *more greater* than Caſſandra now." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *full poor* cell, i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So in *Anthony and Cleopatra,* act I. ſc. i.——I am *full ſorry.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*] To *meddle,* in this inſtance, ſeems to ſignify to *mingle.* Hence the ſubſtantive *medley.* To *middle* for to *mix* is uſed at leaſt twenty times in the ancient Book of Hawking, &c. commonly called the *Book of St. Alban's,* and yet more often by *Chaucer.* STEEVENS

"It ſhould rather mean *to interfere, to trouble, to buſy itſelf,* as "ſtill uſed in the North, *e. g. Don't meddle with me*; i.e. Let "me alone; Don't moleſt me." REMARKS.

Lye

Lye there my art [2].—Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very [3] virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, [4] that there is no ſoul—
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink.
Sit down;
For thou muſt now know further.
Miran. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time

[2] *Lye there my art.*] Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treaſurer, &c. in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, uſed to ſay, *Lie there, lord treaſurer.* Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 257. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *virtue of compaſſion*——] Virtue; the moſt efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like ſenſe we ſay, *The virtue of a plant is in the extract.* JOHNSON.

[4] —— *that there is no ſoul*——] Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no ſoul loſt*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald ſubſtitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come ſo near the right, and yet to miſs it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no ſoil*, no ſtain, no ſpot: for ſo Ariel tells,

Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the ſea, keep notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempeſt* had a glimpſe, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

——*no ſoul*——] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakſpeare. He ſometimes begins a ſentence; and before he concludes it entirely changes the conſtruction, becauſe another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in converſ-

A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
[5] Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſm of time[6]?
If thou remember'd aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years ſince, Miranda, twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; [7] thou his only heir
And princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

Mira.

converſation, it may be ſuffered to paſs uncenſured in the language of the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[5] *Out three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. Mr. Pope, without occaſion, reads,

FULL *three years old.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *abyſm* of time]

This method of ſpelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abyſme*, now written *abîme*.

So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613.

"And chaſe him from the deep *abyſms* below. STEEVENS.

[7] Perhaps—*and* thou *his only heir.* JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—— *and* his only heir
and princeſs——

Perhaps

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the [8] teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Pleaſe you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio,—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!—he whom, next thyſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And Proſpero the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle—
Doſt thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
[9] To traſh for over-topping; new created

The

Perhaps we ſhould read, and his only heir.
A princeſs——no worſe iſſued.
Iſſued is deſcended. So in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608.
"For I am by birth a gentleman, and *iſſued* of ſuch parents," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *—teen—*] Is ſorrow, grief, trouble. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"——— to my *teen* be it ſpoken." STEEVENS.

[9] *To traſh for over-topping;*] *To traſh*, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, is to cut away the ſuperfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, publiſhed in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The

The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em: having both the [1] key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i' the ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent [2], did beget of him
A falſhood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

The preſent explanation may be countenanced by the following paſſage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. b. x. ch. 57.

"Who ſuffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to *overtopp*,
"Himſelf gives all preferment, and whom liſteth him, doth *lop*."

Again in our author's *K. Richard* II.

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.

Mr. Warton's note, however, on——"*traſh* for his quick hunting," in the ſecond act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this paſſage exceedingly diſputable. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*both the key*] *Key* in this place ſeems to ſignify the key of a muſical inſtrument, by which he ſet *Hearts to tune*. JOHNSON.

This doubtleſs is meant of a key for tuning the harpſichord, ſpinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is uſed as well to ſtrike down the iron pins whereon the ſtring are wound, as to turn them. As a key, it acts like that of a watch. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] *Like a good*, &c.] Alluding to the obſervation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a ſon below it. *Herœum filii noxæ*. JOHNSON.

But what my power might elſe exact,—[3] like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; [4] out of the ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be

[3] ——*like one,*
Who having, INTO *truth, by telling of it,*
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,——] The corrupted reading of the ſecond line has rendered this beautful ſimilitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth?*] or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth,*] becauſe if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie.* And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus:

——— *like one*
Who having, UNTO *truth, by telling* OFT,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,——

i. e. by often repeating the ſame ſtory, made his memory ſuch a ſinner *unto* truth, as to give credit to his own lie; a miſerable deluſion, to which ſtory-tellers are frequently ſubject. The Oxford Editor having, by this correction, been let into the ſenſe of the paſſage, gives us this ſenſe in his own words:

Who *loving an untruth, and telling't oft,*
Makes ——— WARBURTON.

I agree with Dr. Warburton, that perhaps there is no correlative to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong, and that *unto* was the original reading. *Lie,* however, ſeems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically. STEEVENS.

I would read:

—— —— like one
Who having *ſin'd* to truth, by telling *oft*
Makes ſuch a ſinner of his memory *too*
To credit his own lie.——MUSGRAVE.

[4] ——*out of the ſubſtitution,*] Is the old reading. The modern editors, for the ſake of ſmoother verſification, read—*from* ſubſtitution. STEEVENS.

Abſolute

Abſolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
[5] So dry he was for ſway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but nobly [6] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad ſons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premiſes,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to the purpoſe, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then [7],

[5] *So dry he was for ſway,*——] i. e. So *thirſty*. The expreſſion, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus in *Leiceſter's commonwealth*; "againſt the deſignments of "the haſty Erle who *thirſteth a kingdome* with great intemperance." STEEVENS.

[6] *To think* but *nobly*.] *But* in this place ſignifies *otherwiſe than*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*cried out*.] Perhaps we ſhould read—cried *on't*. STEEVENS.

Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint[8],
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to the ſea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To the winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt;

Under

[8] —— *a hint.*] *Hint* is *ſuggeſtion*. So in the beginning ſpeech of the ſecond act. ——our *hint* of woe
Is common—— STEEVENS.

[9] *So dear the love my people bore me*) nor *ſet*, &c.] There is in this line a redundant ſyllable. Perhaps *nor* ought to be omitted, and the paſſage thus regulated:
" ——Dear, they durſt not
" (So dear the love my people bore me) ſet
" A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs." MALONE.

[1] ——*deck'd the ſea*——] *To deck the ſea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, [2] to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

Mira. How came we aſhore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*; ſo in ſome parts they yet ſay *deck the table*. This ſenſe may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is ſtill uſed in ruſtic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*; the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

Verſtegan, p. 61. ſpeaking of Beer, ſays, "So the *overdecking* "or *covering* of beer came to be called berham, and afterwards "barme." This very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's explanation. The following paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation.

"——— do not pleaſe ſharp fate
"To *grace* it with your ſorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with *tears?* STEEVENS.

Whether we explain *deck'd* in the ſenſe of adorning, which ſeems to be its meaning in the paſſage produced by Mr. Steevens from Antony and Cleopatra; or whether in the ſenſe of covering; the phraſe will be but bald: this however is no argument that Shakſpeare did not write it. I am nevertheleſs ſtrongly inclined to conjecture that the right reading is——"dewed the "ſea with tears." As in Spencer, Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. 8.

"Dew'd with her drops of bounty ſovereine."

And in our Author, Macbeth, A. 5. Sc. 2.

"To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds."

S. W.

To *deck*, I am told, ſignifies in the North, to *ſprinkle*; dæg, Sax. See Ray's Dict. of *North country words*, v. to *deg* and to *leck*; and his Dict. of *South and Eaſt country words*, v. *dag*. The latter ſignifies dew upon graſs; hence *daggle*-tailed. MALONE.

A correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf *Eboracenſis*, propoſes that this conteſted word ſhould be printed *degg'd*, which, ſays he, ſignifies *ſprinkled*, and is in daily uſe in the North of England. When cloaths that have been waſhed are too much dried, it is neceſſary to moiſten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *ſprinkling*; this operation the maidens univerſally call *degging*. EDITOR.

[2] *An undergoing* ſtomach.] *Stomach* is *pride*, *ſtubborn reſolution*. So Horace, "——gravem Pelidæ *ſtomachum*." STEEVENS.

Out

Out of his charity, [3] who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteaded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now, I ariſe [4]:—
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes [5] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

[3] —— *who being then appointed*, &c.] Such is the old reading. We might better read,
—— he *being*, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Now I ariſe.*] Why does Proſpero *ariſe?* Or, if he does it to eaſe himſelf by change of poſture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps theſe words belong to Miranda, and we ſhould read:
Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!—Now I ariſe.
Pro. Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Proſpero, in p. 11. had directed his daughter to *ſit down*, and learn the whole of this hiſtory; having previouſly by ſome magical charm diſpoſed her to fall aſleep. He is watching the progreſs of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long ſtory, often aſking her whether her attention be ſtill awake. The ſtory being ended (as Miranda ſuppoſes) with their coming on ſhore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, ſhe therefore firſt expreſſes a wiſh to ſee the good old man, and then obſerves that ſhe may *now ariſe*, as the ſtory is done. Proſpero, ſurpriſed that his charm does not yet work, bids her *ſit ſtill*; and then enters on freſh matter to amuſe the time, telling her (what ſhe knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But ſoon perceiving her drowſineſs coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *ſtill ſitting* to her ſlumbers. BLACKSTONE.

[5] *princes.*] The firſt folio reads,—princeſſe. HENLEY.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ſir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm;

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady [6], hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find [7] my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclined to ſleep: [8] 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way:—I know, thou canſt not chooſe.—
[*Miranda ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter [9]! grave ſir, hail! I come
To

[6] *Now my dear lady*, is, *now my auſpicious miſtreſs.* STEEVENS.

[7] *I find*, &c.] The ſame ſentiment is in Julius Cæſar, A. iv. ſ. 3. MALONE.

[8] —— *'tis a good dulneſs.*] Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves, that this ſleepineſs, which Proſpero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how ſoon the effect would begin, makes him queſtion her ſo often whether ſhe is attentive to her ſtory. JOHNSON.

[9] *All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come*
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly, &c.] Imitated by Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs:*

" —— tell me ſweeteſt,
" What new ſervice now is meeteſt
" For the ſatyre; ſhall I ſtray
" In the middle ayre, and ſtay
" The ſailing racke, or nimbly take
" Hold by the moone, and gently make
" Suit to the pale queene of night,
" For a beame to give me light?

" Shall

To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; [1] to thy ſtrong bidding, taſk
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
[2] Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip; [3] now on the beak,
[4] Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: [5] Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top maſt,
The yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,

" Shall I dive into the ſea,
" And bring thee coral, making way
" Through the riſing waves, &c."

HENLEY.

Which of theſe two preceded the other has not been aſcertained. The firſt edition of *the Faithful Shepherdeſs* has no date. It was, however, exhibited before 1611, being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed in that year. It appears from a prologue of D'Avenant's that ſome of Fletcher's dramatick performances were produced as early as the year 1605. MALONE.

[1] *On the curl'd clouds.*] So in *Timon*—*Criſp* heaven. STEEVENS.

[2] *Perform'd to point*——] i. e. to the minuteſt article.
So in the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

" —— are you all fit?
" To *point*, ſir." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *now on the beak.*] The beak was a ſtrong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is uſed here for the forecaſtle, or the bolt-ſprit. JOHNSON.

[4] *Now in the waſte,*——] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecaſtle. JOHNSON.

[5] *Sometimes, I'd divide,*
And burn in many places.] Perhaps our author, when he wrote theſe lines, remembered the following paſſage in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: " I do remember that in the great and " boyſterous ſtorme of this foule weather, in the night there " came upon the toppe of our maine-maſt a certain little light, " much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spa- " niards call the *Cuerpo Santo.* This *light* continued aboard " our ſhip about three hours, *flying from maſte to maſte, and from* " *top to top; and ſometimes it would be in two or three places at once.*"

MALONE.

Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precurſors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty Neptune
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.

Pro. My brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?

Ari. Not a ſoul
[7] But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their [8] ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,

But

[6] —— *precurſors*
O' the dreadful thunder-clap.] So in *King Lear*,
'Vaunt couriers of oak cleaving thunder bolts. STEEVENS.

[7] *But felt a fever of the mad,*——] In all the later editions this is changed to a *fever of the mind*, without reaſon or authority, nor is any notice given of an alteration. JOHNSON.

If it be at all neceſſary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a ſoul but felt ſuch a fever as madmen feel, when the frantick fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *ſuſtaining* ——] i. e. Their garments that bore them up and ſupported them. So *K. Lear*, act IV. ſc. iv.
"In our *ſuſtaining* corn."

Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we ſhould read *ſea-ſtained* garments; for (ſays he) it was not the floating of their cloaths, but the magic of Proſpero which preſerved, as it had wrecked them. Nor was the miracle, that their garments had not been at firſt diſcoloured by the ſea-water, which even that *ſuſtaining* would

But freſher than before: and, as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
[9] From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes, there ſhe's hid:

The

would not have prevented, unleſs it had been on the air, not on the water; but, as Gonzalo ſays, "that their garments "being (as they were) drenched in the ſea, held notwithſtand-"ing their freſhneſs and gloſs, being rather new-dyed than "ſtained with ſalt-water."

For this, and all ſuch notes as are taken from the MSS. of the late Mr. Edwards, I am indebted to the friendſhip of Benjamin Way, Eſq. who very obligingly procured them from the executors of that gentleman, with leave for their publication. Such of them as are omitted in this edition had been ſometimes foreſtalled by the remarks of others, and ſometimes by my own. The reader, however, might have been juſtly offended, had any other reaſons prevented me from communicating the unpubliſhed ſentiments of that ſprightly critick and moſt amiable man, as entire as I received them. STEEVENS.

This note of Mr. Edwards, with which I ſuppoſe no reader is ſatisfied, ſhews with how much greater eaſe critical emendations are deſtroyed than made, and how willingly every man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furniſh alterations. JOHNSON.

[9] *From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes.*——] Theobald ſays *Bermoothes* is printed by miſtake for *Bermudas*. No That was the name by which the iſlands then went, as we may ſee by the voyages of that time; and by our author's contemporary poets. Fletcher, in his *Women Pleaſed*, ſays, *The devil ſhould think of purchaſing that egg-ſhell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes.* Smith, in his account of theſe iſlands, p. 172. ſays, *that the Bermudas were ſo fearful to the world, that many called them* The Iſle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all ſeamen no leſs terrible than an inchanted den of furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely ſub-

The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſpers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon [1] the Mediterranean flote,
Bound ſadly home for Naples;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

ject to ſtorms and hurricanes; and the iſlands were ſurrounded with ſcattered rocks lying ſhallowly hid under the ſurface of the water. WARBURTON.

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be beſt underſtood by thoſe who have ſeen the chaſing of the ſea over the rugged rocks by which they are ſurrounded, and which render acceſs to them ſo dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monſters*, and *devils*.—*Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worſhipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

Again in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612.

"Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll ſend me on a "voyage to the iſland of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas*."

STEEVENS.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil ſpirits continued to late as the civil wars. In a little piece of ſir John Berkinghead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title *Caſes of Conſcience*, is this.

34. "Whether *Bermudas* and the parliament-houſe lie under "one planet, ſeeing both are *haunted with devils*. PERCY.

Bermudas was on this account the cant name for ſome privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakſpeare's time aſſembled. So in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon,

"—— keeps he ſtill your quarter
"In the *Bermudas*."

Again in one of his Epiſtles,

"Have their *Burmudas*, and their ſtraights i' th' Strand."

Again in *The Devil is an Aſs*,

"———— I gave my word
"For one that's run away to the *Bermudas*. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the Mediterranean flote.*] *Flote* is *wave*. *Flot.* Fr. STEEVENS.

What

[2] What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes; The time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. [3] Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari.

[2] *What is the time o' the day?*] This paſſage needs not be diſturbed, it being common to aſk a queſtion, which the next moment enables us to anſwer: he that thinks it faulty may eaſily adjuſt it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Paſt the mid ſeaſon?*
Ari. *At leaſt two glaſſes.*
Pro. *The time 'twixt ſix and now*——— JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

Ariel. Paſt the mid ſeaſon, at leaſt two glaſſes.
Proſ. The time, &c. MALONE.

[3] *Doſt thou forget.*] That the character and conduct of Proſpero may be underſtood, ſomething muſt be known of the ſyſtem of enchantment, which ſupplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This ſyſtem ſeems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen ſpirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulſion, ſome being confined in hell, *ſome* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expreſſes it) *diſperſed in air, ſome on earth, ſome in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under*

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much, to tread
the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
[4] To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.

Ari. I do not, ſir.

Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

under the earth. Of theſe, ſome were more milignant and miſchievous than others. The earthy ſpirits ſeem to have been thought the moſt depraved, and the aerial the leaſt vitiated. Thus Proſpero obſerves of Ariel:

——— *Thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate*
To act her earthy *and abhorr'd commands.*

Over theſe ſpirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king James obſerves in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch ſerves him.* Thoſe who thought beſt of this art, the exiſtence of which was, I am afraid, believed very ſeriouſly, held, that certain ſounds and characters had a phyſical power over ſpirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was ſurely never practiſed, were of opinion, with more reaſon, that the power of charms aroſe *only* from compact, and was no more than the ſpirits voluntary allowed them for the ſeduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Caſaubon, ſpeaking of one who had commerce with ſpirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the beſt kind who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Proſpero repents of his art in the laſt ſcene. The ſpirits were always conſidered as in ſome meaſure enſlaved to the enchanter, at leaſt for a time, and as ſerving with unwillingneſs; therefore Ariel ſo often begs for liberty; and Caliban obſerves, that the ſpirits ſerve Proſpero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*—Of theſe trifles enough.

JOHNSON.

[4] *To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;*] Sir W. Davenant and Dryden, in their alteration of this play, have made a very wanton change in the line, and read,

To run againſt, &c. STEEVENS.

Ari.

Ari. No, ſir.

Pro. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier [5].

Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forgett'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, ſir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, was then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland,
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans

[5] —— in *Argier.*] *Argier* is the ancient Engliſh name for *Algiers.* See a pamphlet entitled, "A true Relation of the Travailes, &c. of William Davies, barber-ſurgeon. &c." 1614. In this is a chapter "on the deſcription, &c. of *Argier.*" STEEVENS.

Did

Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou had howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpiriting gently.

Pro. Do ſo; and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea[6]:
Be ſubject to no ſight but thine and mine; inviſible
To every eyeball elſe. Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well:
Awake!

Mira. [7] The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on:

We'll

[6] —— *to a nymph o' the ſea.*] There does not appear to be ſufficient cauſe why *Ariel* ſhould aſſume this new ſhape, as he was to be inviſible to all eyes but thoſe of Proſpero. STEEVENS.

To, which is not in the firſt and authentick copy of this play, was unneceſſarily introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio. The lines ſhould, I think, be regulated thus:

Go make thyſelf like a nymph o' the ſea:
Be ſubject to no ſight but thine and mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. MALONE.

[7] *The ſtrangeneſs*——] Why ſhould a wonderful ſtory produce ſleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of

We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come, thou tortoiſe! when?

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf.
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

[8] *Cal.* As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With

of the mind eaſily ſubſides in ſlumber, eſpecially when, as in Proſpero's relation, the laſt images are pleaſing. JOHNSON.

The poet ſeems to have been apprehenſive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would ſleep over this long but neceſſary tale, and therefore ſtrives to break it. Firſt, by making Proſpero diveſt himſelf of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no leſs than ſix times by verbal interruption; then by varying the action when he riſes and bids her continue ſitting: and laſtly, by carrying on the buſineſs of the fable while Miranda ſleeps, by which ſhe is continued on the ſtage till the poet has occaſion for her again. WARNER.

[8] Cal. *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd*
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both!] Shakſpeare hath very artificially given

With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,

given the air of the antique to the language of Caliban, in order to heighten the groteſque of his character. As here he uſes *wicked* for *unwholeſome*. So ſir John Maundevil, in his travels, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1725.——*at alle tymes brennethe a veſſelle of cryſtalle fulle of bawme for to zeven gode ſmelle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden awey all* WYCKEDE *eyers and corrupcioun*s. It was a tradition, it ſeems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden, concurred in obſerving, that Shakſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakſpeare gave his language a certain groteſque air of the ſavage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for ſpeaking of a phraſe in Milton, which he ſuppoſed altogether abſurd and unmeaning, he ſays, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakſpeare, to uſe new phraſe and diction unknown to all others*——and again——*to practiſe diſtances is ſtill a Caliban ſtile*. Note on *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, l. iv. v. 945. But I know of no ſuch *Caliban ſtile* in Shakſpeare, that hath new phraſe and diction unknown to all others.

WARBURTON.

Where theſe critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly miſtook brutality of ſentiment for uncouthneſs of words. Caliban had learned to ſpeak of Proſpero and his daughter, he had no names for the ſun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more underſtanding than Shakſpeare has thought it proper to beſtow upon him. His diction is indeed ſomewhat clouded by the gloomineſs of his temper, and the malignity of his purpoſes; but let any other being entertain the ſame thoughts, and he will find them eaſily iſſue in the ſame expreſſions. JOHNSON.

As wicked dew,—] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenſer ſays, *wicked weed*; ſo, in oppoſition, we ſay herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

So in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date. "If a *wycked* "fellon be ſwollen in ſuch manner that a man may hele it, the "hauke ſhall not dye." STEEVENS.

Side

Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, [1] for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt
give me

Water

[9] ——*urchins*,] i. e. hedgehogs.

Urchins are enumerated by *Reginald Scott* among other terrific beings.

" —to fold thyſelf up like an *urchin*."

Chapman's *May Day*, 1611.

Again in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638.

" What are the *urchins* crept out of their dens
" Under the conduct of this porcupine!"

Urchins are perhaps here put for *fairies*. Milton in his *Maſque* ſpeaks of " *urchin* blaſts," and we ſtill call any little dwarfiſh child, an *urchin*. The word occurs again in the next act. The *echinus*, or *ſea hedge-hog*, is ſtill called the *urchin*. STEVENS.

[1] ——*for that vaſt of night that they may work*,] The *vaſt of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deſerted, without action; or when all things lying in ſleep and ſilence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waſte*. So in *Hamlet*;

" In the dead *waſte* and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like that of *nox vaſta*.

Perhaps, however, it may be uſed in a ſignification ſomewhat different, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.

" Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

Vaſtum is likewiſe the ancient law term for *waſte* uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *vaſt* is uſed by Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594.

" — When unlightſome, *vaſt* and indigeſt
" The formeleſs matter of this world did lye."

It ſhould be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, theſe particulars were ſettled with the moſt minute exactneſs, and the different kinds of viſionary beings had different allotments of time ſuitable to the variety or conſequence of their employments. During theſe ſpaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
[2] Curs'd be I, that did ſo!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me; I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Pro. [3] Abhorred ſlave;

Which

might not interfere in that portion of night which belong'd to others. Among theſe we may ſuppoſe *urchins* to have had a part ſubjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakſpeare alludes again in *K. Lear*. *He begins at curfew, and walks till the ſecond cock.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Curſed be I that* I *did ſo! All the charms*] The editor of the ſecond folio, not perceiving that our author uſes *charms* as a diſſyllable, introduced an unneceſſary ſupplemental word. The reading of the firſt and authentick copy—Curſed be I *that did* ſo, &c. ought certainly to be adhered to. MALONE.

[3] *Abhorred ſlave*;] The ſpeech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciouſly beſtowed by Mr. Theobald on Proſpero. JOHNSON.

The modern editions take this ſpeech from Miranda, and give it to Proſpero; though there is nothing in it but what ſhe may ſpeak with the greateſt propriety; eſpecially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of Caliban, to enable him to make the attempt complained of. The poet himſelf ſhews he intended Miranda ſhould be his tutoreſs, when he makes Ca-

liban

Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: [4] when thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know

liban ſay, "I've ſeen thee in her, my miſtreſs ſhewed me thee "and thy dog, and thy buſh; to Stephano, who had juſt aſſured the monſter he was the man in the moon. HOLT.

Mr. Theobald found or might have found this ſpeech tranſferred to Proſpero in the alteration of this play by Dryden and D'Avenant. MALONE.

[4] —*When thou* DIDST *not, ſavage,*
KNOW *thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words to make them known.] The benefit which Proſpero here upbraids Caliban with having beſtowed, was teaching him language. He ſhews the greatneſs of this benefit by marking the inconvenience Caliban lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning.* But ſure a brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *ſhew* its meaning to others, And this certainly is what Proſpero would ſay:

——*When thou* COULDST *not, ſavage,*
SHOW *thy own meaning,* ——

The following words make it evident,

——*but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh, ——

And when once [*ſhow*] was corrupted to [*know*] the tranſcribers would of courſe change [*couldſt*] into [*didſt*] to make it agree with the other falſe reading. There is indeed a ſenſe, in which *Know thy own meaning*, may be well applied to a brute. For it may ſignify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations of its own mind; which, it would ſeem, a brute hath not. Though this, I ſay, may be applied to a brute, and conſequently to Caliban, and though to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet ſuch a ſenſe would be impertinent and abſurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned ſpeaker. Beſides, Proſpero expreſsly ſays, that Caliban had *purpoſes*; which, in other words, is, that he did *know his own meaning.*

WARBURTON.

——*When thou didſt not, ſavage,*
Know thy own meaning, ——] By this expreſſion, however defective, the poet ſeems to have meant——*When thou didſt utter ſounds, to which thou hadſt no determinate meaning:* but the

Know thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: [5] But thy vild race
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who haſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: [6] The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wert beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide*

following expreſſion of Mr. Addiſon, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage, "——having no language among them but a confuſed "gabble, which is *neither well underſtood by themſelves*, or others." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*But thy vild race.*] *Race*, in this place, ſeems to ſignify original diſpoſition, inborn qualities. In this ſenſe we ſtill ſay—*The race of wine*; thus in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*.

"There came, not ſix days ſince, from Hull, a pipe:
"Of rich Canary.——
"Is it of the right *race?*"

and ſir W. Temple has ſomewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

Race and *racineſs* in wine ſignifies a kind of tartneſs. BLACKSTONE.

[6] —*the red plague*—] I ſuppoſe from the redneſs of the body, univerſally inflamed. JOHNSON.

The *eryſipelas* was anciently called the *red plague*. STEEVENS.

It

It would controul my dam's god Setebos[7],
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So ſlave, hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Enter Ferdinand at the remoteſt part of the ſtage, and Ariel inviſible, playing and ſinging.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,[8]
(The wild waves whiſt)

[7] ——— "My dam's god, *Setebos.*"
A gentleman of great merit, Mr. *Warner*, has obſerved on the authority of *John Barbot*, that "the *Patagons* are reported to "dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos.*"—It may be aſked however, how *Shakſpeare* knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the preſent century?——Perhaps he had read *Eden*'s Hiſtory of Travayle, 1577, who tells us, p. 434. that "the *giantes*, when they found themſelves fettered, roared like "bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *metatheſis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident. FARMER.

We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the ſupreme god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one. TOLLET.

Setebos is likewiſe mentioned in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598. MALONE.

[8] *Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,*] As was anciently done at the beginning of ſome dances.

The wild waves whiſt;

i. e. the wild waves being ſilent (or whiſt) as in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, b. vii. c. 7. ſ. 59.

So was the Titaneſs put down, and whiſt.

And Milton ſeems to have had our author in his eye. See ſtanza 5. of his Hymn on the Nativity.

The winds with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the waters kiſs'd.

So again, both lord Surrey and Phaer, in their tranſlations of the ſecond book of Virgil:

"———*Conticuere omnes.*
"They *whiſted* all."

and Lylly in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600,

"But every thing is quiet, *whiſt*, and ſtill." STEEVENS.

Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.
Hark, hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air, or the earth?
It ſounds no more:—and ſure, it waits upon
Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again, the king my father's wreck,
This muſic crept by me upon the waters [9];
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

[1] *Full fathom five thy father lies,*
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing

[9] *This muſic crept by me upon the waters;*] So in Milton's *Maſque*.

"——— *a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound*
"*Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,*
"*And ſtole upon the air.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Full fathom five thy father lies,* &c.] Gildon, who has pretended to criticiſe our author, would give this up as an inſufferable and ſenſeleſs piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjuſt one. Let us conſider the buſineſs Ariel is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commiſſion Proſpero has intruſted to him, in a whiſper, was plainly this; to conduct Ferdinand to the ſight of Miranda, and to diſpoſe him to the quick ſentiments of love, while

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change[2],
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.

while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the ſame impreſſions. Ariel ſets about his buſineſs by acquainting Ferdinand, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet, as odd as it appears, the poet has ſhewn in it the fineſt conduct for carrying on his plot. Proſpero has ſaid

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. ——

In conſequence of this his preſcience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumſtance that the occaſion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young Ferdinand. But to ſecure this point, it was neceſſary they ſhould be contracted before the affair came to Alonſo the father's knowledge. For Proſpero was ignorant how this ſtorm and ſhipwreck, cauſed by him, would work upon Alonſo's temper. It might either ſoften him, or encreaſe his averſion for Proſpero as the author. On the other hand, to engage Ferdinand, without the conſent of his father, was difficult. For, not to ſpeak of his quality, where ſuch engagements are not made without the conſent of the ſovereign, Ferdinand is repreſented (to ſhew it a match worth the ſeeking) of a moſt pious temper and diſpoſition, which would prevent his contracting himſelf without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmoſt addreſs, has made Ariel perſuade him of his father's death to remove this remora.

WARBURTON.

I know not whether Dr. Warburton has very ſucceſsfully defended theſe ſongs from Gildon's accuſation. Ariel's lays, however ſeaſonable and efficacious, muſt be allowed to be of no ſupernatural dignity or elegance, they expreſs nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal diſcovery.

The reaſon for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings of which tradition has always aſcribed a ſort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expreſſed by the ſongs of Ariel.

JOHNSON.

[2] *But doth ſuffer a ſea-change.*]

"And *underwent* a quick immortal *change*."

Milton's *Maſque.*

STEEVENS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell[3]
[*Burden*, ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
[4] That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains [5] of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſeeſt yond'.

Mira. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a ſpirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him

[3] *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.*
Hark! now I hear them,——Ding, dong *bell.*
Burden, ding-dong.]
So in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, &c. 13th edition, 1690.
"Corydon's doleful knell to the tune of *Ding, dong.*"
"I muſt go ſeek a new love,
"Yet will I *ring her knell*,
Ding, dong."
The ſame burthen to a ſong occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 3. Sc. 2. STEEVENS.

[4] *That the earth owes;*——] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, ſignifies *to own*. So in *Othello*:
"——that ſweet ſleep,
"Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday."
Again in the *Tempeſt*:
"——thou doſt here uſurp
"The name thou *ow'ſt* not."
To uſe the word in this ſenſe is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. I meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*:
"If now the beard be ſuch, what is the prince,
"That *owes* the beard?" STEEVENS.

[5] *The* fringed *curtains*, &c.]
The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609,
"——*her eyelids*
"Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold." STEEVENS.

A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it:—Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. [6] Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!—Vouchſafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, ſir;
But, [7] certainly a maid.

Fer.

[6] *Moſt ſure*, &c.] It ſeems, that Shakſpeare, in *The Tempeſt*, hath been ſuſpected of tranſlating ſome expreſſions of Virgil; witneſs the *O Dea certe*. I preſume we are here directed to the paſſage, where Ferdinand ſays of Miranda, after hearing the ſongs of Ariel:

Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!——

And ſo *very ſmall Latin* is ſufficient for this formidable tranſlation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on ſuch a ſandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real tranſlator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an Engliſh reader, ſuppoſing it neceſſarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our own language are almoſt forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurſt:

"O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
"Thy tongue, thy viſage no mortal frayltie reſembleth.
"——No doubt, a goddeſſe!" *Edit.* 1583. FARMER.

[7] ——— *certainly, a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illuſtrate the ſingularity of her character, than this pleaſant miſtake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philoſophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourſelves; and was an utter ſtranger to the flattery

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Pro.

invented by vicious and deſigning men to corrupt the other ſex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaiſance, and a deſire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which ſhe had been inſtructed, in her moral leſſons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into ſuch exceſs, as that any one ſhould be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddeſs, or an immortal WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand aſks her not whether ſhe was a *created being*, a queſtion which, if he meant it, he has ill expreſſed, but whether ſhe was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Proſpero's interruption produces, he goes on purſuing his former queſtion.

O, if a virgin,
I'll make you queen of Naples. JOHNSON.

A paſſage in *Lilly's Galathea* ſeems to countenance the preſent text, 'The queſtion among men is common, *are you a maide?*'—yet I cannot but think, that Dr. *Warburton* reads very rightly, "If you be *made*, or no." When we meet with an harſh expreſſion in *Shakſpeare*, we are uſually to look for a *play upon words*. *Fletcher* cloſely imitates the *Tempeſt* in his *Sea Voyage:* and he introduces *Albert* in the ſame manner to the ladies of *his* Deſert iſland.

"Be not offended, goddeſſes, that I fall
"Thus proſtrate," &c.

Shakſpeare himſelf had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a paſſage in the third book of the *Fairy Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphœbe*,

"*Angel* or *goddeſs!* do I call thee *right?*"
"There-at ſhe bluſhing, ſaid, ah! gentle ſquire,
"Nor *goddeſs* I, nor *angel*, but the *maid*
"And *daughter* of a woody nymph," &c. FARMER.

—— *if you be* maid, *or no*,] It was not Dr. Warburton, but the fourth folio, that firſt read *made*; which I am perſuaded was our author's word. The omiſſion of the article adds ſome ſtrength to this ſuppoſition. Nothing is more common in his plays than a word being uſed in reply, in a ſenſe different from that in which it was employed by the firſt ſpeaker. Ferdinand had the moment before called Miranda a Goddeſs; and the words immediately ſubjoined—"Vouchſafe my prayer, &c." ſhow that he looked up to her as a perſon of a ſuperior order, and ſought her protection, and inſtruction for his conduct, not

her

Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
[8] And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could [9] controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the firſt ſight
[*Aſide to Ariel.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this.—A word, good ſir;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong [1]: a word—
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

her love. At *this* period, therefore, he muſt have felt too much awe to have flattered himſelf with the hope of poſſeſſing a being that appeared to him celeſtial; though afterwards, emboldened by what Miranda had ſaid, he exclaims, "O, if a Virgin, &c." MALONE.

[8] *And his brave ſon, being twain.*] This is a ſlight forgetfulneſs. Nobody was left in the wreck, yet we find no ſuch character as the ſon of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*controul thee.*] Confute thee, unanſwerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

[1] *I fear you have done yourſelf ſome wrong:—*] i. e. I fear that, in aſſerting yourſelf to be *king of Naples*, you have uttered a falſhood, which is below your character, and conſequently injurious to your honour. So in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*—"This is not well, maſter Ford, this *wrongs you.*" STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. Soft, ſir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers:—but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning (*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou doſt here uſurp
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
[a] He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I ſay,

[a] *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] *Fearful* ſignifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous.* She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough uſage is unneceſſary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful, however, may ſignify *formidable*, as in *K. Hen.* IV.

" A mighty and a *fearful* head they are".

and then the meaning of the paſſage is obvious. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS explains this paſſage thus: " Do not raſhly determine to treat him with ſeverity, he is " *mild* and *harmleſs*, and not in the leaſt *terrible* or *dangerous*."

EDITOR.

My

[3] My foot my tutor?—Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: [4] come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beſeech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban; Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a Caliban!
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*]
[5] Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' the earth

[3] *My foot my tutor.*] So in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*, 1587, p. 163.

What honeſt heart would not conceive diſdayne,
To ſee *the foote* ſurmount above the *head*. HENDERSON.

[4] — *come from thy ward*;] Deſiſt from any hope of awing me by that poſture of defence. JOHNSON.

[5] *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*] So Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow-Caſtle.*

"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaſter." STEEVENS.

Let

Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works:——Come on.
[*To Ariel.*] Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!—
Follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the ſyllable.
Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gon. Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; [6] Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

[6] ——*our hint of woe*] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cauſe that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads *ſtint* of woe. JOHNSON.
Hint ſeems to mean circumſtance. STEEVENS.

Alon. [7] Pr'ythee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. [8] The viſitor will not give him o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One: ——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar [9].

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

[7] Alon. *Pr'ythee, peace.*] All that follows from hence to this ſpeech of the king's,

You cram theſe words into my ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe,

ſeems to Mr. Pope to have been an interpolation by the players. For my part, though I allow the matter of the dialogue to be very poor, I cannot be of opinion that it is interpolated. For ſhould we take out this immediate part, what would become of theſe words of the king,

——Would I had never
Married my daughter there!

What daughter? and *where* married? For it is in this intermediate part of the ſcene only that we are told the king had a daughter named Claribel, whom he had married into Tunis. 'Tis true, in a ſubſequent ſcene betwixt Anthonio and Sebaſtian, we again hear her and Tunis mentioned; but in ſuch a manner, that it would be obſcure and unintelligible without this previous information. THEOBALD.

[8] *The viſitor*—] Why Dr. Warburton ſhould change *viſitor* to *'viſer* for *adviſer*, I cannot diſcover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Viſitor*, like others who viſit the ſick or diſtreſſed to give them conſolation. In ſome of the Proteſtant churches there is a kind of officers termed conſolators for the ſick. JOHNSON.

[9] *A* Dollar.

Gon. Dolour *comes to him indeed*;

The ſame quibble occurs in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637.

"And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
"For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart."

STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a ſpendthrift he is of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, [1] and delicate temperance.

Ant. [2] Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

[1] ——*and delicate temperance.*] *Temperance* here means *temperature.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Temperance was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was uſual to chriſten children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his deſcription of a ſtrumpet,

"Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
"To be call'd Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace."

STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. [3] How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green it't [4].

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No; he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almoſt beyond credit)———

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

[3] *How luſh*, &c.] *Luſh*, i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the oppoſite to *pale* and *faint*. Sir T. HANMER.

The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. HANMER, that *luſh* here ſignifies *rank*, and not *a dark full colour*. In Arthur Golding's tranſlation of *Julius Solinus*, printed 1587, a paſſage occurs, in which the word is explained.——"Shrubbes *luſhe* and almoſt like a gryſtle." So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Quite over canopied with *luſcious* woodbine."

Dunbar, in *The Contemplatioun of Manis Mortalitie*, uſes *luſty* in the like ſenſe with Shakſpeare:

"Thy *luſtye* bewte, and thy youth
"Shall feid as dois the ſomer flouris." HENLEY.

[4] *With an eye of green in't.*] An *eye* is a ſmall ſhade of colour.

"Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple." *Boyle.*

STEEVENS.

Seb.

Gon. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? [5] Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, ſir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp[6].

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

[5] ——*Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own ſhipwreck, which they conſider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

Perhaps there is here an alluſion to ſome old ballad. In the Pepyſian collection is one to the tune of Queen Dido. MALONE.

The ballad itſelf is in that collection, and it is alſo printed in *Percy's Reliques.* It appears at one time to have been a great favourite with the common people. "Oh you ale-wrights, exclaims an ancient writer, "you that devoure the marrow of the "mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into conſumptions; that "ſung QUEEN DIDO over a cupp, and tell ſtrange newes over "an ale-pot, &c." *Jacke of Dover his Queſt of Inquirie, or his privy ſearch for the verieſt Foole in England*, 4to. 1604, ſig. F. REMARKS.

[6] ——*the miraculous harp.*] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's muſic. STEEVENS.

Seb.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, ſir, my doublet, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe[7]: 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at

[7] *The ſtomach of my* ſenſe.] By *ſenſe*, I believe, is meant both *reaſon and natural affection.* So in *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

"Againſt all *ſenſe* do you importune her." STEEVENS.

[8] Which end the beam ſhould bow. We have loſt
your ſon,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
[9] Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt o' the loſs.

Gon. My lord Sebaſtian,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

[8] ——— ——— ——— at
Which end the beam ſhould bow.] The old copy reads:
——— ——— ——— ——— at
Which end *o'* th' beam ſhould bow.

Should, was probably and abbreviation of *ſhe would*, the mark of eliſion being inadvertently omitted. Thus *he has* is conſtantly in the firſt folio—*h'as*. Mr. Pope corrected the paſſage by omitting *o'*, and his correction has been adopted, I think, improperly; for omiſſion of any word in the old copy, without ſubſtituting another in its place, is always dangerous. Our author, I ſuppoſe, wrote

——— ——— ——— ——— at
Which end o' the beam *ſhe'd* bow. MALONE.

[9] *Than we bring men to comfort them:*] It does not clearly appear whether the king and theſe lords thought the ſhip loſt. This paſſage ſeems to imply, that they were themſelves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet deſtroyed. Why, indeed, ſhould Sebaſtian plot againſt his brother in the following ſcene, unleſs he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit. JOHNSON.

Seb

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick[1]
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; riches, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,

[1] ——— *for no kind of traffick*

Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate, &c.] Our author has here cloſely followed a paſſage in Montaigne's Essays, tranſlated by John Florio, 1603. p. 102. "It is a nation (would I anſwer Plato) that hath no *kind of traffick*, no *knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of numbers, no *name of magiſtrate*, nor of *politick ſuperioritie*; *no uſe of ſervice*, *of riches*, *or of povertie*, *no contracts*, *no ſucceſſion*, *no partitions*, *no occupations*, *but* [*all*] *idle*; no reſpect of kindred but common; no apparel but natural; *no uſe of wine*, *corne*, *or metal*. The very words that import lying, falſhood, *treaſon*, diſſimulations, covetouſneſs, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongſt them."——This paſſage was pointed out by a late editor, who knew ſo little of his author as to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare had the original French before him, though he has almoſt literally followed Florio's tranſlation.

Montaigne is here ſpeaking of a newly-diſcovered country, which he calls antartick France. In the page preceding that already quoted are theſe words: "the other teſtimonie of antiquitis to which ſome will refer the diſcoverie is in Ariſtotle (if at leaſt that little book of unheard of wonders be his) where he reporteth that certain Carthaginians having ſailed athwart the Atlanticke Sea, without the ſtrait of Gibraltar, diſcovered a *great fertil iſland*, all repleniſhed with goodly woods, and deepe rivers, farre diſtant from any land."

Whoever ſhall take the trouble to turn to the old tranſlation above-mentioned will, I think, be of opinion, that, in whatſoever novel our author might have found the *fable* of the *Tempeſt*, he was led by the peruſal of this book to make the *ſcene* of it an unfrequented iſland. The title of the chapter, which is—— "*Of the Canniballes*,"—evidently furniſhed him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almoſt every proper name was twiſted into an anagram. Thus, *I moyl in law*, was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this proceſs, and tranſpoſing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakſpeare (as Dr. Farmer long ſince obſerved) formed the name of *Caliban*. MALONE.

Bourn [2], bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. [3] The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine[4],
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,

[2] Bourn, *bound of land*, &c.] A *bourn*, in this place, ſignifies *limit*, a *meer*, a *land-mark*. STEEVENS.

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:] The metre of this line is defective. Many of the defects in our author's metre have ariſen from the words of one line being transferred to another. In the preſent inſtance the line that precedes this is redundant. Perhaps the words have here, as in many other paſſages, been ſhuffled out of their places. We might read:

And uſe of ſervice none; ſucceſſion,
Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

It muſt be owned, however, that in the paſſage in Montaigne, the words *contract* and *ſucceſſion*, are arranged in the ſame manner as in the firſt folio.

If the error did not happen in this way, *bourn* might have been uſed as a diſſyllable, and the word omitted at the preſs might have been *none*.

——— ——— Contract, ſucceſſion,
None; bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

MALONE.

[3] *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine ſatire on the Utopian treatiſes of government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent ſchemes therein recommended. WARBURTON.

After peruſing the foregoing extract, the reader perhaps may entertain ſome doubts of the truth of this remark of Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

[4] ——*any* engine.] An *engine* is the *rack*. So in *K. Lear*.

" ——like an *engine*, wrench'd by frame of nature
" From the fix'd place."

It may, however, be uſed here in its common ſignification of inſtrument of war, or military machine. STEEVENS.

Of

Of its own kind, all [5] foizon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong all his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir [6],
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, ſir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal [7]; you would

[5] —*all foizon,*—] *Foiſon*, or *foizon*, ſignifies plenty, *ubertas*, not moiſture, or juice of graſs or other herbs, as Mr. Pope ſays. EDWARDS.

Foyſon is pure French, and ſignifies plenty.
So in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xiii. ch. 78.
"Union, in breefe, is *foyſonous*, and diſcorde works decay."
Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely miſtaken, as *foiſon*, or *fizon*, ſometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and Eaſt Country words. STEEVENS.

[6] *I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,*
To excel the golden age.] So Montaigne, *ubi ſupra:* "Me ſeemeth that what in thoſe [newly diſcovered] nations, we ſee by experience, doth not only *exceed* all the pictures wherewith licentious poeſie hath proudly embelliſhed *the golden age*, and all the quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but alſo the conceptions and deſire of philoſophy." MALONE.

[7] *You are gentlemen of brave metal.*] This is the reading of the

would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing ſolemn muſick.

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you! I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly. Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, ſleep, and hear us.

[*Gon. Adr. Fra. &c. ſleep.*

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy—

[*All ſleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—No more:—

old copy; but *mettle* and *metal* are frequently confounded in the firſt folio.

The epithet *brave*, ſhews, I think, clearly, that we ought to read,

You are gentlemen of brave *mettle*. MALONE.

And

And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou would'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?

Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep!
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.

Ant. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou lett'ſt thy fortune ſleep, die rather; wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.

Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you[8]
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

[8] *I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you*
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.] This paſſage is repreſented to me as an obſcure one. The meaning of it ſeems to be——You muſt put on more than your uſual ſeriouſneſs, if you are diſpoſed to pay a proper attention to my propoſal; which attention if you beſtow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*. Sebaſtian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatneſs) *thrice* the man he was before. In this ſenſe he would be *trebled* o'er. So, in *Pericles*, 1609,

" ——— the maſter calls
" And *trebles* the confuſion."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" ——— *thirds* his own worth." STEEVENS.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it! Ebbing men, ideed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, ſir:
Although [9] this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almoſt perſuaded,
([1] For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the king, his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

[9] —*this lord of weak remembrance,*—] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, ſhall be as little remembered himſelf, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

[1] *For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion,*] Of this entangled ſentence I can draw no ſenſe from the preſent reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, *a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only*
Profeſſes to perſuade.

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a ſpirit of perſuaſion, profeſſes to perſuade the king*; or that, *He only profeſſes to perſuade*, that is, *without being ſo perſuaded himſelf, he makes a ſhow of perſuading the king.* JOHNSON.

The meaning may be – He is a mere rhetorician, one who profeſſes the art of perſuaſion, and nothing elſe; *i. e.* he profeſſes to perſuade another to believe that of which he himſelf is not convinced: he is content to be plauſible, that has no further aim. The conſtruction from which I draw this ſenſe, is undoubtedly harſh; but, in a writer like Shakſpeare, all that is perplexed and irregular is not to be regarded as a corruption of the text. STEEVENS.

What

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce [2] a wink beyond,
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [3] ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom
We were all ſea-ſwallow'd, [4] though ſome caſt again;
And,

[2] ——*a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmoſt extent of the proſpect of ambition, the point where the eye can paſs no farther, but where objects loſe their diſtinctneſs, ſo that what is there diſcovered, is faint, obſcure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*ſhe that from Naples*
Can have no note, &c.] Shakſpeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conſpicuous in any inſtance than in this, where he ſuppoſes Tunis and Naples to have been at ſuch an immeaſureable diſtance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who ſays, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and diſcharge themſelves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æſchylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*.

[4] Theſe lines are in the old edition thus:

——— *though ſome caſt again*;
And, by that deſtiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In your and my diſcharge.

The reading in the latter editions is without authority. The old text may very well ſtand, except that in the laſt line *in* ſhould be *is*, and perhaps we might better ſay—*and that by deſtiny*; it being a common plea of wickedneſs to call temptation deſtiny. JOHNSON.

It ſhould be remembered, that *caſt* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in *Macbeth*, act II. ſc. iii. "——— though he took my "legs from me, I made a ſhift to *caſt* him."

The

And, by that deſtiny [5], to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my diſcharge.

Seb. What ſtuff is this?—How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is ſhe heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.

Ant. A ſpace, whoſe every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that Claribel*
Meaſure us back to Naples?—[b] Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebaſtian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough [7] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.

The modern editors publiſhed,

Is yours and my diſcharge.

I think we may ſafely retain the old reading in the laſt hemiſtich.

——— *What is yet to come,*
In yours and my diſcharge,

i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *deſtiny*] I ſhould prefer *deſtin'd.* MUSGRAVE.

[6] ——— *Keep in Tunis.*] There is in this paſſage a propriety loſt, which a ſlight alteration will reſtore:

———Sleep *in Tunis,*
And let Sebaſtian wake! JOHNSON.

The old reading is ſufficiently explicable. *Claribel,* (ſays he) *keep where thou art, and allow Sebaſtian time to awaken thoſe ſenſes by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now preſents itſelf.* STEEVENS.

[7] A *chough* is a bird of the jack-daw kind. STEEVENS.

Ant

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience—
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feel not
This deity in my boſom; twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
[8] And melt, ere they moleſt. Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead[9];
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay [1] might put
[2] This ancient morſel, this ſir Prudence, who

[8] *And melt ere they moleſt.*] I had rather read,
Would *melt ere they moleſt.*
i. e. *Twenty conſciences, ſuch as ſtand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could moleſt one,* or prevent the execution of my purpoſes. JOHNSON.
Or *melt ere they moleſt.* The old copy reads—*And* melt, which is as intelligible as *or*, which was ſubſtituted in its place.—*Let twenty conſciences be firſt congealed, and then diſſolved, ere,* &c. MALONE.
In the later editions, theſe lines are thus arranged:
Ay, ſir, where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!
Here lies your brother——
This modern reading was quite arbitary, as appears by the neceſſity of changing *twenty* to *ten.* STEEVENS.
[9] —*that's* dead;] i. e. *that is, id eſt.* STEEVENS.
[1] —— for *aye*] —— i. e. for ever. So in *K. Lear.*
" —— I am come
" To bid my king and maſter *aye* good night. STEEVENS.
[2] *This ancient morſel,*——] For *morſel* Dr. Warburton reads *ancient moral,* very elegantly and judiciouſly, yet I know not whether the author might not write *morſel,* as we ſay a *piece of a man.* JOHNSON.
So in *Meaſure for Meaſure,*
" How doth my dear *morſel,* thy miſtreſs?" STEEVENS.

Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll [3] take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. The caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt,
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They converſe apart.*

Enter Ariel, with muſick and ſong.

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) [4] to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While

[3] ——*take ſuggeſtion,*—] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. JOHNSON.

They'll take ſuggeſtion, *as a cat laps milk.*] That is, will adopt, and bear witneſs to, any tale you ſhall invent; you may ſuborn them as evidences to clear you from all ſuſpicion of having murthered the king. A ſimilar ſignification occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
"O ſweet *ſuggeſting* love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
"Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it. HENLEY.

[4] —— *to keep them living.*] i. e. Alonſo and Anthonio; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the Oxford Editor alters *them* to *you*, becauſe in the verſe before, it is ſaid ——*you his friend*; as if, becauſe, Ariel was *ſent forth* to *ſave his friend*, he could not have another purpoſe in ſending him, *viz.* to *ſave his project* too. WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton and the Oxford Editor both miſtaken. The ſenſe of the paſſage, as it now ſtands, is this: He ſees *your* danger, and will therefore ſave *them*. Dr. Warburton has miſtaken Anthonio for Gonzalo. Ariel would certainly not tell Gonzalo, that his maſter ſaved him only for his project. He ſpeaks to himſelf as he approaches.

My

While you here do ſnoring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preſerve the king!

[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you [5] drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That theſe *his friends are in.*

Theſe written with a *y*, according to the old practice, did not much differ from *you*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon objects very juſtly to this paſſage.

The confuſion has, I think, ariſen from the omiſſion of a ſingle letter. Our author, I believe, wrote

—— and ſends me forth,
For elſe his project*s* dies, to keep them living.

i. e. he has ſent me forth, to keep his projects alive, which elſe would be deſtroyed by the murder of Gonzalo.——The oppoſition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakſpeare's manner. The plural noun joined to a verb in the ſingular is to be met with in almoſt every page of the firſt folio. Thus, to confine myſelf to the play before us, edit. 1623:

"My old *bones aches.*"

Again, ibid:

"—— —— At this hour
"*Lies* at my mercy all my *enemies.*"

Again, ibid:

What *cares* the *roarers* for the name of the king.

It was the common language of the time; and ought to be corrected, as indeed it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the preſent inſtance we ſhould read——For elſe his projects *die*, &c. MALONE.

[5] —— *drawn?*] Having your ſwords drawn. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"What, art thou *drawn* among theſe heartleſs hinds?" JOHNSON.

Seb.

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon my honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn:—there was a noiſe,
That's verity [6]: 'Tis beſt we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon, [*Aſide.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: A noiſe of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i' the mire,

[6] That's *verity.*] The old copy reads, that's *verily*, the emendation by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

Nor

Nor lead me, like a fire brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are ſet upon me:
Sometime like ape, [7] that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All [8] wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, [9] looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed

[7] ——*that moe*, &c.] i. e. Make mouths. So in the old verſion of the Pſalms:

" ——— making *moes* at me."

Again in the old myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

" And make them to lye and *mowe* like an ape."

STEEVENS.

So in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593:

" —— found nobody at home but an *ape*, that ſate in the " porch and made mops and *mows* at him." MALONE.

[8] —— *wound*] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twiſted about me. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *looks like a foul bumbard*—] This term again occurs in *The Firſt Part of Henry* IV.——" that ſwoln parcel of dropſies " that huge *bumbard* of ſack"——and again in *Henry* VIII. " And here you lie baiting of *bumbards*, when ye ſhould do ſer- " vice." By theſe ſeveral paſſages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large veſſel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance ſo called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald.——" The poor cattle yonder are paſſing away the " time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."

So again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638.

" His

ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? Dead or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fiſh painted [1], not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter [2] make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee [3] a

" His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
" Or *bumbards* toſs'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Love Reſtor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about proviſions. " I am to deliver into the buttery ſo many firkins of *aurum* " *potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge," &c.

Again in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631.

" You are aſcended up to what you are, from the black-jack " to the *bumbard* diſtillation." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *this fiſh painted.*] To exhibit fiſhes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So in Maine's comedy of the *City Match:*

" Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *ſtrange fiſh*."
—— " This is the fifth *fiſh* now
" That he hath ſhewn thus."

It appears, from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was publiſhed, " A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh*, that ap- " peared in the form of a woman from her waiſt upward, ſeene " in the ſea." STEEVENS.

[2] —*make a man*;] That is, make a man's fortune. So in *Midſummer's Night's Dream*—" we are all *made men*." JOHNSON. So in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" —— She's a wench
" Was born to *make* us all." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a dead Indian.*——] And afterwards——*Men of Inde.* Probably ſome alluſion to a particular occurrence, now obſcured by time. In *Henry* VIII. the *porter* aſks the mob, if they think ——*ſome ſtrange Indian*, &c. *is come to court.*

In the year 1577 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, " A deſcription of the portrayture and ſhape of thoſe " ſtrange kinde of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Four- " boſier brought into England in A°. 1576." STEEVENS.

dead

dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion[4], hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that has lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under[5] his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhrowd, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
Here ſhall I dye a-ſhore,—

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
Then to ſea, boys, and let her g hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with ſavages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid,

[4] —— *let looſe my opinion*, &c] So in *Love's Labour Loſt*:
" —— Now you will be my purgation, and *let me looſe*."
STEEVENS.

[5] —— *his gaberdine*;——] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarſe frock or outward garment of a peaſant. Spaniſh *Gabardina*. So in *Look about you*, 1600.
" I'll conjure his *gaberdine*." The *gaberdine* is ſtill worn by the peaſants in Suſſex. STEEVENS.

As proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs: who has got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take [6] too much for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, [7] I know it by thy trembling: Now Proſper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, [8] cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be——

[6] *—too much—*] *Too much* means, *any ſum, ever ſo much.* It has however been obſerved to me that when the vulgar mean to aſk an extravagant price for any thing, they ſay, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This ſenſe ſufficiently accommodates itſelf to Trinculo's expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[7] *——I knew it by thy trembling:*] This *tremor* is always repreſented as the effect of being poſſeſs'd by the devil. So in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"Mark how he *trembles* in his extaſy!" STEEVENS.

[8] *——cat;—*] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat ſpeak.* STEEVENS.

But he is drowned; and theſe are devils: O! defend me!——

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter: His forward voice [9] now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—— [1] Amen! I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; [2] I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'ſt thou [3] to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke:

[9] *His forward voice*, &c.] The perſon of Fame was anciently deſcribed in this manner. So in *Penelope's Web*, by Greene, 1601: "Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to "flatter." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Amen!*—] Means ſtop your draught: come to a concluſion. *I will pour ſome*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *I have no long ſpoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long ſpoon to eat with the devil.* STEEVENS.

See *Com. of Errors*, act IV. ſc. iii. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, ver. 10916 of the late edit.

"Therefore behoveth him a full long ſpoone
"That ſhall ete with a feind."—— TYRWHITT.

[3] —— *to be the ſiege of this moon-calf?*] *Siege* ſignifies *ſtool* in every ſenſe of the word, and is here uſed in the dirtieſt.

So in Holinſhed, p. 705: "In this yeare alſo, a houſe on "London-bridge, called the common *ſiege*, or privie, fell downe "into the Thames."

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate ſhapeleſs maſs, ſuppoſed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hiſt. b. x. ch. 64. STEEVENS.

—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, though art not drown'd. Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights. That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book: Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven [4]?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy buſh.

[4] *Haſt thou not dropp'd from Heaven?*] The new-diſcovered Indians of the iſland of St. Salvador, aſked, by ſigns, whether Columbus and his companions *were not come down from Heaven.*

TOLLET.

Ste Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book; I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very ſhallow monſter:—[5] I afraid of him?—a very weak monſter:—The man i' the moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſle;
And I will [6]kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young [7]ſcamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me? *Ste.*

[5] *I afraid of him?—a very weak monſter*, &c.] It is to be obſerved, that Trinculo the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*kiſs thy foot:*—] A ſneer upon the papiſts for kiſſing the Pope's pantofle. GREY.

[7] —*ſcamels*—] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *ſhamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſcamels*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, therefore I have ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand. JOHNSON.

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more

Theobald ſubſtitutes *ſhamois* for *ſcamels*; which laſt word, he ſays, has poſſeſſed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *ſcamels*; for in an old will, dated 1593, I find the bequeſt of "a "bed of *ſcammel colour*;" i. e. of the colour of an animal ſo called, whoſe ſkin was then in uſe for dreſs or furniture. This at leaſt ſhews the exiſtence of the word at the time, and in Shakſpeare's ſenſe. WARTON.

I take Mr. Warton's bed of *ſcammel* colour to be a miſtake for *ſtammel* colour, *i. e.* of a light red colour. The *light, pale ſtammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* and is alſo there ſtyled *the light red*, and *freſh luſty gallant*, p. 260 and 261. See alſo *ſtammel* in *Ainſworth's Dict.* TOLLET.

In Jonſon's *Underwoods*, ſee the following paſſage:

"Red-hood the firſt that doth appear
"In *ſtamel*, ſcarlet is too dear."

And in Fletcher's *Woman-hater:*

"Humble herſelf in an old *ſtamel* petticoat."

and numberleſs other inſtances.

Theobald had very reaſonably propoſed to read *ſea-malls*, or *ſea-mells*. An *e*, by theſe careleſs printers, was eaſily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty ariſes, the word having been ſpelt by the tranſcriber *ſcamels*. *Willoughby* mentions the bird as *Theobald* has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *ſcams*, more attention would have been paid to his aſſertion.

I ſhould ſuppoſe, at all events, a *bird* to have been deſign'd, as *young* and *old fiſh* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more eaſily ſurpriſed than *old ones*. Beſides, Caliban had already proffered to *fiſh* for Trinculo. In Cavendiſh's ſecond voyage, the ſailors eat *young gulls* at the iſle of Penguins. STEEVENS.

Mr. Holt's aſſertion will receive ſome ſupport from Cotgrave's Dictionary, where the word *chame* is explained to be a kind of cockle or round ſhell. I have, however, no doubt but Theobald's propoſed amendment ought to be received Sir Joſeph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34, N° 3, is mentioned the common ſea mall *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young ſea gulls have been eſteemed a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a ſpecies of gulls called in that country pewits, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good diſh at the moſt plentiful tables." To this it may be added, that ſir Robert Sibbald in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions, amongſt fowls which frequent a neighbouring iſland, ſeveral ſorts of *ſea malls*, and one in particular, the *katiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigneſs of an ordinary pigeon, which ſome hold, ſays he, to be as ſavoury and as good meat as a partridge is. EDITOR.

In a *Topographical Deſcription of France*,

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book; I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very ſhallow monſter:—[5] I afraid of him?—a very weak monſter:—The man i' the moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſle;
And I will [6] kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee

[5] *I afraid of him?—a very weak monſter*, &c.] It is to be obſerved, that Trinculo the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

[6] *——kiſs thy foot:—*] A ſneer upon the papiſts for kiſſing the Pope's pantofle. GRAY.

Young [7] ſcamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more

[7] —*ſcamels*—] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *ſhamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſcamels*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, therefore I have ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand. JOHNSON.

Theobald ſubſtitutes *ſhamois* for *ſcamels*; which laſt word, he ſays, has poſſeſſed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *ſcamels*; for in an old will, dated 1593, I find the bequeſt of "a "bed of *ſcammel colour*;" i. e. of the colour of an animal ſo called, whoſe ſkin was then in uſe for dreſs or furniture. This at leaſt ſhews the exiſtence of the word at the time, and in Shakſpeare's ſenſe. WARTON.

I take Mr. Warton's bed of *ſcammel* colour to be a miſtake for *ſtammel* colour, *i. e.* of a light red colour. The *light, pale ſtammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* and is alſo there ſtyled *the light red*, and *freſh luſty gallant*, p. 260 and 261. See alſo *ſtammel* in *Ainſworth's Dict.* TOLLET.

In Jonſon's *Underwoods*, ſee the following paſſage:

"Red-hood the firſt that doth appear
"In *ſtamel*, ſcarlet is too dear."

And in Fletcher's *Woman-hater:*

"Humble herſelf in an old *ſtamel* petticoat."

and numberleſs other inſtances.

Theobald had very reaſonably propoſed to read *ſea-malls*, or *ſea-mells*. An *e*, by theſe careleſs printers, was eaſily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty ariſes, the word having been ſpelt by the tranſcriber *ſeamels*. *Willoughby* mentions the bird as *Theobald* has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *ſcams*, more attention would have been paid to his aſſertion.

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Mr. Holt may probably have been right in his aſſertion. Cotgrave explains *chame* to be a kind of cockle or round ſhell-fiſh. EDITOR.

I am inclined to think that *ſcamels* is, after all, the true reading, and, to agree with Mr. Warton, that there were animals in our author's time, which bore that name, or one nearly reſembling it in ſound. Thus in a *Topographical Deſcription of France*,

more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewell maſter, farewell, farewell.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering[8], *nor waſh diſh;*
Ban' Ban' Ca—Caliban,
Has a new maſter—Get a new Man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painful[8]; but their labour[9]
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs

France, 1592, p. 81, I find "The *Mountains* of Lavedon doe "breed the beſt horſes in France, and hath alſo wolves, beares, "boars, hartes, hindes, goats, and *cammels*. HENDERSON.

[8] *Nor ſcrape trenchering*——] In our author's time trenchers were in general uſe; and the male domeſticks were ſometimes employed in cleanſing them. "I have helped (ſays Lilly in his *Hiſtory of his Life and Times*, ſub. an. 1620), to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;——all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *ſcrape-trenchers*, &c. MALONE.

[9] ——*but their labour*
Delight in them ſets off:]
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem. Hor. ſat. 2. lib. ii. STEEVENS.

[1] *There be ſome ſports are* painful; *but their* labour
Delight *in them ſets off:*] We have again the ſame thought in *Macbeth:*
"The *labour* we *delight* in, phyſicks *pain*." MALONE.

Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
[2] Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: o, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had never like executor. I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
[3] Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Proſpero at a diſtance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray ſet it down and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

[2] ——— *and moſt poor matters*
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk] The metre of this line is defective, by two words having been miſplaced in the firſt edition. It ſhould, I think, be regulated thus:

——— and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me as odious, but, &c.

The author and his contemporaries frequently uſed *odious* as a triſſyllable. MALONE.

[3] The two firſt folios read:

Moſt buſy leſt, *when I do it.*

'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is ſo very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own ſagacity for having diſcovered it.

THEOBALD.

Mira.

Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt [4].
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your [5] heſt to ſay ſo!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
[6] Of every creature's beſt.

[4] *And yours* it is *againſt.*] Perhaps we ſhould read, And yours *is it* againſt.

[5] —*heſt*—] For *beheſt*; i. e. command. STEEVENS.

[6] *Of every creature's beſt.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

Mira.

Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king:
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer [7]
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth—Hear my ſoul ſpeak;—
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides,
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. [8] I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro.

[7] ——*than I* would *ſuffer*, &c. The old copy reads—Than *to* ſuffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. STEEVENS.

[8] *I am a fool.*

To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of thoſe touches of nature that diſtinguiſh Shakſpeare from all other writers. It was neceſſary, in ſupport of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconſcious that exceſs of ſorrow and exceſs of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the firſt time that conſummate

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks [9] to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence baſhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
[1] I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow [2]
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My huſband then [3]?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira.

conſummate pleaſure had made any near approaches to her heart, ſhe calls ſuch a ſeeming contradictory expreſſion of it, *folly*.

The ſame thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Back fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring,
" Your tributary drops belong to woe,
" Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy." STEEVENS.

[9] *it ſeeks.*] i. e. my affection ſeeks. MALONE.

[1] *I am your wife*, &c.]

Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia noſtra,
Attamen in veſtras potuiſti ducere ſedes,
Quæ tibi jucundo famularer ſerva labore;
Candida permulcens liquidis veſtigia lymphis,
Purpureave tuum conſternens veſte cubile.

Catul. 62. MALONE.

[2] ——— *Your* fellow] i. e. companion. STEEVENS.

[3] Mira. *My huſband then?*
Ferd. *Ay, with a heart as willing*
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Miran. *And mine, with my heart in't.*] It is ſtill cuſtomary in the weſt of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the ſame time for the purchaſer to give an earneſt,

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand! [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurprized with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em [4]: Servant-monſter, drink to me,

Trin. Servant-monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

earneſt. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"*Speed.* But did you perceive her earneſt?
"*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.
"*Speed.* Why ſhe hath given you a letter."

Thus alſo, in *the Winter's Tale:*

"Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
"And clap thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter
"*I am your's for ever.*"

And again, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here take you this.
"*Jul.* And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
"*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true conſtancy."

HENLEY.

[4] *Bear up, and board 'em:*] A metaphor alluding to a chace to ſea. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Trin.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail[5].

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me: [6] I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, [7] or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'ſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, [8] thou deboſh'd fiſh thou,

[5] *He were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.*] I believe this to be an alluſion to a ſtory that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It ſeems, in the year 1574, a whale was thrown aſhore near *Ramſgate*. "A *monſtrous fiſh* (ſays "the *chronicler*) but not ſo *monſtrous* as ſome reported—for his "*eyes* were in his *head*, and not in his *back*."

Summary, 1575, p. 562. FARMER.

[6] *I ſwam*, &c.] This play was not publiſhed till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a paſſage relative to the eſcape of a ſailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both inſtances, a ſneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

"——— five days I was under water; and at length
"Got up and ſpread myſelf upon a cheſt,
"Rowing with arms, and ſteering with my feet,
"And thus in five days more got land." Act III. ſc. v.

STEEVENS.

[7] ———*or my ſtandard.*

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.*] Meaning, he is ſo much intoxicated, as not to be able to ſtand. The quibble between *ſtandard*, an enſign, and *ſtandard*, a fruit tree, that grows without ſupport, is evident. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*thou deboſh'd fiſh thou,*—] I meet with this word, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *debauch'd*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634:

"——See

thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!——that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel inviſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant; a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the iſland.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Cal. Thou ly'ſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

"——— See your houſe be ſtor'd
"With the *deboiſhed* roarers in this city."

Again in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——ſaucy fellows,
"*Deboſh'd* and daily drunkards."

The ſubſtantive occurs in the *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633:

"—A hater of men, rather than the *deboiſhments* of their "manners."

When the word was firſt adopted from the French language, it appears to have been ſpelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever ſince it has been ſpelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEEVENS.

Ste.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dare not———)

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſs'd? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. [9] What a py'd ninny's this? Thou ſcurvy patch!—
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

[9] *What a py'd ninny's this?*——] This line ſhould certainly be given to Stephano. *Py'd ninny* alludes to the ſtriped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie, he is now ſuppoſed to repeat his offence; upon which Stephano cries out,

What a py'd ninny's this? Thou ſcurvy patch!———

Caliban, now ſeeing his maſter in the mood that he wiſhed, inſtigates him to vengeance:

I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows. JOHNSON.

It ſhould be remember'd that *Trinculo* is no *jailor*, but a *jeſter*, and is ſo called in the ancient *dramatis perſonæ*; he therefore wears the party-colour'd dreſs of one of theſe characters. See fig. XII. in the plate annexed to the firſt part of *K. Henry* IV. and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it.

So in the *Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623:

"Unleſs I wear a *py'd* fool's coat." STEEVENS.

I do

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox of your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pry'thee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: [1] Remember,
Firſt

[1] *Remember,*
Firſt to poſſeſs his books, &c.] So in Milton's *Maſque:*
" Oh, ye miſtook; ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
" And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
" And backward mutterings of diſſevering power,
" We cannot free the lady.'—— STEEVENS.

——————— *Remember*
Firſt to poſſeſs his books, *for, without them,*
He's but a ſot as I am, nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. *They all do hate him*
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils (*for ſo he calls them*) &c.]

This circumſtance (as the Rev. Mr. Bowle obſerves to me) might have been ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by the following paſſages in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo, *done into Engliſh heroicall verſe by* R. T. Gentleman, 1598, quarto.——In the firſt book (*rectius* Canto) the Enchanter " Malagigi takes his *booke* n hand:"

" Four

First to poſſeſs his books: for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils (for ſo he calls them)
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her, a non-pareil: I never ſaw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee:

"Four divels from depth of hell he foorth doth call,
"Whom, what ſhall hap, to tell he doth *command.*" S. 36.

On diſcovering four giants, guardians of *Angelica*,

"Fowle, ugly beaſtes (ſaith he) ill you befall!
"I'll catch you ſtraight, ſaunce ſtriking ſtrooke at all. Ib. 43.
"And ſaying ſo, he forth doth take his *booke*,
"With other *tooles*, nor thus he ſtayed long;
"But ere that he one leafe had well nigh reade,
"They all fell ſound aſleepe, as they were dead." Ibid 44.

Angelica then, by the aid of *Argalia*, "ſad Malagigi binding," (ibid. 50.)

"The damſel ſearcheth forthwith in his breaſt,
"And there the damned *booke* ſhe ſtraightway founde,
"Which circles ſtrange and ſhapes of fiendes expreſt;
"No ſooner ſhe ſome wordes therein did ſound,
"And opened had ſome damned leaves unbleſt,
"But *ſpirits* of th' ayre, earth, ſea, came out of hand,
"Crying alowde, what is't you us *command?*"

The ſame circumſtance, however, is probably likewiſe found in many of the old romances. MALONE.

but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep; Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure; Let us be jocund: [2] Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [*Ariel plays the tune on*

Ste. What is this ſame? [*a tabor and pipe.*

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body [3].

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou affeard [4]

Ste.

[2] ——*Will you troul the catch,*] Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."

Again in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"A fellow that will *troul* it off with tongue."

"Faith, you ſhall hear me *troll* it after my faſhion."

To *troul* a catch, I ſuppoſe, is to diſmiſs it *trippingly from the tongue.* STEEVENS.

[3] *This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of* nobody.] A ridiculous figure, ſometimes repreſented on ſigns. *Weſtward for Smelts*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the *ſigne* of the *Nobody*. MALONE.

[4] ——*affeard.*] Thus the old copy. *To affear* is an obſolete verb, with the ſame meaning as to *affray*.

So in the *Shipmannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13330:

"This wif was not *aferde* ne *affraide*."

Between

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it,
And after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I wou'd, I could ſee this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. [5] Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. [6] By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

Between *aferde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been ſome nice diſtinction which is at preſent loſt. STEEVENS.

[5] *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The firſt words are addreſſed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the muſick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the diſpatching Proſpero, ſeems for ſome little time to have ſtaid behind. REVISAL.

[6] *By'r lakin,*——] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dullneſs of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aſide to Sebaſtian.*] I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.

Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were theſe?

Seb. [7] A living drollery! Now I will believe,

[7] *A living drollery:*——] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakſpeare's time performed by puppets only. From theſe our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name.
So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*

"I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." STEEVENS.

A living drollery, i. e. a drollery, not repreſented by wooden machines, but by perſonages who are alive. MALONE.

That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne [8]; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,
(For, certes [9], theſe are people of the iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe than devils. [*Aſide.*
Alon. I cannot too much muſe [1],
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

[8] ——*one tree, the phœnix throne*;] For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Tranſlation of Pliny, b. XIII. chap. 4. "I myſelf verily have heard ſtraunge things "of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, "which is ſuppoſed to have taken that name of this date tree; "[called in Greek φοῖνιξ]; for it was aſſured unto me, that the "ſaid bird died with that tree, and revived of itſelfe as the tree "ſprung again." STEEVENS.

[9] *For* certes, &c.] *Certes* is an obſolete word, ſignifying *certainly*. So in *Othello*:

"——*certes*, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *too much* muſe.] To *muſe*, in ancient language, is to admire.
So in *Macbeth*:

"Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt worthy friends."
STEEVENS.

Pro. [2] Praiſe in departing. [*Aſide.*
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.—
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe [3] that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts [4]? which now, we find,

[2] *Praiſe in departing.*] i. e. Do not praiſe your entertainment too ſoon, leſt you ſhould have reaſon to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial ſaying.

So in the *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"And ſo ſhe doth; but *praiſe* your luck *at parting*."

Again in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"Now *praiſe* at thy *parting*."

Stephen Goſſon, in his pamphlet entitled, *Playes confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date) acknowledges himſelf to have been the author of a morality called *Praiſe at Parting*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *that there were mountaineers*, &c.] Whoever is curious to know the particulars relating to theſe *mountaineers*, may conſult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accuſtom'd to ſuch excreſcences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? STEEVENS.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people, whoſe heads appear not above their ſhoulders.——They are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breaſts." MALONE.

[4] ——— *men*,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts?] Our author might have had this intelligence likewiſe from the tranſlation of Pliny, b. V. chap. 8. "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth "and eies both in their breaſt." STEEVENS.

Each

[5] Each putter out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

[5] *Each putter out*, &c.] This paſſage alluding to a forgotten cuſtom is very obſcure: the *putter out* muſt be a traveller, elſe how could he give this account? the *five for one* is money to be received by him at his return. Mr. Theobald has well illuſtrated this paſſage by a quotation from Jonſon. JOHNSON.

The ancient cuſtom was this. In this age of travelling, it was cuſtomary for thoſe who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a ſum of money on condition of receiving great intereſt for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do "intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (be-"cauſe I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined "to put ſome *five* thouſand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, "upon the return of my wife, myſelf, and my dog, from the "Turk's court in Conſtantinople."

Each putter out on *five for one.*] The old copy has:

——— *of* five for one.

I believe the words are only tranſpoſed, and that the author wrote:

Each putter out of *one for five.*

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

"Sir Solus ſtraight will travel, as they ſay,
"And *gives out one for three*, when home comes he."

MALONE.

To this inſtance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I did moſt politickly diſburſe my ſums
"To have *five for one* at my return from Venice."

Again in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"I would I had *put out* ſomething upon my return;
"I had as lieve be at the *Bermoothes*" STEEVENS.

Conſiderable ſums of money were borrowed at the rate here mentioned, and ſquandered in making diſcoveries, and purſuing adventures with the hopes of acquiring immenſe treaſures. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor* the poet ſpeaks of *Guiana*, as *a region, all gold and bounty*; and Falſtaff, in alluſion to the ſame idea, bids Nym *ſail like his pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.* HENLEY.

Thunder and lightning. [6] *Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny,
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world [7],
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. [*Alonſo, Sebaſtian, and the reſt*
Ye fools! I and my fellows [*draw their ſwords.*
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock't-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
[8]One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow miniſters
Are

[6] *Enter Ariel like a harpy*, &c.] Milton's *Par. Reg.* b. II.

——— " with that
" Both table and proviſions vaniſh'd quite,
" With ſound of harpies wings, and talons heard."
" *At ſubitæ horrifico lapſu de montibus adſunt*
" *Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas*
" *Diripiuntque dapes.*" Virg. Æn. iii. STEEVENS.

[7] *That hath to inſtrument this lower world*, &c.] i. e. that makes uſe of this world, and every thing in it, as its *inſtruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

[8] *One dowle that's in my plume*;] The old copy exhibits the paſſage thus:

One *dowle* that's in my plumbe ——

Bailey, in his Dictionary, ſays, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the ſingle particles of the down.

Since the firſt appearance of this edition, my very induſtrious and learned correſpondent, Mr. *Tollet*, of *Betley*, in *Staffordſhire*, has enabled me to retract a too haſty cenſure on *Bailey*, to whom we were long indebted for our only *Engliſh Dictionary*. In a ſmall book, entitled *Humane Induſtry*: or, *A Hiſtory of moſt Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following paſſage: " The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which *Virgil* ſpeaks of, " and the Eriophori Arbores in *Theophraſtus*, are not ſuch trees " as have a certain wool or DOWL upon the outſide of them, as

" the

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted: But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero,
Expos'd unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: Thee, of thy ſon, Alonſo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways [9]; whoſe wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a [1] clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then to ſoft muſick, enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes [2] *and carry out the table.*

Pro.

" the ſmall cotton, but ſhort trees that bear a ball upon the top,
" pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians
" Groſſypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombaſe."—
" There is a certain ſhell fiſh in the ſea, called Pinna, that bears
" a moſſy DOWL, or wool, whereof cloth was ſpun and made."
—Again, page 95: " Trichitis, or the hayrie ſtone, by ſome
" Greek authors, and Alumen *plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by
" the Latiniſts: this hair or DOWL is ſpun into thread, and
" weaved into cloth." I have ſince diſcovered the ſame word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202.

" And ſwore by cock's herte and blode,
" He would tere him every *doule*." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1670, interprets " young *dowle*" by *lanugo*. MALONE.

[9] ——*whoſe wraths to guard you from*, &c.] The meaning, which is ſomewhat obſcured by the expreſſion, is, ——*a miſerable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert*. MALONE.

[1] ——*clear life*——] Pure, blameleſs, innocent. JOHNSON. So in *Timon*: " ——roots you *clear* heavens." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*with* mocks *and* mowes.] So in *K. Lear*,

" ——and

Pro. [*Aſide.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, [3] with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done: my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit Proſpero from above.*

Gon. I'the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

"—and Flibbertigibbet of *mopping* and *mowing*."

To *mock* and to *move* ſeem to have the ſame meaning, i. e. to make mouths or wry faces. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*with good life*,] This ſeems a corruption. I know not in what ſenſe *life* can here be uſed, unleſs for alacrity, livelineſs, vigour; and in this ſenſe the expreſſion is harſh. Perhaps we may read,—*with good* liſt, with good will, with ſincere zeal for my ſervice. I ſhould have propoſed,—*with good* lief, in the ſame ſenſe, but that I cannot find *lief* to be a ſubſtantive. *With good life* may however mean, with *exact preſentation of their ſeveral characters, with obſervation ſtrange* of their particular and diſtinct parts. So we ſay, he acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.

Thus in the 6th canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

"Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*
"As art therein with nature ſeem'd at ſtrife,"

Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, ſeems to be uſed for innocent *jollity*, as we now ſay a *bon vivant*: "Would you (ſays "the *Clown*) have a love ſong, or a ſong of *good life*? *Sir Toby* anſwers, "A love ſong, a love ſong;" Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*) "I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the laſt ſpeaker, that he was meant to miſtake the ſenſe in which *good life* is uſed by the *Clown*. It may therefore, in the *Tempeſt*, mean *honeſt alacrity, or chearfulneſs*.

Life ſeems to be uſed in the chorus to the fifth act of *K. Henry* V. with ſome meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Proſpero:

"Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
"Be here preſented." STEEVENS.

Alon.

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper; it did [4] baſs my treſpaſs.
Therefore my ſon i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
[5] Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits:—I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſy [6]
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[4] ——*baſs my treſpaſs.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſe ſound. JOHNSON.
So in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. 12:
" ——the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
" In his big *baſe* them fitly anſwered." STEEVENS.

[5] *Like poiſon given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to operate till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered, and were then as certain in their effect, as they were ſubtle in their preparation. So in the celebrated libel called " Leiceſter's Commonwealth," " I heard him once myſelfe in " publique act at Oxford, and that in preſence of my lord of " Leiceſter, maintain, that poyſon might be ſo tempered and " given, as it ſhould not appear preſently, and yet ſhould kill " the party afterwards at what time ſhould be appointed."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*this* ecſtacy] *Ecſtacy* meant not anciently, as at preſent, *rapturous pleaſure*, but alienation of mind. Mr. Locke has not inelegantly ſtyled it *dreaming with our eyes open*. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's cell.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here [7] a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations

Were

[7] ——*a third of mine own life,*] The word *thread* was formerly ſpelt *third*; as appears from the following paſſage:

" Long maiſt thou live, and when the ſiſters ſhall decree
" To cut in twaine the twiſted *third* of life,
" Then let him die, &c."

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619. ſignat. c. 3. HAWKINS.

" A *thrid* of my own life" is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. *Proſpero* conſiders himſelf as the *ſtock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himſelf, and for whoſe benefit he himſelf lives. In this ſenſe the word is uſed in *Markham's Engliſh Huſbandman*, edit. 1635. p. 146: " Cut off all the maine rootes, " within half a foot of the tree, only the ſmall *thriddes* or twiſt " rootes you ſhall not cut at all." Again, ibid. " Every " branch and *thrid* of the root." This is evidently the ſame word as *thread*, which is likewiſe ſpelt *thrid* by lord *Bacon*.

TOLLET.

The late Mr. *Hawkins* has properly obſerved that the word *thread* was anciently ſpelt *third*. So in *Lingua*, &c. 1607; and I could furniſh many more inſtances:

" For as a ſubtle ſpider cloſely ſitting
" In center of her web that ſpreadeth round,
" If the leaſt fly but touch the ſmalleſt *third*,
" She feels it inſtantly."

The following quotation, however, ſhould ſeem to place the meaning beyond all diſpute. In *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529, is this paſſage:

" —one of worldly ſhame's *children*, of his countenaunce,
" and THREDE of his body." STEEVENS.

I meet with the ſame thought in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592. Tancred, ſpeaking of his intention to kill his daughter, ſays:

" Againſt all law of kinde, to ſhred in twaine
" The golden *threede that doth us both maintaine.*"

Again,

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt [8] ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore Heaven
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my [9] gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
[1] If thou doſt break her virgin knot [2], before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion [3] ſhall the Heavens let fall

Again, ibid:

"But Nature that hath *lock'd within thy breaſt*
"*Two lives*, the ſame inclineth me to ſpare
"Thy blood, and ſo to keep mine own unſpilt."

MALONE.

[8] —*ſtrangely ſtood the teſt:*] Strangely is uſed by way of commendation, *merveilleuſement, to a wonder*; the ſame is the ſenſe in the foregoing ſcene, with *obſervation ſtrange*. JOHNSON.

[9] —*my gift*,— My gueſt, *firſt folio*. Rowe firſt read *gift*. JOHNSON.

[1] *If thou doſt break her* virgin knot, *before*
All ſanctimonious ceremonies, &c.] This, and the paſſage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*,

"Untide I ſtill my *virgin knot* will keepe,"

are manifeſt alluſions to the zones of the antients, which were worn as guardians of chaſtity by marriageable young women. Puellæ, contra, nondum viripotentes, hujuſmodi zonis non utebantur: quod videlicit immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certe minimum, a corruptoribus periculum immineret: quas propterea vocabant ἀμίτρους, nempe *diſcinctas*. There is a paſſage in NONNUS, which will ſufficiently illuſtrate Proſpero's expreſſion.

Κύρης δ' ἴσγυς ἵκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
Δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκλορα λύσαλο μίτρης
Φειδομένη παλάμη, μὴ παρθένον ὕτνῳ ἐάσσῃ. HENLEY.

[2] *her* virgin knot,——] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Untide I ſtill my *virgin knot* will keepe." STEEVENS.

[3] *No ſweet* aſperſion] *Aſperſion* is here uſed in its primitive ſenſe of *ſprinkling*. At preſent it is expreſſive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS.

To

To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows, your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go, bring the [4] rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, [5] *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *ſo*, *ſo*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,

[4] —*the rabble.*] The crew of meaner ſprits. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *Come, and go,*———
Each one, tripping on his toe,] So Milton
"Come, and trip it as you go
"On the light fantaſtic toe." STEEVENS.

Will

Will be here with mop and moe:
Do you love me, maſter? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you ſir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary[6],
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly.—
[7] No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*Soft muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads [8] thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy

[6] ——*bring a corollary*,] That is, bring more than are ſufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *ſurplus*. *Corolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

[7] *No tongue*;—] Thoſe who are preſent at incantations are obliged to be ſtrictly ſilent, "elſe," as we are afterwards told, "the ſpell is marred." JOHNSON.

[8] —*thatch'd with ſtover*,——] *Stover*, from *Eſtovers*, a law word, ſignifies an allowance in food or other neceſſaries of life. It is here uſed for proviſion in general for animals.

From the following inſtance, *ſtover* ſhould mean the pointed blades of graſs or corn:

"Beard, be confin'd to neatneſs, that no hair
"May *ſtover* up to prick my miſtreſs' lip
"More rude than briſtles of a porcupine.'

Love's Sacrifice, 1633.

The word occurs again in the 25th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"To draw out ſedge and reed, for thatch and *ſtover* fit"

Again

[9] Thy bank with pionied and twilled brims,
Which ſpungy April at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; [1] and thy broom groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being

Again in his *Muſes Elyzium*:

"Their brows and *ſtover* waxing thin and ſcant."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Thy banks with pionied, and twilled brims,*] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave riſe to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote,

——— *with* pioned *and* tilled *brims*.

Spenſer and the author of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, uſe *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it ſtands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lillied* brims, for *Pliny*, b. XXVII. ch. x. mentions the *water-lilly* as a preſerver of chaſtity; and ſays, elſewhere, that the Pæony *medetur Faunorum in Quiete Ludibriis*, &c. In a poem entitled *The Herrings Tayle*, 4to. 1598, "the mayden *piony*" is introduced. In the *Arraignement of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned.

"The watry flow'rs, and *lillies of the banks*."

And Edward Fenton in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. b. l. 1569, aſſerts, that "the *water-lily* mortifieth altogether the appetite of ſenſualitie, and defends from unchaſte thoughts and dreames of venery"

In the 20th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are repreſented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's *Herbal* ſays, "one kind of peonie is called by ſome, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie."

In *Ovid's Banquet of Senſe*, by Chapman, 1595, I met with the following ſtanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

"White and red jaſmines, merry, Melliphill,
Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers,
Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
And cup-like *twill-pants* ſtrew'd in Bacchus bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the preſent reading, *pioned* and *twilled* may uncontrovertibly ſtand. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*and thy broom groves,*] A grove of *broom*, I believe, was never heard of, as it is a low ſhrub and not a tree. Hanmer reads *brown* groves. STEEVENS.

Diſappointed lovers are ſtill ſaid to wear the *willow*, and in theſe lines *broom groves* are aſſigned to that unfortunate tribe for a retreat.

Being laſs lorn [2]; thy pole-clipt vineyard [3];
And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyſelf do'ſt air; the queen o' the ſky,
Whoſe watery arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſovereign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
[4] My boſky acres, and my unſhrubb'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, [5] to this ſhort-graſs'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

retreat. This may allude to ſome old cuſtom. We ſtill ſay that a huſband *hangs out the broom* when his wife goes from home for a ſhort time; and on ſuch occaſions a *broom* beſom has been exhibited as a ſignal that the houſe was freed from uxorial reſtraint, and where the maſter might be conſidered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom grove* may ſignify *broom buſhes*. See *Grava* in Cowel's Law Dict. TOLLET.

[2] *Being laſs*-lorn;] *Laſs-lorn* is forſaken of his miſtreſs. So Spenſer:

"Who after that he had fair Una-*lorn*." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *thy pole-clipt vineyard,*] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace*. Thy poles are *clipt* or embraced by the vines. STEEVENS.

[4] *My boſky acres,* &c.] *Boſky* is woody. *Boſquet*, Fr. So Milton:

"And every *boſky* bourn from ſide to ſide."

Again in *K. Edward* I. 1599:

"Hale him from hence, and in this *boſky* wood
"Bury his corps." STEEVENS.

[5] —*to this ſhort-graſs'd green?*] The old copy reads ſhort-*graz'd* green. *Short-graz'd green* means *grazed ſo as to be ſhort*. The correction by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-rite ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. [6] Higheſt queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,

[6] *Higheſt queen of ſtate,*] Mr. Whalley thinks this paſſage in *The Tempeſt*:

Higheſt queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait,

a remarkable inſtance of Shakſpeare's knowledge of ancient poetic ſtory; and that the hint was furniſhed by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet, by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in ſpite of every thing he may ſay to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant addreſs his lady; "Moſt "ineſtimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majeſty "of Juno, the wiſdom of Jove's braine-bred girle, and the fea-"ture of Cytherea, have their domeſtical habitation." FARMER.

So in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Firſt ſtatelie *Juno*, with her porte and grace."

STEEVENS.

To

To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
[7] And honour'd in their iſſue.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance, and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

Cer. [8] *Earth's increaſe, and* [9] *foiſon plenty* [9];
Barns, and garners, never empty;
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
[1] Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;

[7] *And*] Omitted in firſt folio. MALONE.

[8] *Earth's increaſe,*——] All the editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole ſonnet to Juno; but very abſurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical hiſtory, and the diſtinct offices of theſe two goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*foiſon plenty*;] i. e. plenty to the utmoſt abundance; *foiſon* ſignifying plenty. See p. 54. STEEVENS.

[1] *Harmonious charmingly:*——] Mr. Edwards would read,

Harmonious charming lay.

For though (ſays he) the benediction is ſung by two goddeſſes, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe this paſſage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the ſake of the verſe, made the words change places; and then the meaning is ſufficiently obvious. STEEVENS.

A ſimilar inverſion occurs in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"But *miſerable moſt* to live unlov'd." MALONE.

So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno, and Ceres, whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the [2] wandring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever harmleſs looks,
[3] Leave your criſp channels, and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.

Pro. [*Aſide.*] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy

[2] ——*wandring brooks,*] The modern editors read *winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read *wandring*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

[3] *Leave your criſp channels,*——] *Criſp*, i. e. *curling*, *winding*. Lat. *criſpus*. So *Hen.* IV. part 1. act I. ſc. iv. Hotſpur ſpeaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *criſped* head in the hollow bank."

Criſp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentleſt wind occaſions on the ſurface of waters. STEEVENS.

Of

Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come.—[*To the ſpirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion [4],
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded [5],

Leave

[4] *And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion*, &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not, however, publiſhed before 1623. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Darius*, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following paſſage:

"Let greatneſs of her glaſſy ſcepters vaunt,
"Not ſcepters, no, but reeds, ſoon bruis'd, ſoon broken;
"And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
"All fades, and ſcarcely leaves behind a token.
"Thoſe golden palaces, thoſe gorgeous halls,
"With furniture ſuperfluouſly fair,
"Thoſe ſtately courts, thoſe ſky-encount'ring walls,
"Evaniſh all like vapours in the air."

Lord Sterline's play muſt have been written before the death of queen *Elizabeth*, (which happen'd on the 24th of March 1603) as it is dedicated to *James* VI. *King of Scots*.

Whoever ſhould ſeek for this paſſage (as here quoted from the 4to, 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be diſappointed, as Lord Sterline made conſiderable changes in all his plays, after their firſt publication. STEEVENS.

[5] *And like an unſubſtantial* pageant *faded*,] *Faded* means here—"having *vaniſhed*;" from the Latin *vado*. So in *Hamlet:*

"It *faded* on the crowing of the cock."

[6] Leave not a rack behind: We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is

To feel the juſtice of this compariſon, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of theſe exhibitions ſhould be remembered. The ancient Engliſh *pageants* were ſhows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other ſolemnity of a ſimilar kind. They were preſented on occaſional ſtages erected in the ſtreets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb ſhows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of ſpeaking perſonages, who were characteriſtically habited. The ſpeeches were in verſe; and as the proceſſion moved forward, the ſpeakers, who conſtantly bore ſome alluſion to the ceremony, either converſed together in the form of a dialogue, or addreſſed the noble perſon whoſe preſence occaſioned the celebrity. On theſe allegorical ſpectacles, very coſtly ornaments were beſtowed. So early as in the reign of King Henry VI. in a pageant preſented on that monarch's triumphal entry into London, after his coronation at Paris, the Seven Liberal Sciences, perſonified, were introduced in *a tabernacle of curious worke*, from whence their queen, *Dame Sapience*, ſpoke verſes. At entering the city, he was met and ſaluted in metre by three ladies (the dames *Nature*, *Grace*, and *Fortune*) richly *cladde* in golde *and ſilkes*, with coronets, who ſuddenly iſſued from a ſtately tower, hung with the moſt ſplendid arras. See *Fabian. Chron.* tom. II. fol. 382. Warton's *Hiſt. of Eng. Poet.* vol. II. p. 190. 202. MALONE.

[6] *Leave not a rack behind:* ——] "The winds" (ſays lord Bacon) "which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, "and are not perceived below, paſs without noiſe."

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakſpeare. So in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——ſhall I ſtray
"In the middle air, and ſtay
"The ſailing *rack*."——

Again in *David and Bethſabe*, 1599:

"Beating the clouds into their ſwifteſt *rack*."

Again in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"We liſt not to ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chryſtal ſkies."

Again in Shakſpeare's 33d Sonnet:

"Anon permits the baſeſt clouds to ride
"With ugly *rack* on his celeſtial face."

Mr. Pennant in his Tour in Scotland obſerves, there is a fiſh called a *rack* rider, becauſe it appears in winter or bad weather. *Rack* in the Engliſh of our author's days, ſignifying *the driving of the clouds by tempeſts.*

Sir

Is rounded with a ſleep.——[7] Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled:

Sir T. H. inſtead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be ſupported by the following paſſage in the firſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*:

"But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
"*Leaving no tract behind.* STEEVENS.

Track, I am perſuaded, was the author's word.

Rack is generally uſed for *a body of clouds*, or rather for *the courſe of clouds in motion*; ſo, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"That which is now a horſe, even with a thought,
"The *rack* diſſimns."

But no inſtance has yet been produced where it is uſed to ſignify *a ſingle ſmall fleeting cloud*, in which ſenſe only it is at all applicable here.

The ſtanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterline's *Darius*, may ſerve ſtill farther to confirm the conjecture that one of theſe poets imitated the other.——Our author was, I believe, the imitator.

"And when the eclipſe comes of our glory's light,
"Then what avails the adoring of our name?
"A mere *illuſion made to mock the ſight*,
"Whoſe beſt was but the ſhadow of *a dream*."

MALONE.

[7] ——*Sir, I am vexed*;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled:] Proſpero here diſcovers a great emotion of anger on his ſudden recollection of Caliban's plot. This appears from the admirable reflection he makes on the inſignificancy of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depreſſion of mind than when they moralize in this manner; and yet, if we turn to the occaſion of his diſorder, it does not appear, at firſt view, to be a thing capable of moving one in Proſpero's circumſtances; the plot of a contemptible *ſavage* and two drunken ſailors, all of whom he had abſolutely in his power. There was then no apprehenſion of danger. But if we look more nearly into the caſe, we ſhall have reaſon to admire our author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was ſomething in it with which great minds are moſt deeply affected, and that is, *the ſenſe of ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the obligations this Caliban lay under for the inſtructions he had given him, and the conveniencies of life he had taught him to uſe. But theſe reflexions on Caliban's ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his brother's; and then theſe two working together were very capable of producing all the diſorder of paſſion here repreſented.—That theſe two, who had received at his hands the two beſt gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *regal power*, and the *uſe of reaſon*; that theſe, in return, ſhould conſpire againſt the life of the donor, would ſurely afflict a generous mind to it utmoſt bearing. WARBURTON.

Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*

Pro. Come with a thought:——I thank thee:——
Ariel, come.

Proſpero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to[8]: What's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare[9] to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I preſented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, ſir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

[8] *Thy thoughts I* cleave to:] To *cleave to* is to *unite with cloſely*. So in *Macbeth:*

"Like our ſtrange garments *cleave* not *to* their mold."

Again—"If you ſhall *cleave to* my conſent." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to meet with Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to *counteract*; to play ſtratagem againſt ſtratagem.——*The parſon knows the temper of every one in his houſe, and accordingly either* meets with their vices, *or advances their virtues.* HERBERT's *Country Parſon.* JOHNSON.

So in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"——You may *meet*
"*With* her abuſive malice, and exempt
"Yourſelf from the ſuſpicion of revenge." STEEVENS.

Advanc'd

[1] Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, [2] pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
[3] For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari.

[1] ——*advanc'd their eye-lids*, &c.] Thus Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie of Hobgoblin caught in a Spell:*

" But once the circle got within,
" The charms to work do ſtraight begin,
" And he was caught as in a gin:
" For as he thus was buſy,
" A pain he in his head-piece feels,
" Againſt a ſtubbed tree he reels,
" And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
" Alas, his brain was dizzy.
" At length upon his feet he gets,
" Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
" And as again he forward ſets,
" And though the buſhes ſcrambles,
" A ſtump doth hit him in his pace,
" Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
" And lamentably tore his caſe
" Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

[2] ——*pricking* goſs,—] I know not how Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhed *goſs* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze* is called *goſs* or *gorſe* in the midland counties.

This word is uſed in the firſt chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

" With worthleſs *gorſe* that yearly, fruitleſs dies."

STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakſpeare means the low ſort of *gorſe* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well deſcribed by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Huſbandry*. It has prickles like thoſe on a roſe-tree or a gooſeberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinſhed. TOLLET.

[3] *For* ſtale *to catch theſe thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is uſed to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

So

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick [4]; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
[5] And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.
[*Proſpero remains inviſible.*

Enter Ariel loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole [6] may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the [7] Jack with us.

So in *A Looking Glaſs for London and England*, 1617:
"Hence tools of wrath, *ſtales* of temptation!"
So in Green's *Mamillia*, 1595: "——that ſhe might not ſtrike "at the *ſtale*, leſt ſhe were canvaſſed in the nets." STEEVENS.

[4] Nurture *can never ſtick*;] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

[5] *And as with age his body uglier grows,*
So his mind cankers——:]

Shakſpeare, when he wrote this deſcription, perhaps recollected what his patron's moſt intimate friend, the great lord Eſſex, in an hour of diſcontent, ſaid of queen Elizabeth;—— "*that ſhe grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become* "*as crooked as her carcaſe:*"——a ſpeech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, coſt him his head, and which, we may therefore ſuppoſe, was at that time much talked of. This play being manifeſtly written in the time of king James, theſe obnoxious words might be ſafely repeated. MALONE.

[6] ——*the blind mole may not hear a foot fall*] This quality of hearing which the mole is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs in ſo high a degree, is mentioned in Euphues, 4to, 1581, p. 64, "Doth not the "lion for ſtrength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel "man? Doth not the eagle ſee clearer, the vultur ſmell better, "*the moale heare lightlyer?*" EDITOR.

[7] He has play'd *Jack with a lantern.*] Has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

Trin.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill;
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin, That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seeſt thou here,
This is the mouth-o' the cell; no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

[8] *Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

[8] Trin. *O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!*
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!] The humour of theſe lines conſiſts in their being an alluſion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king's parſimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.—— There are two ſtanzas of this ballad in *Othello*. WARBURTON.
The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. PERCY.

Trin.

Trin. Oh, ho, monſter; [9] we know what belongs to a frippery :—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? [1] Let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkin with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter.—Miſtreſs line is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin [2] under the line; Now,

[9] ——*we know what belongs to a* frippery :—] A *frippery* was a ſhop where old cloaths were ſold. *Fripperie*, F.

Beaumont and Fletcher uſe it in this ſenſe, in *Wit without Money*, act II:

" As if I were a running *frippery*."

So in *Monſieur de Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: "Paſſing yeſterday by the *frippery*, I ſpied two of them hanging out at a ſtall with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoulder."

The perſon who kept one of theſe ſhops, was called a *fripper*.

Strype, in the life of Stowe, ſays, that theſe *frippers* lived in Birchin-lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

[1] Firſt edit. *Let's alone*. JOHNSON.

I believe, the poet wrote

——— Let *it* alone,
And do the murder firſt.

The ſame expreſſion had been juſt before uſed by Caliban. MALONE.

Let's alone may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is ſo ſolicitous about the *traſh* of dreſs, behind us. STEEVENS.

[2] ———*under the line:*] An alluſion to what often happens to people who paſs the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them loſe their hair. EDWARDS' MSS.

Perhaps the alluſion is to a more indelicate diſeaſe than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So in *The Noble Soldier*, 1632:

" 'Tis hot going under the *line* there."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

" ——Look

Now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; We ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level,* is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, [3] put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd [4] to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low [5].

" ——Look to the clime
" Where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone.
" Yea, there goes *the hair* away."

Shakſpeare ſeems to deſign an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*put ſome lime,* &c.] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*to barnacles, or to apes*] Skinner ſays *barnacle* is *Anſer Scoticus.* The *barnacle* is a kind of ſhell-fiſh growing on the bottoms of ſhips, and which was anciently ſuppoſed, when broken off, to become one of theſe geeſe. Hall, in his *Virgedemiarum,* lib. iv. ſat. 2. ſeems to favour this ſuppoſition:

" The Scottiſh *barnacle,* if I might chooſe,
" That of a worme doth waxe a winged gooſe," &c.

So likewiſe Marſton, in his *Malecontent,* 1604:

" ——like your Scotch *barnacle,* now a block,
" Inſtantly a worm, and preſently a great gooſe."

" There are" (ſays Gerard, in his *Herbal,* edit. 1597, page 1391) " in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do grow ſhell-fiſhes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geeſe*; and in Lancaſhire *tree geeſe,*" &c.

This vulgar error deſerves no ſerious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinſhed, (vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himſelf to have ſeen the feathers of theſe *barnacles* " hang out of the ſhell at leaſt two inches." And in the 27th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion,* the ſame account of their generation is given.

COLLINS.

[5] *With foreheads villainous low.*] *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. So in the old bl. ballad, entitled " *A Peerleſſe Paragon:*"

" Her beetle brows all men admire
" Her *forehead wondrous low.*" STEEVENS.

Ste.

Ste. Monſter, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[6] *A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!——

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *A noiſe of hunters heard.*——] Shakſpeare might have had in view "*Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntſmen with an exceeding great ſound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of ſome wild beaſt." See a *Treatiſe of Spectres* tranſlated from the French of Peter de Loier, and publiſhed in quarto, 1605. Dr. GRAY.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the cell,

Enter Proſpero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey: [7] and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ariel. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all priſoners, ſir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till your releaſe. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo,*
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, ſir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.

[7] ——— *and time*
Goes upright with his carriage.—] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wiſh. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

Haſt

Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch [8], a feeling
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, [9] that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, ſir. [*Exit.*

Pro. [1] Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;

[8] ——*a* touch, *a feeling*] A *touch* is a *ſenſation.* So in *Cymbeline:*

" ——a *touch* more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears."

So in the 141ſt ſonnet of Shakſpeare:

" Nor tender feeling to baſe *touches* prone."

Again in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, b. I:

" I know not how their death gives ſuch a *touch.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that reliſh all as ſharply,*
Paſſion as they,——] *Paſſion* is a verb in Shakſpeare. I feel every thing with the ſame quick ſenſibility, and am moved by the ſame paſſions as they are. So in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" Dumbly ſhe *paſſions,* frantickly ſhe doateth."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* act I. ſc. i:

" ——I *paſſion* to ſay wherewith."

A ſimilar thought occurs in *K. Rich.* II:

" *Taſte grief,* need friends, lik you," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *Ye elves of hills, of ſtanding lakes, and groves;*] This ſpeech Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid:* and, " it proves, ſays Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakſpeare was perfectly acquainted with the ſentiments of the ancients on the ſubject of inchantments." The original lines are theſe:

" Auræque, & venti, monteſque, amneſque, lacuſque,
" Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis, adeſte."

And

And ye, that on the ſands [2] with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When

The tranſlation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakſpeare hath cloſely followed it. FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole paſſage with Medea's ſpeech as tranſlated by Golding, will ſee evidently that Shakſpeare copied the tranſlation, and not the original. The particular expreſſions that ſeem to have made an impreſſion on his mind are printed in Italicks:

" Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of *brookes*, of woodes
" alone,
" Of *ſtanding lakes* and of the night, approche ye everych one.
" *Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at
" the thing)
" I have compelled ſtreames to run clean backward to their
" ſpring.
" By charms I make the calm ſea rough, and make the rough
" ſeas playne,
" And cover all the ſkie with clouds, and *chaſe* them thence
" again.
" *By charmes I raiſe and lay the windes*, and burſt the viper's jaw,
" And from the bowels of the earth both ſtones and trees do
" draw.
" Whole woods and forreſts I remove, *I make the mountains*
" *ſhake*,
" And even the earth itſelf to groan and fearfully to quake.
" *I call up dead men from their graves*, and thee, O lightſome
" moone,
" I darken oft, though beaten braſs abate thy peril ſoone.
" Our ſorcerie *dimmes*, the morning faire, and darks *the ſun at*
" *noone*.
" The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my ſake,
" And cauſed their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
" Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did ſet*,
" And brought aſleep the dragon fell, whoſe eyes were never
" ſhet." MALONE.

Ye elves of hills, &c.] *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently in the poets mentioned together, without any diſtinction of character that I can recollect. Keyſler ſays, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *Engliſh*, equally ſignified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This ſeems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains of the woods, of the ſea and fountains, without any diſtinction between elves and fairies. TOLLET.

[2] ——*with printleſs foot*
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,—] So Milton in his *Maſque*:

When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
[3] (Weak maſters though yet be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

" Whilſt from off the waters fleet,
" Thus I ſet my *printleſs* feet." STEEVENS.

[3] *(Weak maſters though ye be)*—) The meaning of this paſſage may be, *Though you are but inferior maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers—though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree.* Spenſer uſes the ſame kind of expreſſion, b. III. cant. 8. ſt. 4.

" Where ſhe (the witch) was wont her ſprights to entertain,
" *The maſters of her art:* there was ſhe fain
" To call them all in order to her aid." STEEVENS.

———————*by whoſe aid,*
(Weak maſters though ye be)

That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourſelves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight muſhrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next ſong;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the courſe of nature. We ſay proverbially, " Fire is a " good *ſervant*, but a bad *maſter*." BLACKSTONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonſo with a frantick geſture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebaſtian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Franciſco. They all enter the circle which Proſpero had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which Proſpero obſerving, ſpeaks.

[a] A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter

To

[a] *A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter*
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil'd *within thy ſkull; there ſtand,*
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd]

What can Proſpero mean be deſiring them to *cure* their *brains*, which he had himſelf diſturbed, and which he knew it was not in their power to compoſe?—*He* indeed could ſettle them, and for that purpoſe ordered the muſick to be played. It may, however, be ſaid, that theſe words are to be underſtood as optative;—"*May* a ſolemn air, &c. cure thy brains!"—and ſo the paſſage has been printed in the late editions. But (not to inſiſt on the aukwardneſs of the expreſſion, and that Proſpero, if that had been his meaning, ſpeaking of muſick that had been already played, would have ſaid *This* ſolemn air—) is not ſuch an interpretation totally inconſiſtent with the words immediately ſubjoined?

——————there ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.

The only ancient copy reads *boil*, which the modern editors, underſtanding *cure* to be a verb, were forced to change to *boil'd*. But the old readlng is, I think, right; and the whole paſſage, if regulated thus, with the addition of a ſingle letter, perfectly clear:

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy's cure!——Thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil within thy ſkull; there ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.

So, in *King John:*

My widow's comfort, and my *ſorrow's cure.*

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

——————*confuſion's cure*
Lives not in theſe confuſions.

Proſpero begins by obſerving that the air which had been played was admirably adapted for his purpoſe. He then addreſſes Gonzalo and the reſt, who had only juſt before gone into the circle. "Thy brains, now uſeleſs, *boil* within thy ſkull, &c." [the ſoothing ſtrain not having yet begun to operate.]

To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull[5]! there ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preſerver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood[6],
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature; who, with Sebaſtian,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your king? I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide

rate.] Afterwards, perceiving that the muſick begins to have the effect intended, he adds—"The charm diſſolves apace."

In the *Winter's Tale* we again meet with the ſingular expreſſion contained in the latter lines of this paſſage: "Would any but theſe *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather?"

Again, in Lord Burleigh's *Precepts to his Son*:—"and if perchance their *boiling brains* yield a quaint ſcoffe, they will travel to be delivered of it, as a woman with child." MALONE.

[5] ——boil'd *within thy ſkull!*] So in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Lovers and madmen have ſuch *ſeething* brains, &c."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood,*] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the paſſage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

"Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian, fleſh and blood."
STEEVENS.

Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent, [*Exit Ariel.*
As I was ſometime Milan: quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariel enters ſinging, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
[7] After ſummer, merrily:

Merrily,

[7] *After ſummer, merrily:*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has ſubſtituted *ſun-ſet*, becauſe Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumſtance is given only to deſign the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the conſideration of the circumſtances ſhould have ſet him right. Ariel was a ſpirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Proſpero to a conſtant attendance on his occaſions. So that he was confined to the iſland winter and ſummer. But the roughneſs of winter is repreſented by Shakſpeare as diſagreeable to fairies, and ſuch like delicate ſpirits, who, on this account, conſtantly follow *ſummer*. Was not this then the moſt agreeable circumſtance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *ſummer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of queſtion, let us conſider the meaning of this line:

There I couch when owls do cry.

Where? in the *cowſlip's bell*, and *where the bee ſucks*, he tells us: this muſt needs be in *ſummer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter*:

" When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
" Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl."

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Loſt*.

The conſequence is, that Ariel *flies after ſummer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the iſland ſummer and winter, as he was ſometimes ſent on ſo long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he ſays, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c.

Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom: ſo, ſo, ſo.—
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. [8] I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, ſir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou be'ſt he, or no,

he ſpeaks of his preſent ſituation only, nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the laſt couplet;

Merrily, merrily, &c.

The bat is no bird of paſſage, and the expreſſion is therefore probably uſed to ſignify, *not that he purſues ſummer*, but that *after ſummer is paſt*, he rides upon the ſoft down of a bat's back, which ſuits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being.

Shakſpeare, who, in his *Midſummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the ſame ignorance of natural hiſtory have ſuppoſed the bat to be a bird of paſſage. Owls cry not in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in ſummer; and as a proof of it, Titania, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the time of which is ſuppoſed to be May, commands her faeries to—*keep back*

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots.—— STEEVENS.

[8] *To drink the air*——is an expreſſion of ſwiftneſs of the ſame kind as *to devour the way* in *Henry* IV. JOHNSON.

Or

Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
[9] Thy dukedom I reſign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how ſhould Proſpero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.
Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' the iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all;—
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
[*Aſide to Seb. and Ant.*
I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him. [*Aſide.*
Pro. No:——
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault, all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.
Alon. If thou be'ſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation:

[9] *Thy dukedom I reſign,——*] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Anthonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonſo promiſes to reſign his claim of ſovereignty for the future. STEEVENS.

How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince[1]
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt,
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon Ferdinand.

Pro. [2] I am woe for't, ſir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. [3] As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

[1] ——*who* three hours *ſince*] The unity of time is moſt rigidly obſerved in this piece. The fable ſcarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the repreſentation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumſtance in ſo many other paſſages, as well as here, it ſhould ſeem as if it were not accidental, but purpoſely deſigned to ſhew the admirers of Ben Jonſon's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the ſtricteſt laws of regularity, when he choſe to load himſelf with the critick's fetters.

The *Boatſwain* marks the progreſs of the day again—*which but three glaſſes ſince*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the ſtage is particularly aſcertained; and it refers to a paſſage in the firſt act, of the ſame tendency. The ſtorm was raiſed *at leaſt* two glaſſes after mid day, and Ariel was promiſed that *the work ſhould ceaſe* at the *ſixth hour*.

STEEVENS.

[2] *I am woe for't, Sir.*] i. e. *I am ſorry for it. To be woe*, is often uſed by old writers to ſignify, *to be ſorry*. So Chaucer: See *The Court of Love*, p. 36.

"——— I *wolde be woe*,
"That I preſume to her to writin ſo."

So in the play of *The Four Ps*, 1569:

"But be ye ſure I *would be woe*
"That you ſhould chance to begyle me ſo."

STEEVENS.

[3] *As great to me, as late;*——] My loſs is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

Alon.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh,
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in;
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and diſcovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at cheſs.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.
Mira.. [4] Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms, you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon.

[4] *Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms,——*] I take the ſenſe to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he ſays, play her falſe for the *world*; yes,

Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [*Ferd. kneels.*
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, ſhe's mine:
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought, I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, oh, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!

yes, anſwers ſhe, I would allow you to do it for ſomething leſs than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wiſh you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewiſe Dr. Grey. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the ſenſe would be as follows,

Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle.
And I would call it fair play;

becauſe ſuch a conteſt would be worthy of you. STEEVENS.

Pro. There, ſir, ſtop;
[5] Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her huſband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; Proſpero his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
[6] When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.

O look, ſir, look, ſir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blaſphemy,

[5] Let us not burden our *remembrance*,——] The old copy has ——*remembrances*. The emendation was Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

[6] When *no man was his own*.] For *when* perhaps ſhould be read *where*. JOHNSON.

When is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his ſenſes. Shakſpeare could not have written *where*, [i. e. in the iſland], becauſe the mind of Proſpero, who lived in it, had not been diſordered. It is ſtill ſaid, in colloquial language, that a madman *is not his own man*, i. e. is not maſter of himſelf. STEEVENS.

That

That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ſhip,—
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went. } [*Aſide.*
Pro. My trickſy ſpirit! [7]

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead aſleep [8],
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. } [*Aſide.*

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature

[7] *My* trickſy *ſpirit!*] is, I believe, my clever, adroit ſpirit. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word elſewhere:

" ——that for a *trickſy* word
" Defy the matter."

So in the interlude of the *Diſobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

" ——invent and ſeek out
" To make them go *trickſie*, gallaunt and cleane."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *dead* aſleep,] The old copy reads——*of* ſleep. The emendation by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

Was

Was ever conduct [9] of: ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind [1] with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pick'd leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you,
[2] (Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
These

[9] —conduct *for* conductor.] So in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Houſholders Philoſophie*, 4to. 1588, p. 1.—"I goe be-"fore not to arrogat anie ſuperioritie, but as your guide, becauſe "perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie." Fortune (quoth I) doth favour mee with too noble a *conduct.* EDITOR.

Conduct is yet uſed in the ſame ſenſe: the perſon at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is ſtill ſo ſtyled. HENLEY.

[1] ——*with beating on*
The ſtrangeneſs, &c.] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in one of the parts of *Hen.* IV:

"————your thoughts
"*Beat* on a crown."

Beating may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So in the preface to Stanyhurſt's *Tranſlation of Virgil*, 1582: "For my part, I purpoſe not to *beat* on everye childiſh tittle that concerneth proſodie." Again, Miranda, in the ſecond ſcene of this play, tells her father that the ſtorm is ſtill *beating* in her mind. STEEVENS.

————*with* beating on
The ſtrangeneſs————]

The ſame phraſe is found in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Shakſpeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"This her *mind beats on.*"

The jailor's daughter, whoſe mind was diſordered, is the perſon ſpoken of.

A kindred expreſſion occurs in *Hamlet:*

"*Cudgel* thy brains no more about it." MALONE.

[2] *(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable)*] These words ſeem, at the firſt view, to have no uſe; ſome lines are perhaps loſt with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will reſolve you, by yourſelf, which method, when you hear the ſtory [of Anthonio's and Sebaſtian's plot], *ſhall ſeem probable*; that is, *ſhall deſerve your approbation.* JOHNSON.

Surely

Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free: [*Aſide.*
[*To Ariel.*
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious ſir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their ſtolen apparel.

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio[3]!

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed! How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord Anthonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be[4] true:—This miſ-ſhapen knave,——

Surely Proſpero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accompliſh theſe ends; which means, though they now appear ſtrange and improbable, will then appear otherwiſe." ANONYMOUS.

[3] *Coragio!*] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Tranſlation of Montaigne*, 1603:

"——You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça."

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598. STEEVENS.

[4]——*true:*——] That is, *honeſt*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, oppoſed to a *thief*. The ſenſe is, *Mark what theſe men wear, and ſay if they are honeſt*. JOHNSON.

His

His mother was a witch [5]; and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe follows, you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. [6] And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where ſhould they

Find

[5] ——————*and one ſo ſtrong*
That could controul the moon,] From Medea's ſpeech in Ovid (as tranſlated by Golding) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft:

"——and thee, O lightſome *moon*,
"I darken oft, though beaten braſs abate thy peril ſoon."

MALONE.

[6] *And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where ſhould they*
Find this grand LIQUOR *that hath gilded them?*—] Shakſpeare, to be ſure, wrote——grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretend would reſtore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they ſaid, being a preparation of gold they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakſpeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

"How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?
"Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath,
"With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to inſinuate that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the chymiſts, ſack was the only reſtorer of youth and beſtower of immortality. So Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*;—"Canarie the very *Elixar* and ſpirit of wine." This ſeems to have been the cant name for ſack, of which the Engliſh were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, ſpeaking of it, ſays,—"A pottle of Elixar at the "Pegaſus bravely caroufed." So again in Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, act III:

"——Old reverend ſack, which, for ought that I can read
"yet,
"Was that philoſopher's ſtone the wiſe king Ptolemeus
"Did all his wonders by."——

The

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing [7].

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp [8].

Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. This is a ſtrange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape:—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt

The phraſe too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occaſion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*:—"Duke. *Is ſhe not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er, ſir; old ſack, old ſack, boys!*" WARBURTON.

As the alchymiſt's *Elixir* was ſuppoſed to be a liquor, the old reading may ſtand, and the alluſion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*fly-blowing.*] This pickle alludes to their p'unge into the ſtinking pool; and *pickling* preſerves meat from *fly blowing.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*but a* cramp.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp.* Proſpero had ordered Ariel to *ſhorten up their ſinews with aged cramps. Touch me not* alludes to the *ſoreneſs* occaſioned by them. In the next line the ſpeaker confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *ſore.* STEEVENS.

For

For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to Naples,
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptial
Of theſe our dear beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.--My Ariel;--chick,--
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Pleaſe you, draw near.

Aſide.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own,
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
[8] *With the help of your good hands.*
Gentle breath of yours, my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
[9] *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer,

Which

[8] *With the help*, &c.] By your applauſe, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

Noiſe was ſuppoſed to diſſolve a ſpell. So twice before in this play:

"No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent."

Again: ——huſh! be mute,

"Or elſe our *ſpell is marr*'d." STEEVENS.

[9] *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old ſtories told of the deſpair of necromancers in their laſt moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

It

Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free!

It is obſerved of *The Tempeſt*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Reviſal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the ſtory, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Skakſpeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it inſtrumental to the production of many characters, diverſifyed with boundleſs invention, and preſerved with profound ſkill in nature, extenſive knowledge of opinions, and accurate obſervation of life. In a ſingle drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and ſailors, all ſpeaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy ſpirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a ſtorm, the adventures of a deſert iſland, the native effuſion of untaught affection, the puniſhment of guilt, and the final happineſs of the pair for whom our paſſions and reaſon are equally intereſted.

JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duke of Milan, *father to Silvia.*
Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *father to Protheus.*
Thurio, *a fooliſh rival to Valentine.*
Eglamour, *Agent for Silvia in her eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Out-laws.
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to Valentine.*
Launce, *the like to Protheus.*
Panthino [1], *ſervant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*
Silvia, *the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; ſometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

[1] *Panthino,*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Anthonio is called *Panthion*; but; in the play, always *Panthino.* STEEVENS.

[1]TWO GENTLEMEN OF [2]VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving Protheus;
[3]Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't

[1] Some of the incidents in this play may be ſuppoſed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book I. chap. 6. where Pyrocles conſents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia reſembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

Mrs. *Lenox* obſerves, and I think not improbably, that the ſtory of *Protheus* and *Julia* might be taken from a ſimilar one in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*.—"This paſtoral romance," ſays ſhe, "was tranſlated from the *Spaniſh* in *Shakſpeare's* time." I have ſeen no earlier tranſlation, than that of *Bartholomew Yong*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598, and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, printed the ſame year, expreſsly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was tranſlated two or three years before, by one *Thomas Wilſon*; but this work, I am perſuaded, was never publiſhed *entirely*; perhaps ſome parts of it were, or the tale might have been tranſlated by others. However, Mr. Steevens ſays, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *noveliſts*. FARMER.

Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather

There is no earlier tranſlation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, September 1598. Many tranſlations, however, after they were licenſed, were capriciouſly ſuppreſſed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." STEEVENS.

[2] It is obſervable (I know not for what cauſe) that the ſtyle of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though ſuppoſed to be one of the firſt he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted, whether Shakſpeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt. HANMER.

To this obſervation of Mr. Pope, which is very juſt, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakſpeare's *worſt plays, and is leſs corrupted than any other.* Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and ſtyle, this play muſt be ſent packing, and ſeek for its parent elſewhere. How otherwiſe*, ſays he, *do painters diſtinguiſh copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illuſtration of a critic's ſcience will not prove what is deſired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules ſomewhat reſembling theſe by which critics know a tranſlation, which if it be literal, and literal it muſt be to reſemble the copy of a picture, will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; ſo if an author ſhould literally tranſlate his work, he would loſe the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are eaſily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the beſt judges, often miſtaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally diſtinguiſhable with thoſe of the painter. The peculiar manner of each ariſes from the deſire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his ſubſequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whoſe work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet ſome painters have differed as much from themſelves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little reſemblance between

I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with [4] ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

tween the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt. The ſame variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it ſeems, that they are leſs ſubject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a compoſition we may diſcover the author with probability, though ſeldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the ſerious and ludicrous ſcenes, the language and ſentiments of Shakſpeare. It is not indeed one of his moſt powerful effuſions; it has neither many diverſities of character, nor ſtriking delineations of life, but it abounds in γνωμαί beyond moſt of his plays, and few have more lines or paſſages, which, ſingly conſidered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very ſucceſsful, and ſuſpect that it has eſcaped corruption, only becauſe, being ſeldom played, it was leſs expoſed to the hazards of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

[3] *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:*] Milton has the ſame play on words:

" It is for *homely* features to keep *home*,
" They had their name thence." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſhapeleſs idleneſs.*] The expreſſion is fine, as implying that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

Val.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the Helleſpont.

Pro. Over the boots? [5] nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

[5] ——— *nay, give me not the boots.*] A proverbial expreſſion, though now diſuſed, ſignifying, don't make a laughing ſtock of me; don't play with me. The French have a phraſe, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to ſell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

Perhaps this expreſſion took its origin from a ſport the country people in Warwickſhire uſe at their harveſt-home, where one ſits as judge to try miſdemeanors committed in harveſt, and the puniſhment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and ſlapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet with the ſame expreſſion in the old comedy called *Mother Bombie*, by Lylly:

"What do you *give me the boots?*"

Again, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, a comedy, 1618:

"—Nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots.*"

The *boots*, however, were an ancient engine of torture. In MS. Harl. 6999—48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to lord Hunſdon, &c. and mentions, in the P. S. to his letter, that Geo. Flecke *had* yeſterday night *the boots*, and is ſaid to have confeſſed that the E. of Morton was privy to the poiſoning the E. of Athol, 16 March, 1580: and in another letter, March 18, 1580, "—that the laird of Whittingham *had the boots*, but without torment confeſs'd, &c. STEEVENS.

The *boot* was an inſtrument of torture uſed only in Scotland. Biſhop Burnet in the *Hiſtory of his own Times*, vol. I. p. 332, ed. 1754, mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who, being ſuſpected of treaſonable practices, underwent the puniſhment ſo late as 1666. "——He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they "call the *boots*; for they put a pair of iron boots cloſe on the "leg, and drive wedges between theſe and the leg. The com-"mon torture was only to drive theſe in the calf of the leg: but "I have been told they were ſometimes driven upon the ſhin "bone." EDITOR.

If

If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
[6]However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells, ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no; now let us take our leave.
[7]At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!

[6] *However, but a folly*—] This love will end in a *fooliſh action*, to produce which you are long to ſpend your *wit*, or it will end in the loſs of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

[7] *At* Milan,—] The firſt copy has *To*. The emendation, which perhaps is not neceſſary, was made in the ſecond folio. "*To Milan*" may have been intended as an imperfect ſentence. I am now bound for Milan. MALONE.

Val.

Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell! [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
[8] Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

[9] *Enter Speed.*

Speed. Sir Protheus, ſave you: Saw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to imbark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is ſhipp'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep [1]?

Pro. I do.

[8] *Made wit with muſick weak,—*] For *made* read *make*. *Thou* Julia, *haſt* made *me war with good counſel, and* make *wit weak with muſing*. JOHNSON.

Surely there is no need of emendation. It is *Julia*, who *has already made wit weak* with muſing, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] This whole ſcene, like many others in theſe plays (ſome of which I believe were written by Shakſpeare, and others interpolated by the players) is compoſed of the loweſt and moſt trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the groſs taſte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent*. I wiſh I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, ſet a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. POPE.

That this, like many other ſcenes, is mean and vulgar, will be univerſally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players ſeems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticiſm. JOHNSON.

[1] *I* a ſheep?] *I* omitted in firſt folio, added in the ſecond. MALONE.

Speed.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for the food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir: [2] I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro.

[2] *I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton;* ——] Speed calls himſelf a *loſt mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his maſter, and becauſe Protheus had been proving him a *ſheep*. But why does he call the lady a *lac'd mutton?* Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and conſequently the object of their paſſion muſt, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his Engliſh-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton*, *Une garſe*, *putain*, *fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this paſſage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and* lac'd mutton *waggiſhly ſinging*. So that *lac'd mutton* has been a ſort of ſtandard phraſe for *girls of pleaſure*. THEOBALD.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, ſays: *he would not ſtick to extoll rotten* lac'd mutton. So in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610:

"Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"And I ſmelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

Again,

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch a ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. [3] Nay, in that you are a ſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636, ſpeaking of Cupid, ſays, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-me's, and monſier of *mutton lac'd.*" STEEVENS.

A laced mutton was ſo eſtabliſhed a name for a courtezan, that a ſtreet in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was formerly called *Mutton-lane.* It is mentioned, with many others of the ſame character, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"Search all the alleys, Spittle or Pickthatch,
"Turnbull, the Bank-ſide, or the Minories,
"White Friars, St. Peters Street, and *Mutton-lane.*"

Again, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, by Middleton, 1602:

"*Laz.* Pilcher, Cupid hath got me a ſtomach, and I long for *laced mutton.*

"*Pilch.* Plain mutton without a *lace* will do for me."

Before I met with this paſſage, I own I underſtood *lac'd mutton* in the ſenſe of *mouton galonée*, and could not at all account for ſo ſtrange an expreſſion. From the above, it appears to have been a phraſe much of the ſame kind as *caille coiffée.* It might be rendered in French *mouton en corſet.* This appellation ſeems to have been as old as the time of king Henry III. "Item ſequitur gravis pœna corporalis, ſed ſine amiſſione vitæ vel membrorum, ſi raptus ſit de concubina legitima, vel aliâ quæſtum faciente, ſi delectu perſonarum: has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace ſuâ." Bracton *de Legibus*, lib. ii. MALONE.

[3] *Nay, in that you are aſtray;* ——] For the reaſon Protheus gives, Dr. Thirlby adviſes that we ſhould read, *a ſtray*, i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues Protheus's banter upon Speed. THEOBALD.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe? [4] did ſhe nod. [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy [5].

Speed. You miſtook, ſir; I ſay, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, ſir, here is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being ſo hard to me that brought your

[4] ——*did ſhe nod?*] Theſe words have been ſupplied by ſome of the editors, to introduce what follows. STEEVENS.

[5] Noddy *was a game at cards.* So in *The Inner Temple Maſk*, by Middleton, 1619: "I leave them wholly (ſays Chriſtmas) to my eldeſt ſon *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the cuſtody of *a pair of knaves* and *one and thirty.*" Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656: "Let her forbear cheſs and *noddy*, as *games* too ſerious." STEEVENS.

This play upon ſyllables is hardly worth explaining. The ſpeakers

your mind, [6] I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in [7] telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—*take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, [8] you have teſtern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
[9] Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ſpeakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So in the *ſecond part of Paſquil's Mad Cappe*, 1600, ſig. E.

If ſuch a *Noddy* be not thought a *fool.*

Again, E 1.

If ſuch an aſſe be *noddied* for the nonce. EDITOR.

[7] ——*I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling* her *mind.*] The authentic copy reads—*your* mind—which the editor of the ſecond folio not underſtanding, altered to—*her* mind. There is clearly no need of change. The meaning is——*She being ſo hard to me who was the bearer of your mind, I fear, ſhe will prove no leſs ſo to you, when you addreſs her in perſon.* The oppoſition is between *brought* and *telling.* MALONE.

[8] ———*you have teſtern'd me*;] You have gratified me with a *teſter*, *teſtern*, or *teſten*, that is, with a ſixpence. JOHNSON.

The old reading is *ceſtern*'d. This typographical error was corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *Which cannot periſh*, &c.] The ſame proverb has already been alluded to. See p 6. EDITOR.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?
Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine[1].
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but, of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Protheus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
[2] Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

[1] —— *he never ſhould be mine.*] Perhaps the inſignificancy of ſir Eglamour's character is burleſqued in the following paſſage in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*.

"Adieu, *ſir Eglamour*; adieu lute-ſtring, curtain-rod, gooſe-quill, &c." *Sir Eglamour of Artoys* is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foſter-lane, at the ſygne of the Harteſhorne, by John Walley. bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

[2] *Should* cenſure *thus*, &c.] To *cenſure* means, in this place, to paſs ſentence. So in Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606. "Elioſto "and Lleodoro were aſtoniſhed at ſuch a hard *cenſure*, and went "to Limbo moſt willingly." See vol. II, p. 31. STEEVENS.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good, I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia*,—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Protheus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, [3] a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lies?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?

[3] ——*a goodly broker!*] A *broker* was uſed for matchmaker, ſometimes for a procureſs. JOHNSON.
So in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:
"And flie (oh flie) theſe bed-*brokers* unclean,
"The monſters of our ſex, &c." STEEVENS.

Luc.

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that [4]
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your [5] ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why did'ſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.

[4] ——*ſay* No, *to that*, &c.] A paraphraſe on the old proverb, "Maids ſay *nay*, and take it." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſtomach on your meat.*] *Stomach* was uſed for *paſſion* or *obſtinacy*. JOHNSON.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.

Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.

Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love* [6].

Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.

Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, it is too ſharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant [7]:
There wanteth but a mean [8] to fill your ſong.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.

Luc. [9] Indeed, I bid the baſe for Protheus.

Jul.

[6] *Light o' love.*] This tune is given in a note on *Much ado about Nothing*, act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*too harſh a* deſcant:] *Deſcant* is a term in muſic. See Sir John Hawkins's note on the firſt ſpeech in *K. Richard* III. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*but a* mean &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in muſic. So in the enterlude of *Mary Magdalen's Repentance*, 1569:

"Utilitie can ſing the baſe full cleane,
"And noble honour ſhall ſing the *meane*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Indeed, I bid the baſe for Protheus.*] The ſpeaker here turns the alluſion (which her miſtreſs employed) from the *baſe in muſick* to a country exerciſe, *Bid the baſe:* in which ſome purſue, and others are made priſoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to ſay, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Protheus's paſſion.—He uſes the ſame alluſion in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"To *bid* the winds a *baſe* he now prepares."

And

Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation!— [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps; to feed on ſuch ſweet honey!
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down[1]?
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one into another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:
" ——Lads more like
" To run the country *baſe*. WARBURTON.

[1] *written down?*] To *write down* is ſtill a provincial expreſſion for *to write*. HENLEY.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father ſtays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down; Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. [2] I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee; I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, wil't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

[2] *I ſee you have a month's mind to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniverſary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a leſs ſolemnity directed by the will of the deceaſed. There was alſo *a year's mind*, and *a week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phraſes*.

This appears from the interrogatories and obſervations againſt the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. 7. "Whether there are *any months' minds*, and *anniverſaries?* Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir Will. Laxton, who died the laſt month (July 1556.) his hearſe burning with wax, and the morrow maſs celebrated, and a ſermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* vol. iii. p. 305. Dr. GREY.

A month's mind, in the ritual ſenſe, ſignifies not deſire or inclination, but remonſtrance; yet I ſuppoſe this is the true original of the expreſſion. JOHNSON.

In Hampſhire, and other weſtern counties, for "I can't *remember* it," they ſay, "I can't *mind* it." BLACKSTONE.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24. ſpeaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, ſays, they were chiefly uſed "at the burials of the dead, alſo at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwarden's accompts of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkſhire, 1558, theſe *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Inſtead of *month's minds*, they are ſometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, ſays Fuller, we underſtand the *Obſequia for the dead*, which ſome ſay ſucceeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was deſigned for a verſe, we ſhould read—mon*ther* mind. So in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Swifter than the moone*s* ſphere."

Both theſe are the Saxon genitive caſe. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Anthonio's Houſe.

Enter Anthonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, [3] what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
[4] Some, to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid that Protheus, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment [5] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant.

[3] ——*what ſad talk*——] *Sad* is the ſame as *grave* or *ſerious*. JOHNSON.

So in the *Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638.

" Marry, ſir knight, I ſaw them in *ſad talk*,
" But to ſay they were directly whiſpering, &c."

Again in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578.

" The king feigneth to talk *ſadly* with ſome of his counſel." STEEVENS.

[4] *Some, to diſcover iſlands far away*;] In Shakſpeare's time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in England, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the Forteſcues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Cheſters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing faſhion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*great* impeachment *to his age*,] *Impeachment* is *hindrance*. So in *Henry* V:

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
[6]Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither:
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

" ——but could be glad
" Without *impeachment* to march on to Calais."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakſpeare has been guilty of no miſtake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the firſt German emperors held their courts there occaſionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the ſame time that the emperor held his court there. The firſt dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not ſovereign princes, as they afterwards became: but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleaſure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play.

STEEVENS.

Pant.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them ſhall Protheus go;
And, in [7] good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With Valentino in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,

[7] ——*in good time*——] *In good time* was the old expreſſion when ſomething happened which ſuited the thing in hand, as the French ſay, *à propos*. JOHNSON.
So in *Rich.* III:

"And, *in good time*, here comes the ſweating lord."
STEEVENS.

Like

Like exhibition [8] thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, Panthino; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*

Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
[9] Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth

The

[8] ——*exhibition*] i. e. allowance.
So in *Othello*:
" Due reference of place and *exhibition*."
And, in the *Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623:
" ——in his riot does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him." STEEVENS.

[9] *Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth*] At the end of this verſe there is wanting a ſyllable, for the ſpeech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *ſun*, and therefore ſhall leave it to ſome happier critic. But I ſuſpect that the author might write thus:

Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth right,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the glory of the light,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *ſun*, which, conſidered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next tranſcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *ſun*, ſuppoſed it erroneouſly written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

It was not always the cuſtom, among our early writers, to make the firſt and third lines rhime to each other; and when a word was not long enough to complete the meaſure, they occaſionally extended it. Thus Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, b. III. c. 12:

" Formerly

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter

" Formerly grounded, and faſt *ſetteled*."

Again, b. II. c. 12:

" The while ſweet Zephirus loud *whiſteled*
" His treble, a ſtrange kind of harmony;
" Which Guyon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*, &c."

From this practice, I ſuppoſe, our author wrote *reſembeleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verſe. Many poems have been written in this meaſure where the ſecond and fourth lines only rhime. STEEVENS.

Reſembleth is here uſed as a quadriſyllable, as it was written *reſembeleth*. See *Com. of Errors*, act V. ſc. the laſt.

" And theſe two Dromios, one in *ſemblance*."

As you like it, act II. ſc. ii.

" The parts and graces of the *wreſtler*."

And it ſhould be obſerved, that Shakſpeare takes the ſame liberty with many other words, in which *l* or *r* are ſubjoined to another conſonant. See *Com. of Errors*, next verſe but one to that cited above:

" Theſe are the parents to theſe *children*."

where ſome editors, being unneceſſarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own.

" Theſe *plainly* are the parents to theſe children."

TYRWHITT.

Thus much I had thought ſufficient to ſay upon this point in the former edition. Since which the author of REMARKS, &c. on that edition has been pleaſed to aſſert, p. 7, that Shakſpeare does not appear " from the above inſtances at leaſt to have " taken the ſmalleſt liberty in extending his words: neither " has the incident of *l* or *r* being ſubjoined to another conſo- " nant any thing to do in the matter." The truth is, he goes on to ſay, " that *every* verb in the Engliſh language gains an *ad-* " *ditional ſyllable* by its termination in *eſt*, *eth*, *ed*, *ing*, or (when " formed into a ſubſtantive) in *er*; and the above words when " *rightly printed* are not only unexceptionable but juſt. Thus " *reſemble* makes *reſemble-eth*, *wreſtle*, *wreſtle-er*; and *ſettle*, " *whiſtle*, *ſickle*, make *ſettle-ed*, *whiſtle-ed*, *ſickle-ed*."

As to this *ſuppoſed* canon of the Engliſh language, it would be eaſy to ſhew that it is quite fanciful and unfounded, and what he calls *the right method of printing the above words*, is ſuch as, I believe, was never adopted before by any mortal in writing them, nor can be followed in the pronunciation of them without the help of an entirely new ſyſtem of ſpelling. But any further

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you; He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro.

further diſcuſſion of this matter is unneceſſary; becauſe the hypotheſis, though allowed in its utmoſt extent, will not prove either of the points to which it is applied. It will neither prove that Shakſpeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words, nor that he has not taken that liberty chiefly with certain words in which *l* or *r* is ſubjoined to another conſonant. The following are all inſtances of nouns, ſubſtantive, or adjective, which can receive no ſupport from the ſuppoſed canon. That Shakſpeare has taken a liberty in extending theſe words is evident from the conſideration, that the ſame words are more frequently uſed by his contemporaries, and by himſelf, without the additional ſyllable. Why he has taken this liberty with words in which *l* or *r* is ſubjoined to another conſonant, muſt be obvious to every one who can pronounce the language.

Country triſyllable.

Twelfth Night, act I. ſc. 2. The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country?*

Coriolanus, act I. ſc. 3, Die nobly for their *country* than one.

Remembrance quadriſyllable.

Twelfth Night, act I. ſc. 1. And laſting in her ſad *remembrance.*

Winters Tale, act IV. ſc. 4. Grace and *remembrance* be to you both.

Angry triſyllable.

Timon of Athens, act III. ſc. 5. But who is man, that is not *angry.*

Henry triſyllable.

Rich. III. act II. ſc. 3. So ſtood the ſtate when *Henry* the ſixth.

2 *Hen.* VI. act II. ſc. 2. Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the fourth.

Monſtrous triſyllable.

Macbeth, act IV. ſc. 6. Who cannot want the thought how *monſtrous.*

Othello, act II. ſc. III. 'Tis monſtrous, Iago, who began it?

Aſſembly quadriſyllable

Much ado about Nothing, act V. ſc. laſt. Good morrow to this fair *aſſembly.*

Douglas triſyllable.

1 *Henry* IV. act V. ſc. 2. Lord *Douglas* go you and tell him ſo.

England triſyllable.

Rich. II. act IV. ſc. 1. Then Bolinbroke return to *England.*

Humbler triſyllable.

1 *Hen.* VI. act IV. ſc. 1. Methinks his lordſhip ſhould be *humbler.*

Noblar

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on [1].
Speed. Why then this may be yours; for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, ſirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, ſir.
Val. Why, ſir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Nobler triſyllable.
Coriolanus, act III. ſc. 2. You do the *nobler*. *Cor.* I muſe my mother. TYRWHITT.

[1] Val. *Not mine, my gloves are* on.
Speed. *Why then, this may be yours; for this is but* one.]
It appears from this paſſage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. Hence, probably, the miſtake in a paſſage in *K. John*, where we meet in the old copy, "——found *on* unto the drowſy," &c. inſtead of, "—found "*one*" &c.
The quibble here is loſt by the change of pronunciation; a loſs, however, which may be very patiently endured.
MALONE.

Val.

Val. Go to, ſir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a mal-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet[2]; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at[3] Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without

[2] ——*takes diet*;] To *take diet* was the phraſe for being under a regimen for a diſeaſe mentioned in *Timon*:

" ——bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
" To the tub-faſt and *the diet*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Hallowmas.*——] This is, about the feaſt of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes leſs comfortable. JOHNSON.

Is it worth remarking that on *All-Saints-Day* the poor people in *Staffordſhire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from pariſh to pariſh *a ſouling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or ſinging ſmall, as Bailey's Dict. explains *puling*) for *ſoul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry? This cuſtom is mentioned by *Peck*, and ſeems a remnant of Popiſh ſuperſtition to pray for departed ſouls, particularly thoſe of friends. The *ſouler's* ſong in *Staffordſhire*, is different from that which Mr. *Peck* mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

without you were ſo ſimple, [4] none elſe would; but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had

[4] —*none elſe would:*——] None elſe would *be ſo ſimple.* JOHNSON.

mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe injoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. [5] Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val.

[5] *Oh excellent motion!* &c.] *Motion*, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *puppet*. In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently uſed in that ſenſe, or rather perhaps to ſignify a *puppet-ſhow*; the maſter whereof may properly be ſaid to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The ſpeech of the ſervant is an alluſion to that practice, and he means to ſay, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to*, or rather *for* her. Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The City Match*, 1630, by Jaſper Maine:

" ——— his mother came,
" Who follows ſtrange ſights out of town, and went
" To Brentford for a *motion*." ———

Again,

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. [6] Sir Valentine and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done [7].

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off [8];
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, madam; ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;

Again, in *The Pilgrim:*

"—— Nothing but a *motion?*
"A *puppet* pilgrim?"—— STEEVENS.

[6] *Sir Valentine and ſervant,*——] Here Silvia calls her lover *ſervant*, and again below her *gentle ſervant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakſpeare wrote. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"Sweet ſiſter, let's ſit in judgment a little; faith upon my *ſervant* Monſieur Laverdure.
Mel. Troth, well for a *ſervant*, but for a huſband!"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"Every man was not born with my *ſervant* Briſk's features." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*'tis very* clerkly *done.*] i. e. like a ſcholar.

So in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"Thou art *clerkly*, ſir John, *clerkly.*" STEEVENS.

[8] ——*it* came *hardly* off;] See vol. II. p. 37. STEEVENS.

And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you [9] reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed, To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

[9] ——*reaſoning with yourſelf?*] That is, *diſcourſing, talking.* An Italianiſm. JOHNSON.

Speed

Speed. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhe made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end [1].

Val. I would, it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—

All this I ſpeak in print [2]; for in print I found it.—Why muſe you, ſir; 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, ſir; though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*and there is an end.*] i. e. there's the concluſion of the matter. So in *Macbeth:*

" ——— a time has been
" That when the brains were out, the man would die,
" *And there an end.*"—— STEEVENS.

[2] *All this I ſpeak* in print;] *In print* means *with exactneſs.* So in the comedy of *All Fooles*, 1605:

" not a hair
" About his bulk, but it ſtands *in print.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Julia's houſe at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake.
[*Giving a ring.*
Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer no;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould:
[*Exit Julia.*
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

A ſtreet.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping;

weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir Protheus to the imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the ſoureſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lily; and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; [3] I am the dog:—no, the dog is himſelf, and [4] I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your bleſſing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my

[3] ——*I am the dog*:—&c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in a play printed earlier than the preſent. See *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

" ——you ſhall ſtand for the lady, you for her *dog*, and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another: the page preſents himſelf." STEEVENS.

[4] ——I *am the dog*, &c.] This paſſage is much confuſed, and of confuſion the preſent reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog, himſelf is and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and I am myſelf*. This certainly is more reaſonable, but I know not how much reaſon the author intended to beſtow on Launce's ſoliloquy. JOHNSON.

mother;—oh that ſhe could ſpeak now [5] like a wood woman!——well, I kiſs her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you will loſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt [6]; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

[5] ——*like a wood woman!*——] The firſt folios agree in *would-woman*: for which, becauſe it was a myſtery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould woman*. But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood woman*, i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or diſtracted, from any other cauſe. The word is very frequently uſed in Chaucer; and ſometimes writ *wood*, ſometimes *wode*. THEOBALD.

Print thus:

Now come I to my mother (oh, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman:

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading: (oh, that *the ſhoe* could *ſpeak* now!) BLACKSTONE.

Oh that ſhe could ſpeak now like a wood woman!] I am not certain that I underſtand this paſſage. *Wood*, or crazy women, were anciently ſuppoſed to be able to tell fortunes. *Launce* may therefore mean, that as her geſtures are thoſe of frantic perſons, ſo he wiſhes ſhe was poſſeſſed of their other powers, and could predict his fate. Or ſhould we point the line as interrupted?

Oh that ſhe could ſpeak now!—like a wood woman! meaning, I wiſh ſhe could ſpeak—but ſhe behaves as if ſhe were out of her ſenſes! STEEVENS.

[6] —*if the* ty'd *were loſt*; &c.] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by *Shakſpeare* from Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"You know it is ſaid, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—

"True.

"A monſtrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unloſe me."

The ſame occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614:

"And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide*." STEEVENS.

Pan.

Pan. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pan. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. [7] Loſe the tide, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide [8]? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

MILAN.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, ſir Thurio frowns on you.

Val Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

[7] *Loſe the tide,*——] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read——the *flood.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*and the tide?*] I ſhould ſuppoſe theſe three words to repeated through ſome error of the printer. STEEVENS.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote [9] you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, ſir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, ſir.

Thu. Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: ſir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's

[9] ——*how* quote *you my folly?*] To *quote* is to *obſerve*. So in *Hamlet:*

"I am ſorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

looks,

looks, and ſpends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beſet.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And [1] not without deſert ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath ſir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;

[1] ——*not without deſert*—] And not dignified with ſo much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

His

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, ſir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite [2] him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

Sil, Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus!—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,

[2] *cite*] i. e. incite. MALONE.

Confirm

Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.

Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. [3] No; that you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

[4] *Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit Servant.*]
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs:
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

[3] *No; that you are worthleſs.*] I have inſerted the particle *no*, to fill up the meaſure. JOHNSON.

I believe the particle which Dr. Johnſon has inſerted to ſupply the metre of this line, is unneceſſary, *worthleſs* having been probably uſed, like many other words of the ſame kind, as a triſyllable. Thus *tickling*, *changeling*, *humbled*, *juggling*, and many more. MALONE.

[4] Thur. *Madam, my lord your father*——] This ſpeech in all the editions is aſſigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the ſtage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Beſides, the firſt line and half of Silvia's anſwer is evidently addreſſed to two perſons. A ſervant, therefore, muſt come in and deliver the meſſage; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. THEOBALD.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is altered now: I have done penance for contemning love;
[5]Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is[6] no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;

[5] *Whoſe high imperious*——] For *whoſe* I read *thoſe*. I have contemned love and am puniſhed. *Thoſe* high thoughts, by which I exalted myſelf above human paſſions or frailties, have brought upon me faſts and groans. JOHNSON.

I believe the old copy is right. *Imperious* is an epithet frequently applied to *love* by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries. I have met with it very often ſo uſed in Greene's pamphlets, but omitted to take down the inſtances. The text is likewiſe ſupported by what Valentine ſays a few lines lower.—"love's a *mighty lord*." MALONE.

[6] ——*no woe to his correction*;] No miſery that *can be compared to* the puniſhment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, ſaying, *None* to *them*, *none* to *them*. JOHNSON.

The ſame idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"There is no comfort in the world
"*To* women that are kind." MALONE.

Now

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Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.

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Pro. [4] No; that you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

[5] *Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit Servant.*]
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new ſervant, welcome:

[3] To have a look of ſuch a *worthy* miſtreſs.] *Worthy* is not found in the only authentic ancient copy of this play. It was unneceſſarily introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio (who appears to have been very little acquainted with our author's phraſeology) to ſupply the metre. *Miſtreſs* is here uſed as a triſyllable. A few lines lower it is employed as a word of two ſyllables. Our poet has taken the ſame liberty with *hour* and *fire*, employing them either as monoſyllables, or diſſyllables, juſt as he found it convenient. MALONE.

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I'll

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

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Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
[6] Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
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And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is [7] no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
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The ſame idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

" There is no comfort in the world
" *To* women that are kind." MALONE.

Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo;

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praiſes.

Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be [8] a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth,

Pro. Except my miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the [9] ſummer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

[8] ——*a principality*,] The firſt or *principal* of women. So the old writers uſe *ſtate*. "*She is a lady, a great* ſtate." Latymer. "*This look is called in* ſtates *warlie, in others otherwiſe.*" Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

There is a ſimilar ſenſe of this word in St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Romans viii. 38. nor angels nor *principalities*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſummer-ſmelling flower*,] I once thought that the poet had written *ſummer-ſwelling*; but the epithet which ſtands in the text I have ſince met with in the tranſlation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, b. viii. p. 354:

"—— no Roman chieftaine ſhould
"Come near to Nyles Peluſian mould,
"But ſhun that *ſummer-ſwelling* ſhore."

The original is, "—— ripaſque *æſtate tumentes*," l. 829. May likewiſe renders it *ſummer-ſmelled* banks. The *ſummer-ſwelling* flower is the flower which ſwells in ſummer, till it expands itſelf into bloom. STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
[1] She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſee'ſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit Val.*

[2] Even as one heat another heat expels,

Or

[1] *She is alone.*] She ſtands by herſelf. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

[2] *Even as one heat another heat expels*
Or as one nail *by ſtrength* drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author ſeems here to

Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
[3] Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is Julia, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire [4],

to have remembered *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" And as out of a planke *tayle a nayle a nayle doth drive*,
" *So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.*"

So alſo in *Coriolanus*:

" One fire drives out one fire; *one nail one nail.*"

MALONE.

[3] *Is it mine* THEN, *or Valentino's praiſe,*] Here Protheus queſtions with himſelf, whether it is his own praiſe, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's miſtreſs. But not to inſiſt on the abſurdity of falling in love through his own praiſes, he had not indeed praiſed her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend aſked it of him. In all the old editions we find the line printed thus:

It is mine, or Valentino's praiſe?

A word is wanting. The line was originally thus:

Is it mine EYE, *or Valentino's praiſe?*

Protheus had juſt ſeen Valentine's miſtreſs, whom her lover had been laviſhingly praiſing. His encomiums therefore heightening Protheus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the leſs wonder he ſhould be uncertain which had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, Valentine's praiſes, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

The firſt folio reads:

It is mine or Valentine's praiſe.

The ſecond,

Is it mine then or Valentinean's praiſe? REMARKS.

[4] ——*a* waxen image *'gainſt the fire,*] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as repreſentatives of thoſe whom they deſigned to torment or deſtroy. STEEVENS.

King James aſcribes theſe images to the devil in his treatiſe of Daemonologie: " to ſome others at theſe times he teacheth how to make pictures of waxe, or claye, that by the roaſting thereof the perſons that they bear the name of, may be continually melted, and dried away by continual ſickneſſe." See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl. 2. 22. Hudibras, p. 2. l. 2. v. 331. S. W.

Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her [5] with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
[6] 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled ſo my reaſon's light[7]:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

[5] ——*with more advice,*] *With more advice,* is *on further knowledge, on better conſideration.* So in *Titus Andronicus:*

" The Greeks, *upon advice,* did bury Ajax."

The word, as Mr. Malone obſerves, is ſtill current among mercantile people, whoſe conſtant language is, we are *adviſed* by letters from abroad," meaning *informed.* So in bills of exchange the concluſion always is—" Without further *advice.*" So in this very play:

" This pride of hers, upon *advice,* &c.

Again in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Yet did repent me *after more advice.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *'Tis but her picture*——] This is evidently a ſlip of attention, for he had ſeen her in the laſt ſcene, and in high terms offered her his ſervice. JOHNSON.

I believe Protheus means, that, as yet, he had ſeen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

So in *Cymbeline:*

" All of her, that is, *out of door,* moſt rich!
" If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare," &c.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale,* act II. ſc. i:

" Praiſe her but for this her *without-door* form."

STEEVENS.

[7] *And that hath dazled* ſo *my reaſon's light*;] *So,* a word as hurtful to the ſenſe, as unneceſſary to the metre, was introduced by the editor of the ſecondly folio, who did not perceive that *dazled* was uſed as a triſyllable. The authentick copy ſhould certainly be adhered to; and a ſemicolon placed after *light.* The plain meaning is, *Her mere outſide hath* dazzled *me*;—*when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I ſhall be ſtruck* blind.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A ſtreet.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to [8]Milan.

Laun. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? [9]My ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed.

[8] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on act III. POPE.

[9] *My ſtaff underſtands me.*] This equivocation, miſerable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem. B. vi.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under and underſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtakeſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo[1]; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

" ——The terms we ſent were terms of weight,
" Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And ſtagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*;
" Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
" To ſhew us when our toes ſtand not upright." JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble occurs likewiſe in the ſecond part of the *Three Merry Coblers*, an ancient ballad:

" Our work doth th' owners *underſtand*,
" Thus ſtill we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

[1] *ſo*] Added in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Laun.

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-houſe [2] with a Chriſtian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI [3].

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
[4] O ſweet-ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;

[2] *the* ale-houſe] The old copy reads only the *ale*; and *Ales* were merry meetings inſtituted in country places. Thus Ben Jonſon:

" And all the neighbourhood, from old records
" Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitſon lords,
" And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
" With country precedents and old wives tales,
" We bring you now." STEEVENS.

[3] It is to be obſerved, that, in the firſt folio edition, the only edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the ſcenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more conſiſtency or regularity to the drama by ſuch alterations. I make this remark in this place, becauſe I know not whether the following ſoliloquy of Protheus is ſo proper in the ſtreet. JOHNSON.

[4] *O ſweet-ſuggeſting love,——*] To *ſuggeſt* is to *tempt*, in our author's language. So again:

" Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted*."

The ſenſe is, *O* tempting love, *if thou haſt* influenced me to ſin, *teach me to excuſe it*. Dr. Warburton reads, *if I have ſinn'd*; but, I think, not only without neceſſity, but with leſs elegance. JOHNSON.

And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, thus find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill more precious in itſelf:
And Silvia, witneſs heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window;
[5] Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and [6] pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine;

[5] *Myſelf, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counſel. JOHNSON.

Competitor is *confederate, aſſiſtant, partner.*
So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"It is not Cæſar's natural vice, to hate
"One great *competitor.*"

and he is ſpeaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

[6] —*pretended flight*;] *Pretended* flight is *propoſed* or *intended* flight. So in *Macbeth*:

"——What good could they *pretend?*" STEEVENS.

Again, in de Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542, ſign. H 3; *I pretend* to return and come round about thorow other regyons on Europ. EDITOR.

For

For Thurio, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
[7] As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Julia's houſe in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counſel, Lucetta; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as ſir Protheus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.
Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;

[7] I ſuſpect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next ſcene ſhould begin in the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with the enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtic may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord
"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, Lucetta.
Luc. You muſt needs have them [8] with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul.

[8] ——*with a cod-piece*, &c.] Whoever wiſhes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dreſs, may conſult Bulwer's *Artificial*

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta [9], that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances [1] as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;

tificial Changeling, in which ſuch matters are very amply diſcuſſed. Ocular inſtruction may be had from the armour ſhewn as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The ſame faſhion appears to have been no leſs offenſive in France. See Montaigne, chap. XXII. The cuſtom of ſticking pins in this oſtentatious piece of indecency, was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by Authority. STEEVENS.

[9] Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy obſerves, that this interjection is ſtill uſed in the North. It ſeems to have the ſame meaning as *apage*, Lat. STEEVENS.

So in *Every Man out of his Humour*, act II. ſc. 6.

Out, out, unworthy to ſpeak where he breatheth.

EDITOR.

[1] ——of *infinite*——] Old edit. The emendation by the Editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

His

His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey[2].
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence,
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.——
[*Exit Thur.*
Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, ſir Valentine, my friend,

[2] ——*my* longing *journey.*] Dr. Grey obſerves, that *longing* is a participle active, with a paſſive ſignification; for *longed*, wiſhed or deſired. STEEVENS.

This

This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim [3] might err,
And ſo, unworthily, diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,

[3] —*jealous* aim] *Aim* is *gueſs*, in this inſtance, as in the following. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"I *aim'd* ſo near when I ſuppos'd you lov'd." STEEVENS.

That

That my diſcovery [4] be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher [5] of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; ſir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, ſir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

[4] ——*be not aim'd at*;] Be not *gueſſed*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*of this pretence.*] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.

Pretence is *deſign*. So in *K. Lear*: "——to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in the ſame play: "——*preſence* and purpoſe of unkindneſs." See p. 180. STEEVENS.

And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, ſir[6], in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, [7] the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts [8], if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſcorns ſometimes what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,

[6] ——*ſir, in Milan, here,*] It ought to be thus, inſtead of—*in Verona, here*—for the ſcene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt act, and in the beginning of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth ſcene of act II. where Speed bids his fellow-ſervant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

[7] ——*the faſhion of the time*—] The modes of courtſhip, the acts by which men recommended themſelves to ladies. JOHNSON.

[8] *Win her with* gifts, &c.] An earlier writer than Shakſpeare, ſpeaking of women, has the ſame unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded) ſentiment:

"'Tis wiſdom to give much; a gift prevails,
"When deep perſuaſive oratory fails."

Marlowe's HERO AND LEANDER.
MALONE.

But

But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets[9], but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

[9] *What lets,*] i. e. what hinders.
So in Hamlet, act I. ſc. 4.
By heaven I'll make a Ghoſt of him that *lets* me.
STEEVENS.

Val.

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may beat it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this ſame? what's here?— *To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervant's fortune:
I curſe myſelf, [1] for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would [2] be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.—
Why, Phaeton (for thou art [3] Merop's ſon),

[1] ——*for they are ſent by me,*] *For* is the ſame as *for that, ſince.* JOHNSON.

[2] *would*] *Should* firſt folio. MALONE.

[3] ——*Merops' ſon*)] Thou art Phaëton in thy raſhneſs, but without his pretenſions; thou art not the ſon of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low born-wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was ſafely reproached. JOHNSON.

This ſcrap of mythology Shakſpeare might have found in the ſpurious play of *K. John*, 1591, 1611, and 1622:

" ——as ſometime *Phaëton*
" Miſtruſting ſilly *Merops* for his ſire."

Or in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

" Why fooliſh, hardy, daring, ſimple groom,
" Follower of fond conceited Phaëton, &c." STEEVENS.

Wilt

Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence;
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And Silvia is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
[4] And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
[5] I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry

[4] *And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.*]
Animum pictura paſcit inani. *Virg.* HENLEY.

[5] *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:*] *To fly his doom*, uſed for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a galliciſm. The ſenſe is, By avoiding

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
On's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then? his ſpirit?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you,—
Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear! Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine,
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!—
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!—
What is your news?

ing the execution of his ſentence I ſhall not eſcape death. If I ſtay here, I ſuffer myſelf to be deſtroyed; if I go away, I deſtroy myſelf. JOHNSON.

Laun.

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſh'd, oh, that is the news;
From hence, from Sivia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd, ſtands in effectual force)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love[6].
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*

[7] *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the

[6] *Even in the* milk white boſom of thy love.] So in *Hamlet:*

" Theſe *to her excellent white boſom*, &c.

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *addreſs of letters to the boſom of a miſtreſs* can be underſtood, it ſhould be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their ſtays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle work. In many parts of England the ruſtic damſels ſtill obſerve the ſame practice; and a very old lady informs me that ſhe remembers when it was the faſhion to wear very prominent ſtays, it was no leſs the cuſtom for ſtratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS.

[7] Laun. *I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the ſenſe? or, if you won't allow the ſpeaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given the fool occaſion to ſuſpect that his maſter was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors.* The laſt word is corrupt. We ſhould read

———*if he be but one* KIND.

He thought his maſter was *a kind of knave*; however, he keeps himſelf in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might paſs well enough amongſt his neighbours. This is truly humourous. WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and ſpecious, yet I know not whether, in Shakſpeare's language, *one knave* may not ſignify a *knave on only one occaſion*, a *ſingle knave.* We ſtill uſe a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

This paſſage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. *Warburton* and ſir *Tho. Hanmer.*——Mr. *Edwards* explains it,—" if *he only* be a knave, if *I myſelf* be not found to be *another.*" I

the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but [8] a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myſelf, and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips [9]: yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel—which is much in a bare

agree with Dr. *Johnſon*, and will ſupport the old reading and his interpretation with indiſputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Ariſtippus* declares of *Cariſophus*, "you loſe money by him if you ſell him for *one knave*, for he ſerves for *twayne*."

This phraſeology is often met with: *Arragon* ſays in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With *one fool's* head I came to woo,
"But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his ſonnets:

"I am *two fools*, I know,
"For *loving* and for *ſaying ſo*, &c."

And when *Panurge* cheats St. *Nicholas* of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a ſtorm, *Rabelais* calls him "a rogue—a *rogue and an half*—*Le gallant, gallant de demy*." FARMER.

Again, in *Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

"Thus thou may'ſt be called a knave in graine,
"And where knaves be ſcant, thou may'ſt go for *twayne*."
STEEVENS.

Again in Chapman's *Two wiſe Men and all the reſt fools*, 1619:

"I deſire no more cunning than I now have, and I'll ſerve you ſtill and ſet up for myſelf; for I had rather be a *double knave* than a ſingle fool." MALONE.

[8] ——*a team of horſe ſhall not pluck*——] I ſee how Valentine ſuffers for telling his love-ſecrets, therefore I will keep mine cloſe. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to ſhew ſo much ſenſe; but here indulges himſelf in talking contradictory nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*for ſhe hath had goſſips:*] *Goſſips* not only ſignify thoſe who anſwer for a child in baptiſm, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between theſe is evident. STEEVENS.

chriſtian.

chriſtian [1]. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions [2]. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, ſhe is better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*, look you; A ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior Launce? what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. [3] With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. What, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy

[1] ——*a* bare *chriſtian.*] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two ſenſes; *mere* and *naked*. In *Coriolanus* it is uſed in the firſt:

" 'Tis but a *bare* petition of the ſtate."

Launce uſes it in both, and oppoſes the *naked* female to the water-ſpaniel *cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickneſs*.

STEEVENS.

[2] *conditions.*] i. e. qualities. The old copy has *condition*.

MALONE.

[3] In former editions it is,

With my maſterſhip? *why, it is at ſea.*] For how does Launce miſtake the word? Speed aſks him about his maſterſhip, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his maſterſhip at ſea, and on ſhore too? The addition of a letter and a note of apoſtrophe make Launce both miſtake the word, and ſets the pun right: it reſtores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no ſenſe in the paſſage. Beſides, it is in character with the reſt of the ſcene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

grandmother[4]: this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; And[7] St. Nicholas be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk*[6].

[8] *Laun.* Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale*!

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Bleſſing of your heart[7], you brew good ale!

Speed. Item, *She can ſew.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

[4] — *the ſon of thy* grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I ſuppoſe *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he muſt have read this well known obſervation. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*St. Nicholas be thy Speed!*] St. Nicholas preſided over ſcholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks.* Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth,* are called *Nicholas's clerks.* WARBURTON.

That this ſaint preſided over young ſcholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. For by the ſtatutes of Paul's ſchool there inſerted, the children are required to attend divine ſervice at the cathedral on his anniverſary. The reaſon I take to be, that the legend of this ſaint makes him to have been a biſhop, while he was a boy. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1598: "Methinks this fellow ſpeaks like biſhop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas's night commonly the ſcholars of the country make them a biſhop, who, like a fooliſh boy, goeth about bleſſing and preaching with ſuch childiſh terms, as maketh the people laugh at his fooliſh counterfeit ſpeeches." STEEVENS.

[7] *Speed.* Imprimis, *ſhe can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.] Theſe two ſpeeches ſhould evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the reſt in the ſame dialogue, but *Launce* clearly directs *Speed* to go on with the paper where he himſelf left off. See his preceding ſoliloquy. FARMER.

[8] *Bleſſing o' your heart,* &c.] So in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Augurs:*

"Our ale's o' the beſt,
"And each good gueſt
"*Prays for their ſouls* that brew it." STEEVENS.

Laun.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock [9].

Speed. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Laun. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can ſpin.*

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, Baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, [1] *She is not to be kiſs'd faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a* [2] *ſweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

Laun. O villainy! that ſet down among her vices!

[9] ——*knit him a* ſtock.] i. e. *ſtocking.* So in *Twelfth Night*: "—it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd *ſtock.*" STEEVENS.

[1] —*ſhe is not to be* kiſs'd *faſting,*—] The old copy reads,—*ſhe is not to be faſting*, &c. The neceſſary word, *kiſs'd*, was firſt added by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſweet mouth.*] This I take to be the ſame with what is now vulgarly called a *ſweet tooth*, a luxurious deſire of dainties and ſweetmeats. JOHNSON.

How a *luxurious deſire of dainties* can make amends for *offenſive breath*, I now not: I rather believe that by a *ſweet mouth* is meant that ſhe *ſings ſweetly.* In *Twelfth Night* we have heard of a *ſweet breaſt* as the recommendation of a ſinger. It may however mean a *liquoriſh* mouth, in a wanton ſenſe. So in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Their ſaucy *ſweetneſs* that do coin heaven's image, &c." STEEVENS.

To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, *She is curſt.*

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often* [3] *praiſe her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, [4] *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now of another thing ſhe may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

Speed, Item, [5] *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun.

[3] ——*praiſe her liquor.*] That is, ſhew how well ſhe likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

[4] —*ſhe is too* liberal.] *Liberal,* is licentious and groſs in language. So in *Othello:* "Is he not a profane and very *liberal* counſellor?" JOHNSON.

So in the *Fair Maid of Briſtow,* 1605, bl.

But Vallenger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
Did give her ſcandalous ignoble terms.

Mr. Malone adds another inſtance from *Woman's a Weathercock,* by N. Field, 1612.

Next that the fame
Of your neglect and *liberal* talking tongue,
Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong. STEEVENS.

[5] —*ſhe hath more hair than wit,*—] An old Engliſh proverb. See Ray's Collection:

"Buſh natural, *more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:*

"*Hair!*

Laun. More hair than wit—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs*—

Laun. That's monſtrous; Oh, that that were out!

Speed. ---*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious[b]: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,---that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter; an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!---I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

" *Hair!* 'tis the baſeſt ſtubble; in ſcorn of it
" This proverb ſprung—*He has more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

" Now is the old proverb really perform'd,
" *More hair than wit.*" STEEVENS.

—*makes the faults* gracious:] *Gracious*, in old language means *graceful*. So in *K. John*:

" There was not ſuch a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in *Albion's Triumph*, 1631;

" On which *(the freeze)* were feſtoons of ſeveral fruits in their " natural colours, on which in *gracious* poſtures lay children " ſleeping."

Male-content, 1604;

" The moſt exquiſite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* " by torch-light." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Thurio, and Protheus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.
Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
[7] Trench'd in ice; which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.—
How now, ſir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievouſly[8].
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhewn ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And alſo, I do[9] think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

[7] *Trenched in ice*;—] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French. JOHNSON.
So in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1633:
"Is deeply *trenched* in my bluſhing brow." STEEVENS.
[8] *grievouſly.*] heavily, ſecond folio. MALONE.
[9] *do*] Added in ſecond folio. MALONE.

Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love ſir Thurio?
Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander Valentine
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it muſt, [1] with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend [2].
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love ſir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore [3] as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:

[1] ——*with circumſtance,*——] With the addition of ſuch incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

[2] *his* very *friend.*] *Very* is *immediate.* So in *Macbeth:*
"And the *very* points they blow." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*as you unwind her love*——] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The houſewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread.* JOHNSON.

So in *Grange's Garden*, 1577, in anſwer to a letter written unto him by Curtyzan:
"A *bottome* for your ſilke it ſeems
"My letters are become,
"Which oft with winding off and on
"Are waſted whole and ſome." STEEVENS.

Which

Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, ſir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay [4] lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poeſy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity [5]:—
[6] For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,

[4] ——*lime*,—] That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

[5] *ſuch integrity*:] *Such integrity* means ſuch as would be manifeſted by practiſing the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS.

[6] *For Orpheus lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews*;] This ſhews Shakſpeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns Orpheus his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute* is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws*; and by the *poet's ſinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in thoſe laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. WARBURTON.

Make

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
[7] Viſit by night your lady's chamber window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump [8]; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her [9].

Duke. This diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, ſweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort [1] ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

[7] *Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window*
With ſome ſweet concert: *to their inſtruments*, &c.
The old copy reads:
With ſome ſweet *conſort*——
I believe, rightly. The words immediately following, "—to "*their* inſtruments," ſhew, I think, that by *conſort* was meant, band or company of muſicians. So, in Maſſinger's *Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, 1632:
"*Rom.* By your leave, ſirs!
"*Aym.* Are you a *conſort?*
"*Rom.* Do you take me for a *fidler?*"
Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet:*
"*Tyb. Mercutio*, thou *conſort'ſt* with Romeo.
"*Mer. Conſort!* what, doſt thou make us *minſtrels?*"
Thurio's next ſpeech confirms this interpretation:
"Let us into the city preſently,
"To *ſort* ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in *muſick.*"
MALONE.

[8] *Tune a deploring* dump;] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy.* STEEVENS.

——*will* inherit *her.*] To *inherit*, is, by our author, ſometimes uſed, as in this inſtance, for *to obtain poſſeſſion* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance.* So in *Titus Andronicus:*
"He that had wit would think that I had none,
"To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
"And never after to *inherit* it." STEEVENS.

[1] *To* ſort] i. e. to chuſe out. So in *K. Richard* III.
"Yet I will *ſort* a pitchy hour for thee." STEEVENS.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after ſupper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; [2] I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A foreſt, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, ſir, and throw us what you have about you;
[3] If not, we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,

[2] ——*I will pardon you.*] I will excuſe you from waiting. JOHNSON.

[3] *If not, we'll make you* ſit, *and rifle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the paſſage. Paltry as the oppoſition between *ſtand* and *ſit* may be thought, it is Shakſpeare's own. The editors read——we'll make you, *ſir*, &c. STEEVENS.

Sir, is the corrupt reading of the third folio. MALONE.

Of

Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I had been often miſerable.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of [4] Robin Hood's fat friar,

[4] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

So in *A mery Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, &c. bl. l. no date:

" Theſe *byſhoppes* and theſe *archebyſhoppes*
" Ye ſhall them beate and bynde, &c."

By Robin Hood's *fat friar*, I believe, Shakſpeare means *Friar Tuck*, who was confeſſor and companion to this noted out-law. So in one of the old ſongs of *Robin Hood:*

" And of brave little John,
" Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,
" Stokeſly and Maid Marian."

Again, in the 26th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" Of *Tuck the merry friar* which many a ſermon made,
" In praiſe of *Robin Hoode*, his outlawes, and his trade."

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *K. Henry* IV. with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

This

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: ſirs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them;
It is a kind of honourable thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of [5] awful men:
Myſelf was from Verona baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
[6] An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke.

2 *Out.*

[5] ——*awful men:*] Reverend, worſhipful, ſuch as magiſtrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

I think we ſhould read *lawful* in oppoſition to *lawleſs* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this ſenſe. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The author of *The Reviſal* has propoſed the ſame emendation. STEEVENS.

Awful is uſed by Shakſpeare, in another place, in the ſenſe of *lawful*. Second part of *Henry* IV. act IV. ſc. ii.

"We come within our *awful* banks again." TYRWHITT.

Surely, *awful*, in the paſſage produced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is an error of the preſs. I cannot help thinking the ſame alſo of the word introduced into the text here.

The old reading, however, may perhaps receive ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webſter, 1612:

"It is a wonder to your noble friends
"That you ——————
"——————ſhould in your prime age
"Neglect your *awful* throne." MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read— *lawful* men—i. e. *legales* homines. So in the *Newe Boke of Juſtices*, 1560, "——commandinge him to the ſame to make an inqueſt and pannel of *lawfull* men of his countie." For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

Awful men means men *well-governed, obſervant of law and authority; full of or ſubject to awe.* In the ſame kind of ſenſe as we uſes *fearful*. REMARKS.

[6] All the impreſſions, from the firſt downwards, *An heir and*

niece

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
[7] Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape; and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality [8] much want,—
2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?
3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?

niece *allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expreſſed himſelf ſo ſtupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly ſufficiently included in the firſt term. Our author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *heireſs*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the purpoſe, and very frequently uſed by the ſtage-poets. THEOBALD.

A *niece* or a *nephew* did not always ſignify the daughter of a brother or ſiſter, but any remote deſcendant. Of this uſe I have given inſtances as to a *nephew*. See *Othello*, act I. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald is often unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The firſt folio does not read *An* heir, &c. but exhibits the line thus:

And heir and *neece* alide unto the duke.

I believe Shakſpeare wrote:

An heir, and *near* ally'd unto the duke.

Near was anciently ſpelt *neere*; ſo that there is only the variation of one letter—*And* was altered to *an* in the third folio. MALONE.

[7] Whom, in my *mood*, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.] Thus Dryden:

Madneſs laughing in his ireful *mood.*

Gray:

Moody, madneſs, laughing, wild. HENLEY.

[8] —— *in our* quality.] *Quality* is *nature relatively conſidered.* STEEVENS.

Say,

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dy'ſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages [9]
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.

3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too ho ,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gif ly
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her [1] ſudden quips,

The

[9] ——*no outrages*
On ſilly women or poor paſſengers.] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ſudden quips,*] That is, haſty paſſionate reproaches and ſcoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred ſenſe ſaid to be *ſudden*; that is, iraſcible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

The

The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſic to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Muſicians.

Thu. How now, ſir Protheus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, at a diſtance; and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſic, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſic.

Hoſt. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by Dr. Wilſon in his *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the *ſudden quip*." MALONE.

Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For [2] *beauty lives with kindneſs:*
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the muſic likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive, you delight not in muſic.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſic!

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpite.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

[2] ——*beauty lives with kindneſs:*] Beauty without kindneſs dies unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

But,

But, hoſt, doth this ſir Protheus, that we talk on,
Often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her [3] out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and muſick.*

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſic, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. [4] You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.

[3] ——— *out of all nick.*] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched ſticks or tallies. WARBURTON.

So in a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

" ——I have carried
" The tallies at my girdle ſeven years together,
" For I did ever love to deal honeſtly in the *nick*."

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the alluſion, it is much in character. STEEVENS.

[4] *You have your wiſh; my will is even this,*—] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wiſhes to *gain* her *will*: ſhe tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
Thou haſt deceived ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night, I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd. And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave[5]
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence.
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

[5] ——*in his grave.*] The firſt folio has *her* grave. This neceſſary emendation made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Sil.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, ſir;
[6] But, ſince your falſhood, ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt. By my hallidom [7], I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies ſir Protheus?

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;

[6] *But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well*] This is hardly ſenſe. We may read, with very little alteration,

But ſince *you're falſe*, it ſhall become you well. JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion for any alteration, if we only ſuppoſe that it is underſtood here, as in ſeveral other places.

But, ſince your falſhood, ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows and adore falſe ſhapes,

i. e. But, ſince your falſhood, *it* ſhall become you well, &c.

Or indeed, in this place, *To worſhip ſhadows*, &c. may be conſidered as the nominative caſe to *ſhall become*. TYRWHITT.

I incline ſtrongly to Dr. Johnſon's emendation. *Falſhood* and *falſe it*, when indiſtinctly pronounced, are ſo like, that the tranſcriber's ear might eaſily have deceived him. MALONE.

" I am very loth, ſays Silvia, to be your idol; but ſince " your falſhood to your friend and miſtreſs will become you " to worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes (i. e. will be pro- " perly employed in ſo doing), ſend to me, and you ſhall have " my picture. REMARKS.

[7] i. e. my *holy dame*; our lady. REMARKS.

There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe [8],
I am thus early come to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſeful [9], well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhors.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd,
[1] Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

[8] ——*your ladyſhip's* impoſe,] *Impoſe* is *injunction, command.* A taſk ſet at college, in conſequence of a fault, is ſtill called an *impoſition.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Remorſeful* is pitiful. See vol. II. p. 48. STEEVENS.

[1] *Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chaſtity in honour of their deceaſed wives or huſbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commiſſion by the biſhop of the dioceſe for taking a vow of chaſtity made by a widow. It ſeems that, beſides obſerving the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The ſame diſtinction we may ſuppoſe to have been made in reſpect of male votariſts; and therefore this circumſtance might inform the players how ſir Eglamour ſhould be dreſt; and will account for Silvia's having choſen him as a perſon in whom ſhe could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS.

To

To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill reward with plagues
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your [2] grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little [3] what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind ſir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a

[2] ——*grievances:*] Sorrows, ſorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

[3] Recking *as little*] To *reck* is to care for. So in *Hamlet:*

"And *recks* not his own read."

Both Chaucer and Spenſer uſe this word with the ſame ſignification. STEEVENS.

puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf [4] in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him [5] to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while [6], but all the chamber ſmelt him. *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs [7]: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would

[4] keep *himſelf*] i. e. reſtrain himſelf. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*to be a dog*——] I believe we ſhould read, *I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*a* piſſing while,] This expreſſion is uſed in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic lady*: "——have patience but a *piſſing while*." It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

[7] *The fellow that whips the dogs:*] This appears to have been part of the office of an *uſher of the table*. So in *Mucedorus*:

"——I'll prove my office good; for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his noſe backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and ſtrew ruſhes preſently. STEEVENS.

do

do this for [8] their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia [9]; did not I bid the ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant, [*To Launce.*
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here I have brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel [1] was ſtol'n from

[8] ——— *their ſervant?* ———] The old copy reads, ———*his* ſervant? ——— STEEVENS.

[9] —*madam Silvia*;] Perhaps we ſhould read of madam *Julia*. It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

[1] —*the other ſquirrel*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, —the other, *Squirrel*, &c. and conſequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beaſt. Perhaps Launce only ſpeaks of it as a diminutive animal, more reſembling a *ſquirrel* in ſize, than a dog. STEEVENS.

me

me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; Stay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end [2], turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit Launce.*

Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſuch diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou [3], for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. [4] It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry, alas?

[2] ——*an end,*] i. e. *in the end,* at the concluſion of every buſineſs he undertakes. STEEVENS.

[3] thou,] The firſt folio reads *thee.* MALONE.

[4] *It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:*] Protheus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it:

It ſeems you lov'd her not, *not* leave her token.

I ſhould correct it thus:

It ſeems you lov'd her not, *nor love* her token. JOHNSON.

To leave, ſeems to be here uſed for, *to part with.* It is uſed with equal licence, in a former place in this play, for *to ceaſe:*

" ——————*I leave* to be,
" If I be not by her fair influence
" Foſter'd."——————

The reading in the text is that of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Jul.

Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?
Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love:
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love ſhould be ſo contrary,
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.
[*Exit Protheus.*
Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Protheus! thou had entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now I am (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
[5] To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

[5] *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;*] The ſenſe is, To go and preſent that which I wiſh to be not accepted, to praiſe him whom I wiſh to be diſpraiſed. JOHNSON.

To

To bring me where to ſpeak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, ſir Protheus, madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this letter.
——Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear this paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

Sil.

Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks, that Protheus hath forſook her?

Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
[6] But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Jul. About my ſtature: for, at pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens' judgment,

[6] *But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,*
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd *the roſes in her cheeks,*
And PINCH'D *the lily-tincture of her face,*
That now ſhe is become as black as I.] To *ſtarve* the roſes is certainly a very proper expreſſion: but what is *pinching a tincture?* However, *ſtarved*, in the third line, made the blundering editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth: though they might have ſeen that it was a tanning ſcorching, not a freezing air that was ſpoken of, For how could this latter quality in the air ſo affect the whiteneſs of the ſkin as to turn it black? We ſhould read:

And PITCH'D the lily-tincture of her face.

i. e. turned the white tincture *black*, as the following line has it:

That now ſhe is become as *black* as I:

and we ſay, in common ſpeech, *as black as pitch.*—By the roſes being *ſtarv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and loſing their colour. WARBURTON.

This is no emendation; none ever heard of a face being *pitched* by the weather. The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be juſtly ſaid to *pinch* when it produces the ſame viſible effect. I believe this is the reaſon why the cold is ſaid to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra ſays of herſelf:

"I that am with Phœbus' *pinches* black." STEEVENS.

As

As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good [7],
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, [8] 'twas Ariadne, paſſioning

[7] ——*weep* a-good;] i. e. in good earneſt. *Tout de bon.* Fr. STEEVENS.

So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" And therewithal their knees have rankled ſo
" That I have laugh'd *a-good.*" MALONE.

[8] ——'*twas Ariadne, paſſioning*
For Theſeus perjury and unjuſt flight;] The hiſtory of this twice-deſerted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the buſineſs of Shakſpeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture like this, which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The ſubject of a picture of Guido (commonly ſuppoſed to be Ariadne deſerted by Theſeus and courted by Bacchus) may poſſibly have been hitherto miſtaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous hiſtory critically, as well as the performance itſelf, will acquieſce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Faſti*, tells us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

" Interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos
" Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
" Inter captivas facie præſtante puellas
" Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
" Flebat amans conjux, ſpatiataque littore curvo
" Edidit incultis talia verba ſonis.
" Quid me deſertis perituram, Liber, arenis
" Servabas? potui dedoluiſſe ſemel.——
" Auſus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, noſtros
" Tam bene compoſitum ſollicitare torum, &c."
Ovid. Faſt. l. iii. lin. 465.

In this picture he appears as if juſt returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whoſe preſence only cauſes thoſe emotions ſo viſible in the countenance of Ariadne, who had been hitherto repreſented on this occaſion,

——————— as paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight.

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the ſame maſter. The print is ſo common, that the curious may eaſily ſatisfy themſelves concerning the propriety of a remark which has perhaps intruded itſelf among the notes on this author. STEEVENS.

For Theſeus' perjury, and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!—
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig[9].

Her

[9] *I'll get me ſuch a colour'd* periwig.] It ſhould be remembered, that falſe hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in faſhion. Theſe falſe coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for caſt gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife ſet up in the Strand." STEEVENS.

So, in *the Honeſtie of this age, proving by good circumſtance that the world was never honeſt till now*——by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: "My lady holdeth, on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crownes, to beſtowe upon ſome new-faſhioned attire;——upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre, or for her that in a ſtage play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be

Her eyes are grey as glaſs; and ſo are mine:
Ay, but [1] her forehead's low; and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective [2] in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
[3] My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

be uſed by a Chriſtian woman." Again, ibid. "Theſe attire-makers within theſe forty yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *peri-wigs*, and their monſtrous attires cloſed in boxes,—— and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls,——ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty years would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

[1] ——*her forehead's low;*——] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So in *The Hiſtory of Guy of Warwick:* Felice his lady is ſaid to have *the ſame high forehead as Venus.* See p. 109. JOHNSON.

[2] ——reſpective] i. e. *reſpectful*, or *reſpectable.* STEEVENS.

[3] *My ſubſtance ſhould be* STATUE *in thy ſtead.*] It would be eaſy to read, with no more roughneſs than is to be found in many lines of Shakſpeare,

——ſhould be *a* ſtatue in thy ſtead.

The ſenſe, as Mr. Edwards obſerves, is, "He ſhould have my ſubſtance as a *ſtatue*, inſtead of thee [the picture] who art a ſenſeleſs form." This word, however, is uſed without the article *a* in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"——it was your beauty
"That turn'd me *ſtatue.*"

And again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th Æneid:

"And Trojan *ſtatue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian:*

"——try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
"To ſtare me into *ſtatue.*" STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friars cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes: Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are [4] ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long.
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

[4] ——*ſure enough.*] *Sure* is ſafe, out of danger. JOHNSON.

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,

"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes[5]."

[6] *Jul.* 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro. Oh, ſir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.
[*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aſide.*

Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them. [*Aſide.*

Pro. That they are out by leaſe[7].

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, ſir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you, ſay, ſaw Eglamour of late?

[5] "*Black men are pearls*, &c.] So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"——a *black complexion*
"Is always *precious* in a *woman's eye.*"

Again, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*: "—— but to make every *black* ſlovenly cloud a *pearl in her eye.*" STEEVENS.

"A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's Proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

[6] Jul. '*Tis true*, &c.] This ſpeech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe reſtored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

[7] *That they are out by leaſe.*] I ſuppoſe he means, becauſe Thurio's folly has let them on diſadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then ſhe's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit Duke.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Foreſt.

Enter Silvia, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moyſes, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

The Out-laws' cave in the foreſt.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record [8] my woes.
[9] O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,

[8] —— record *my woes.*] To *record* anciently ſignified to *ſing*. So in the *Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——O ſweet, ſweet! how the birds *record* too?"

Again, in a paſtoral, by N. Breton, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Sweet philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
"Doth now, alas! not once afford *recording* of a note."

Again, in another *Dittie*, by Tho. Watſon, ibid:

"Now birds *record* with harmonie."

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to *record* is a term ſtill uſed by bird-fanciers, to expreſs the firſt eſſays of a bird in ſinging. STEEVENS.

[9] *O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,*
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly poſſible to point out four lines, in any of the plays of Shakſpeare, more remarkable for eaſe and elegance. STEEVENS.

Leave

Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy preſence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain!—
What hollowing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Val. ſteps aſide.*

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you,
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed[1] but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*

Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,

[1] ——*my* meed] i. e. reward. So in another play of our author: "——thanks to men
"Of noble minds is honourable *meed*." STEEVENS.
Again, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575:
O Chriſt! that I were ſure of it! in faith he ſhould have his *mede*.
See alſo Spenſer, and almoſt every writer of the times.
EDITOR.

Rather than have falſe Protheus reſcue me.
Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do deteſt falſe, perjur'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
[2] Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou had'ſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arms end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For ſuch is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me; Now I dare not ſay,

[2] *O 'tis the curſe of love, and ſtill* approv'd.] *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced.* MALONE.

I have

I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me.
[3] Who ſhould be truſted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Protheus,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
[4] The private wound is deepeſt: O time, moſt curſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt:—
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
[5] All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee [6].

Jul.

[3] *Who ſhall be truſted when one's* own *right hand*] The firſt copy has not *own*, which was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

The ſecond folio, to complete the metre, reads:

Who ſhall be truſted *now*, when one's right hand, &c.

The addition, like all thoſe made in that copy, appears to have been merely arbitrary; and the modern word is more likely to have been the author's than the other. MALONE.

[4] *The private wound*, &c.] I have a little mended the meaſure. The old edition, and all but ſir T. Hanmer, read,

The private wound is deepeſt, oh time moſt accurſt. JOHNSON.

[5] *All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd to give up his miſtreſs thus at once, without any reaſon alledged. But our author probably followed the ſtories juſt as he found them in his novels as well as hiſtories. POPE.

This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakſpeare; for it is impoſſible he could make Valentine act and ſpeak ſo much out of character, or give to Silvia ſo unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this ſtrange conceſſion, if it had been made. HANMER.

Jul. Oh me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy.

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia. [*Shews another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
[7] How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?

Valentine, from ſeeing *Silvia* in the company of Protheus, might conceive ſhe had eſcaped with him from her father's court, for the purpoſes of love, though ſhe could not foreſee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had ſeduced her under the pretences of an honeſt paſſion. If Valentine, however, be ſuppoſed to hear all that paſſed between them in this ſcene, I am afraid I have only to ſubſcribe to the opinions of my predeceſſors. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I give thee.*] Tranſfer theſe two lines to the end of Thurio's ſpeech in page 234, and all is right. Why then ſhould Julia faint? It is only an artifice, ſeeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to diſcover herſelf to Protheus, by a pretended miſtake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the haſtening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouement, which ſhews that, if it be Shakſpeare's (which I cannot doubt), it was one of his very early performances. BLACKSTONE.

[7] *How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *cleft the root on't.* JOHNSON.

Oh,

Oh, Protheus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; [8] if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: oh heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.

Pro. Bear witneſs, heaven,
I have my wiſh for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within [9] the meaſure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

[8] ——*if ſhame live*] That is, *if it be any ſhame to wear a diſguiſe for the purpoſes of love.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*the meaſure*——] The length of my ſword, the reach my anger. JOHNSON.

Milan

[1] Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new ſtate [2] in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—ſir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou has deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;

[1] *Milan ſhall not behold thee.*——] All the editions, *Verona ſhall not hold thee.* But, whether through the miſtake of the firſt editors, or the poet's own careleſſneſs, this reading is abſurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milaneſe; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Beſides, the ſcene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon theſe circumſtances, I ventured to adjuſt the text, as I imagine the poet muſt have intended; i. e. Milan, *thy country ſhall never ſee thee again: thou ſhalt never live to go back thither.*
THEOBALD.

[2] Should not this begin a new ſentence?
Plead is the ſame as *plead thou.* TYRWHITT.
So I have printed it. STEEVENS.

Forgive

Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will [3] include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Protheus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[4] *Exeunt omnes.*

[3] ——*include all jars*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *conclude*. JOHNSON.

To *include* is to *ſhut up*, to *conclude*. So in *Macbeth*:

"——and *ſhut up*
"In meaſureleſs content."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 9:

"And for to *ſhut up* all in friendly love." STEEVENS.

[4] In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the emperor at Milan, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Silvia, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he

he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakſpeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt. JOHNSON.

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

Perſons Repreſented.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to Shallow.*
Mr. Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windſor.*
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter.
Bardolph.
Piſtol.
Nym.
Robin, *page to Falſtaff.*
William Page, *a boy, ſon to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *ſervant to Slender.*
Rugby, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Ann Page, *daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.*
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windſor; and the parts adjacent.

[1]MERRY WIVES

OF

[2]WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's Houſe in Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh [3], perſuade me not: I will make [4] a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty ſir John

[1] A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from ſome old tranſlation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the ſame ſtory in a very contemptible performance, intituled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers*. Of this book, as I am told, there are ſeveral impreſſions; but that in which I read it, was publiſhed in 1632, quarto. A ſomething ſimilar ſtory occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola.*, Nott. 4ª. Fav. 4ª.

This comedy was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Buſby. STEEVENS.

This play ſhould be read between *K. Henry* IV. and *K. Henry* V. JOHNSON.

A paſſage in the firſt ſketch of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſhews, I think, that it ought to be read between *the Firſt* and *the Second Part of King Henry* IV. in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the laſt act, Falſtaff ſays:

" Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghoſt?
" 'Sblood the fairies hath made a ghoſt of me.
" What hunting at this time of night!
" I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
" Is ſtealing his father's deare."

And in the play, as it now appears, Mr. Page diſcountenances the addreſſes of Fenton to his daughter, becauſe he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins.

The

Perſons Repreſented.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to Shallow.*
Mr. Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windſor.*
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter.
Bardolph.
Piſtol.
Nym.
Robin, *page to Falſtaff.*
William Page, *a boy, ſon to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *ſervant to Slender.*
Rugby, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Ann Page, *daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.*
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windſor; and the parts adjacent.

[1]MERRY WIVES

OF

[2]WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's Houſe in Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh [3], perſuade me not: I will make [4] a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty ſir John

[1] A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from ſome old tranſlation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the ſame ſtory in a very contemptible performance, intituled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers.* Of this book, as I am told, there are ſeveral impreſſions; but that in which I read it, was publiſhed in 1632, quarto. A ſomething ſimilar ſtory occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola.*, Nott. 4ª. Fav. 4ª.

This comedy was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Buſby. STEEVENS.

This play ſhould be read between *K. Henry* IV. and *K. Henry* V. JOHNSON.

A paſſage in the firſt ſketch of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſhews, I think, that it ought to be read between *the Firſt* and *the Second Part of King Henry* IV. in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the laſt act, Falſtaff ſays:

" Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghoſt?
" 'Sblood the fairies hath made a ghoſt of me.
" What hunting at this time of night!
" I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
" Is ſtealing his father's deare."

And in the play, as it now appears, Mr. Page diſcountenances the addreſſes of Fenton to his daughter, becauſe he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins.

The

John Falſtaffs, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, eſquire.

Slen.

The Fiſhwife's Tale of Brainford in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakſpeare appears to have read (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*), probably led him to lay the ſcene of Falſtaff's love-adventures at *Windſor*. It begins thus: "In *Windſor* not long agoe dwelt a ſumpter-man, who had to wife a verie faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cauſe, he was ſomething *jealous*; yet had he never any proof of her inconſtancy." MALONE.

The adventures of *Falſtaff* in this play ſeem to have been taken from the ſtory of the *Lovers of Piſa*, in an old piece, called "*Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie.*" A late editor pretended to much knowledge of this ſort; and I am ſorry that it proved to be only pretenſion.

Mr. *Warton* obſerves, in a note to the laſt *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607, at the earlieſt. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this ſuppoſition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be concluſive. *Slender* obſerves to maſter *Page*, that his *greyhound was out-run on Cotſale* [*Cotſwold-Hills* in *Glouceſterſhire*]; and Mr. *Warton* thinks, that the *games*, eſtabliſhed there by Capt. *Dover* in the beginning of K. *James*'s reign, are alluded to.—But perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrenſia* as the *founder* of them, he might be the *reviver* only, or ſome way contribute to make them more famous; for in the 2d part of *Henry* IV. 1600, juſtice *Shallow* reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeele*, a *Cotſole man*."

In the firſt edition of the imperfect play, *ſir Hugh Evans* is called on the title page, the *Welch Knight*; and yet there are ſome perſons who ſtill affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally publiſhed by *himſelf*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's opinion is well ſupported by "An eclogue on the noble aſſemblies *revived* on Cotſwold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover." See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 114. The hills of *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire*, are mentioned in *K. Rich.* II. act II. ſc. iii. and by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 14. STEEVENS.

[2] *The Merry Wives of Windſor.*] Queen Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with the admirable character of Falſtaff in *The Two Parts of Henry* IV. that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, ſhe commanded Shakſpeare to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: which, Mr. Gildon ſays, he was very well aſſured our author finiſhed in a fortnight. But this muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy; an old quarto edition which I have

Slen. In the county of Gloſter, juſtice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin Slender, and [5] *cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratalorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf *armigero*;

have ſeen, printed in 1602, ſays, in the title-page——*As it hath been divers times acted both before her majeſty, and elſwhere.*

POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewiſe told us, that "our author's houſe at Stratford bordered on the church-yard, and that he wrote the ſcene of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* there; but neither for this, nor the aſſertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight (which was firſt mentioned by Mr. Dennis in his preface to the *Comical Gallant*, 1702) does he quote any authority. Stories of this kind, not related till a century after an author's death, ſtand on a very weak foundation. MALONE.

[3] *Sir Hugh,*] This is the firſt, of ſundry inſtances in our poet, where a *parſon* is called *ſir*. Upon which it may be obſerved, that anciently it was the common deſignation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, ſomewhere in his Church Hiſtory ſays, that anciently there were in England more *ſirs* than *knights*; and ſo lately as temp. W. and Mar. in a depoſition in the Exchequer in a caſe of tythes, the witneſs ſpeaking of the curate, whom he remembered, ſtyles him, *ſir Giles*. Vide Gibſon's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. page 36. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[4] ——*a Star-chamber matter of it:*] Ben Jonſon intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of ſuch matters. See *The Magnetic Lady*, act III. ſc. iv:

"There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,
"To puniſh *routs* and *riots*." STEEVENS.

[5] *cuſtalorum.*] This is, I ſuppoſe, intended for a corruption of *Cuſtos Rotulorum*. The miſtake was hardly deſigned by the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

Shal. *Ay, couſin Slender, and* Cuſtos Rotulorum,

It follows naturally:

Slen. *Ay, and* Ratolorum *too.* JOHNSON.

"Ay, couſin *Slender*, and *cuſtalorum.*]

I think with Dr. *Johnſon*, that this blunder could ſcarely be intended. *Shallow*, we know, had been bred to the law at *Clement's Inn*—But I would rather read *cuſtos* only; then *Slender* adds naturally, "Ay, and *rotulorum* too." He had heard the words *cuſtos rotulorum*, and ſuppoſes them to mean different offices.

FARMER.

in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that we do[6]; and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies—love.

Shal. [7] The luce is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.

Slen.

[6] *Ay, that* I *do.*] We ſhould read,
Ay, that *we* do.
This emendation was ſuggeſted to me by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[7] *The luce,* &c.] I ſee no conſequence in this anſwer. Perhaps we may read, *the ſalt fiſh is* not *an old coat.* That is, the *freſh fiſh* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *ſalt fiſh* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the ſea. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucys were the ſame, ſhews he could not forget his old friend ſir Tho. Lucy, pointing at him under the character of juſtice Shallow. But to put the matter out of all doubt, Shakſpeare has here given us a diſtinguiſhing mark, whereby it appears that ſir Thomas was the very perſon repreſented by Shallow. To ſet blundering parſon Evans right, Shallow tells him, the *luce* is not the *louſe*, but the *freſh fiſh*, or pike, the ſalt fiſh (indeed) is *an old coat.* The plain Engliſh of which is (if I am not greatly miſtaken) the family of the Charlcotts had for their arms a *ſalt fiſh* originally; but when William, ſon of Walker de Charlcott, aſſumed the name of Lucy, in the time of Henry III. he took the arms of the Lucys. This is not at all improbable; for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her eſtates to the Percys, it was upon condition they joined her arms with their own. Says Dugdale, "it is likely William de Charlcott took the name of Lucy to oblige his mother." And I ſay farther, it is likely he took the arms of the Lucy's at the ſame time. SMITH.

The luce is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.]

I am

Slen. I may quarter, coz.
Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva.

I am not ſatisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult paſſage. All that Mr. *Smith* tells is a mere *gratis dictum*. I cannot find that *ſalt fiſh* were ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the ſpeech ſhould be given to ſir *Hugh*, who is at croſs purpoſes with the *Juſtice*. *Shallow* had ſaid juſt before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the freſh fiſh.—No, replies the parſon, it cannot be *old* and *freſh* too—"the *ſalt fiſh* is an *old coat*." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a ſimilar miſtake has happened a little lower in the ſcene.—"*Slice*, I ſay!" cries out Corporal *Nym*, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice*, that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca*, ſhould be ſpoken by *Evans*.

Again, a little before this, the copies give us:

Slender. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shallow. That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis fault—'tis a good dog.

Surely it ſhould be thus:

Shallow. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Slender. That he will not.

Shallow. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault, &c. FARMER.

This fugitive ſcrap of Latin, *pauca*, &c. is uſed in ſeveral old pieces, by characters, who have no more of literature about them, than *Nym*. So *Skinke*, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"But *pauca Verba, Skinke.*"

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*, where it is called the *benchers phraſe*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a deſign not to be eaſily underſtood. In Leland's Collectanea, vol. I. p. ii. p. 615. the arms of *Geffrey de Lucy* are "de goules *poudrè* a croiſil dor a treis luz dor." Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdred*, which ſignifies *ſalted*; or ſtrewed and ſprinkled with any thing? In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio ſays—"Ever your freſh whore and your *powder'd* bawd." TOLLET.

The *luce* is a *pike* or *jack*:

"Ful many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
"And many a breme, and many a *luce* in ſtewe."

In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are repreſented as an inſtance, that "ſigns of the coat ſhould ſomething agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear Gules, three *lucies* hariant, Argent."

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy King at Arms, and well known from the ſhare he had in compiling the *Biographica Britannica*,

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but that is all one: If ſir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. [8] The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva.

among the collections which he left for a *Life of Shakſpeare*, obſerves, that——"there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford, (where he died fifty years ſince) who had not only heard, from ſeveral old people in that town, of Shakſpeare's tranſgreſſion, but could remember the firſt ſtanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preſerved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worſe, but faithfully tranſcribed from the copy which his relation very courteouſly communicated to me."

"A parliement member, a juſtice of peace,
"At home a poor ſcare-crowe, at London an aſſe,
"If lowſie is Lucy, as ſome volke miſcalle it,
"Then Lucy is lowſie whatever befall it:
"He thinks himſelf greate,
"Yet an aſſe in his ſtate,
"We allowe by his ears but with aſſes to mate,
"If Lucy is lowſie, as ſome volke miſcalle it,
"Sing lowſie Lucy, whatever befall it."

Contemptible as this performance muſt now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had ſufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magiſtrate; eſpecially as it was affixed to ſeveral of his park-gates, and conſequently publiſhed among his neighbours.—It may be remarked likewiſe, that the jingle on which it turns, occurs in the firſt ſcene of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

I may add, that the veracity of the late Mr. Oldys has never yet been impeached; and it is not very probable that a ballad ſhould be forged, from which an undiſcovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity. STEEVENS.

[8] *The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.*] He alludes to a ſtatute made in the reign of K. Henry IV. (13, chap. 7.] by which it is enacted,

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that [9].

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is Anne Page, [1] which is daughter to maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? ſhe has brown hair, and [2] ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva.

enacted, "That the juſtices, three, or two of them, and the "ſheriff, ſhall certify before the king, and his counſelle, all the "deeds and circumſtances thereof (namely the *riot*); which cer- "tification ſhould be of the like force as the preſentment of "twelve: upon which certificate the treſpaſſers and offenders "ſhall be put to anſwer, and they which be found guilty ſhall "be puniſhed, according to the diſcretion of the kinge and "counſelle." Dr. GREY.

By *the council* is only meant the court of ſtar-chamber, compoſed chiefly of the king's council ſitting in *Camera ſtellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old 4to, "the council ſhall know it," follows immediately after "I'll make a ſtar-chamber matter of it." BLACKSTONE.

So, in ſir John Harrington's *Epigrams*, 1618:

"No marvel men of ſuch a ſumptuous dyet
"Were brought into the *Star-chamber* for a riot."

MALONE.

[9] *Your* vizaments *in that.*] *Adviſement* is now an obſolete word. I meet with it in the ancient morality of *Every Man:*

"That I may amend me with good *advyſement.*"

Again: "I ſhall ſmite without any *advyſement.*"

Again: "To go with good *advyſements* and delyberacyon."

It is often uſed by Spenſer in his *Faery Queen.* So, b. ii. c. 9:

"Perhaps my ſuccour and *advizement* meete." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*which is daughter to maſter Thomas Page,*] The whole ſet of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Chriſtian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral paſſages. THEOBALD.

[2] *ſpeaks* SMALL *like a woman.*] This is from the folio of 1623,

Eva. It is that very perſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandſire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham, and miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds [3]?

and is the true reading. He admires her for the ſweetneſs of her voice. But the expreſſion is highly humourous, as making her *ſpeaking* ſmall *like a woman* one of her marks of diſtinction; and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant. WARBURTON.

Thus *Lear*, ſpaking of *Cordelia:*

" ——Her *voice* was ever ſoft,
" *Gentle* and *low:*—an excellent thing in woman."

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton has found more pleaſantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not uſed in an ambiguous ſenſe, but ſimply for *weak*, *ſlender*, *feminine*; and the only pleaſantry of the paſſage ſeems to be, that poor Slender ſhould characterize his miſtreſs by a general quality belonging to her whole ſex. In *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, Quince tells Flute, who objects to playing a woman's part, " You ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as *ſmall* as you will." MALONE.

[3] *Slen. Did her grandfire, &c.*

And afterwards,——

" *I know the young gentlewoman, &c.*"]

Theſe two ſpeeches are in the old copy given by miſtake to *Slender*. From the foregoing words it appears that *Shallow* is the perſon here addreſſed by Sir Hugh, and that they both belong to him. On a marriage being propoſed for his kinſman, he very naturally inquires concerning the lady's fortune. *Slender* ſhould ſeem not to know what they are talking about; (except that he juſt hears the name of Anne Page, and breaks out into a fooliſh elogium on her:) for in a ſubſequent part of the ſcene, Shallow ſays to him:—" Coz, there is, as it were a tender, a kind of tender made afar off by Sir Hugh here, do you underſtand me." The tender, therefore, we ſee had been made to Shallow and not to Slender, the former of which names ſhould, therefore, be prefixed to the two ſpeeches before us.

Eva.

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter Page: Is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, ſir John, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for maſter Page. What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice Shallow: and here young maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good miſtreſs Page?—and I thank you always[4] with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

In this play, as exhibited in the firſt folio, many of the ſpeeches are given to characters to whom they do not belong. Printers, to ſave themſelves trouble, keep the names of the ſpeakers in each ſcene ready compoſed, and are, in conſequence, very liable to miſtakes when two names begin (as in the preſent inſtance) with the ſame letter.

This change was ſuggeſted by one of the modern editors.

[4] *I thank you always.*] Here and in the next ſpeech of Shallow, the 4to, 1619, reads *love*, which perhaps, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, is right. STEEVENS.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. [3] How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.

Page.

[3] *How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on* Cotſale.] He means *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire*. In the beginning of the reign of James the Firſt, by permiſſion of the king, one Dover, a public-ſpirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickſhire, inſtituted on the hills of *Cotſwold* an annual celebration of games, conſiſting of rural ſports and exerciſes. Theſe he conſtantly conducted in perſon, well mounted, and accoutred in a ſuit of his majeſty's old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for ſixty miles round, till the grand rebellion aboliſhed every liberal eſtabliſhment. I have ſeen a very ſcarce book, entiled, "*Annalia Dubrenſia. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick games upon Cotſwold hills, &c.*" *London*, 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory verſes prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonſon Randolph, and many others, the moſt eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears by a curious frontiſpiece, were, chiefly, wreſtling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courſing the hare with greyhounds. Hence alſo we ſee the meaning of another paſſage, where Falſtaff, or Shallow, calls a ſtout fellow a *Cotſwold-man*. But from what is here ſaid, an inference of another kind may be drawn, reſpecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect ſketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakſpeare new-wrote it entirely. This alluſion therefore to the *Cotſwold* games, not founded till the reign of James the Firſt, aſcertains a period of time beyond which our author muſt have made the additions to his original rough draught, or, in other words, compoſed the preſent comedy. James the Firſt came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will ſuppoſe that two or three more years at leaſt muſt have paſſed before theſe games could have been effectually eſtabliſhed. I would therefore, at the earlieſt, date this play about the year 1607. It is not generally known, at leaſt it has not been obſerved by the modern editors, that the firſt edition of the *Merry Wives* in its preſent ſtate, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, From whence the quarto of the ſame play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written. and are ſo far curious, as they contain Shakſpeare's firſt conceptions in forming a drama, which is the moſt complete ſpecimen of his comick powers. WARTON.

The

Page. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

Shal. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Slen. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, ſir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more ſaid? he is good, and fair.—Is ſir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes ſir John.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, [4] and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait;—I have done all this:—That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

The Cotſwold hills in Glouceſterſhire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for courſing. I believe there is no village of that name. BLACKSTONE.

[4] —*and broke open my lodge.*] This probably alludes to ſome real incident, at that time well known. JOHNSON.

So probably Falſtaff's anſwer. FARMER.

Fal.

Fal. [5] 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in counſel; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, ſir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! [6] good cabbage:—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, ſir, I have matter in my head againſt you; and againſt your [7] coney-catching raſcals, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Bar.

[5] The old copies read, *'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council.* Perhaps it is an abrupt ſpeech, and muſt be read thus: *'Twere better for you —— if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at. 'Twere better for you*, is, I believe, a menace.

JOHNSON.

The modern editors arbitrarily read—if 'twere *not* known in council:—but I believe Falſtaff quibbles between *council* and *counſel.* The latter ſignifies *ſecrecy.* So in *Hamlet*;

"The players cannot keep *counſel*, they'll tell all."

Falſtaff's meaning ſeems to be—'twere better for you if it were known only in *ſecrecy*, i. e. among your friends. A more public complaint would ſubject you to ridicule.

Thus, in Chaucer's prologue to the *Squire's Tale*, v. 10305, late edit;

"But wete ye what? *in counſeil* be it ſeyde,
"Me reweth ſore I am unto hire teyde."

Again in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, laſt edit. p. 29.

"But firſt for you *in council*, I have a word or twaine

STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS ſuppoſes the preſent reading to be juſt, and quite in Falſtaff's inſolent ſneering manner. "It would be much better, indeed, to have it known in the council, where you would only be laughed at. EDITOR.

[6] *Good* worts! *good cabbage:*—] *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*

"Planting of *worts* and onions, any thing." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*coney-catching raſcals*,——] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or ſharper. Green, one of the firſt among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, publiſhed *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners.* JOHNSON.

So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

"Thou ſhalt not *coney-catch* me for five pounds."

STEEVENS.

Your

Bar. [8] You Banbury cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. [9] How now, Mephoſtophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay! *pauca, pauca*; ſlice! that's my humour [1].

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?——can you tell, couſin?

Evan. Peace: I pray you! Now let us underſtand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand: that is—maſter Page, *fidelicet*, maſter Page; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the Garter.

Your *coney-catching* raſcals, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.] In the early quarto, Slender ſpeaking of the ſame tranſaction, adds, "They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket." Theſe words ſurely deſerve a place in the text, being neceſſary to introduce what Falſtaff ſays afterwards:——"Piſtol, did you pick Maſter Slender's purſe?" a circumſtance, of which, as the play is exhibited in the folio, he could have no knowledge. MALONE.

[8] *You Banbury cheeſe!*] This is ſaid in alluſion to the thin carcaſe of Slender. The ſame thought occurs in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:——"Put off your cloaths, and you are like a Banbury cheeſe——nothing but paring." So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

"I never ſaw *Banbury cheeſe thick enough*,
"But I have oft ſeen Eſſex cheeſe quick enough."

STEEVENS.

[9] *How now, Mephoſtophilus?*] This is the name of a ſpirit or familiar, in the old ſtory book of *Sir John Fauſtus*, or *John Fauſt*: to whom our author afterwards alludes, a 2. ſ 2. That it was a cant phraſe of abuſe, appears from the old comedy cited above, called *A pleaſant Comedy of the Gentle Craft*, Signat. H. 3. "Away you *Iſlington* whitepot, hence you hopper-arſe, you barley-pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado, avaunt, avaunt, *Mephoſtophilus*." In the ſame vein, *Bardolph* here alſo calls *Slender*, "You *Banbury* cheeſe." WARTON.

[1] ——*that's my humour.*] So in an ancient MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*.

"——I love not to diſquiet ghoſts, ſir,
"Of any people living; *that's my humour*, ſir.

See a following note, *a*, 2 S. 1. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol,——

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this[2], *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter Slender's purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences[3], and two [4] Edward ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and

[2] ——*what phraſe is this.*] Sir Hugh is juſtified in his cenſure of this paſſage by *Peacham*, who in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577, places this very mode of expreſſion under the article *Pleonaſmus.* HENDERSON.

[3] ——*mill-ſixpences,*] It appears from a paſſage in *Sir W. Davenant's News from Plimouth*, that theſe *mill'd-ſixpences* were uſed by way of counters to caſt up money:

" ——A few *mill'd ſixpences* with which
" My purſer caſts accompt." STEEVENS.

[4] *Edward Shovel-boards,* ——] By this term, I believe, are meant braſs caſtors, ſuch as are ſhoveled on a board, with king Edward's face ſtamped upon them. JOHNSON.

One of theſe pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:——" away ſlid I my man, like a *ſhovel-board ſhilling*," &c. STEEVENS.

" *Edward Shovel-boards*," were not braſs caſtors, but the broad ſhillings of *Edw.* VI.

Taylor, the water poet, in his *Travel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain:

" ——the unthrift every day
" With my face downwards do at *ſhoave-board* play;
" That had I had a beard, you may ſuppoſe,
" They had worne it off, as they have done my noſe."

And in a note he tells us: " Edw. ſhillings for the moſt part are uſed at *ſhoave-board.*" FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's note, and the authority he quotes, might, I think, paſs uncenſured, unleſs better proofs could be produced in oppoſition to them. They have, however, been objected to; and

and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Piſtol?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and maſter mine,

[5] I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word

and we are poſitively told that Maſter Slender's "Edward-ſhovel boards have *undoubtedly* been *broad ſhillings of Edward the third.* I believe the broad-ſhillings of that monarch were never before heard of, as he *undoubtedly* did not coin any ſhillings whatever. The following extract, for the notice of which I am indebted to Dr. Farmer, will probably ſhew the ſpecies of coin mentioned in the text. "I muſt here take notice before I entirely quit the ſubject of theſe laſt-mentioned ſhillings, that I have alſo ſeen ſome other pieces of good ſilver, greatly reſembling the ſame, and of the ſame date 1547, that have been ſo much thicker as to weigh about *half an ounce*, together with ſome others that have weighed an ounce. "*Folkes's Table of Engliſh ſilver coins*, p. 32. The former of theſe were probably what coſt Maſter Slender two ſhillings and two-pence a-piece. *As to the point of chronology* (to uſe the objector's own words on another occaſion) *it is not worth conſideration.* EDITOR.

[5] *I combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe:*] Our modern editors have diſtinguiſhed this word *Latin* in Italic characters, as if it was addreſſed to Sir Hugh, and meant to call him *pedantic blade*, on account of his being a ſchoolmaſter, and teaching Latin. But I'll be bold to ſay, in this they do not take the poet's conceit. Piſtol barely calls Sir Hugh mountain-foreigner, becauſe he had interpoſed in the diſpute; but then immediately demands the combat of Slender, for having charged him with picking his pocket. The old quartos write it *latten*, as it ſhould be, in the common characters: and as a proof that the author deſigned this ſhould be addreſſed to Slender, Sir Hugh does not there interpoſe one word in the quarrel. But what then ſignifies——*latten bilboe?* Why, Piſtol, ſeeing Slender ſuch a ſlim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten:* and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc.* Monſieur Dacier, upon this verſe in Horace's epiſtle *de Arte Poetica*,

"Tibia non ut nunc *orichalco* vincta." &c.

ſays, *C'eſt une eſpece de cuivre de montagne, comme ſomme ſon nom meſme le temoigne; c'eſt ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du* leton. "It is a

[6] Word of denial in thy labra's here;
Word of denial: froth and ſcum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, [7] *marry trap*, with you, if you run the [8] nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen.

ſort of mountain-copper, as its very name imports, and which we at this time of day call *latten*." THEOBALD.

After all this diſplay of learning in Mr. Theobald's note, I believe our poet had a much more obvious meaning. *Latten* may ſignify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in ſome counties is ſtill pronounced as if there was *h* in it: and Ray, in his Dictionary of North Country Words, affirms it to be ſpelt *lat* in the north of England.

Falſtaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom, with *a dagger of lath*. A *latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*.

Theobald, however, is right in his aſſertion that *latten* was a metal. So Turbervile, in his Book of Falconry, 1575: "—you muſt ſet her a *latten* baſon, or a veſſel of ſtone or earth." Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "Whether it were lead or *lattin* that haſp'd down thoſe winking caſements, I know not." Again, in the old metrical Romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, b. l. no date:

"Windowes of *latin* were ſet with glaſſe."

Latten is ſtill a common word for *tin* in the North. STEEVENS.

I believe Theobald has given the true ſenſe of *latten*, though he is wrong in ſuppoſing, that the alluſion is to Slender's *thinneſs*. It is rather to his *ſoftneſs* or *weakneſs*. TYRWHITT.

[6] *Word of denial in thy labra's here*;] I ſuppoſe it ſhould rather be read:

Word of denial in my *labra's* hear;

that is, *hear* the word of denial in my *lips*. *Thou ly'ſt*. JOHNSON.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Piſtol chooſes to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adverſary, and is ſuppoſed to point to them as he ſpeaks. STEEVENS.

I incline ſtrongly to Dr. Johnſon's emendation. There are few words in the old copies more frequently miſprinted than the word *hear*. MALONE.

[7] —— *marry trap*,——] When a man was caught in his own ſtratagem, I ſuppoſe the exclamation of inſult was *marry, trap!* JOHNSON.

[8] —— *nuthook's humour*——] Read, *paſs the nuthook's humour*. *Nuthook* was a term of reproach in the vulgar way, and in cant

ſtrain

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fol. What ſay you, [9] Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, ſir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap [1], ſir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſs'd the [2] careires.

Slen.

ſtrain. In *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* Dol Tearſheet ſays to the beadle, *Nuthook, Nuthook, you lie.* Probably it was a name given to a bailiff or catchpole, very odious to the common people.

HANMER.

Nuthook is the reading of the folio, and the third quarto. The ſecond quarto reads, *baſe* humour.

If you run the Nuthook's humour on me, is in plain Engliſh, *if you ſay I am a Thief.* Enough is ſaid on the ſubject of *hooking moveables out at windows,* in a note on *K. Henry* IV.

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour conſiſts in the alluſion to Bardolph's *red face*; concerning which, ſee *The Second Part of Hen.* IV.

WARBURTON.

[1] *And being* fap,——] I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the beſt comments on Shakſpeare's vulgariſms.

Dr. Farmer, indeed, obſerves, that *to fib* is to be *beat*; ſo that *fap* may mean *being beaten,* and *caſhiered, turned out of company.*

STEEVENS.

The word fap, is probably made from *vappa,* a drunken fellow, or a good for nothing fellow, whoſe virtues are all exhaled. Slender, in his anſwer, ſeems to underſtand that Bardolph had made uſe of a Latin word. Slen: "Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too;" as Piſtol had juſt before. S. W.

[2] ——*cariers*——] I believe this ſtrange word is nothing but the French *cariere*; and the expreſſion means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour were overpaſſed.* JOHNSON.

—— *to paſs the cariere* was a military phraſe. I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Diſcourſes, 1589, where, ſpeaking of horſes wounded, he ſays—— "they, after the firſt ſhrink at the entering of the bullet, doo *paſs their carriere,* as though they had verie little

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter miſtreſs Anne Page with wine; miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Anne Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome:—— Come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs. [*Exeunt all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of [3] ſongs and ſonnets here:——

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple; where have you been; I muſt

little hurt." Again, in Harrington's tranſlation of Arioſto, book xxxviii. ſtanza 35,

"To ſtop, to ſtart, to *paſs carier*, to bound."

STEEVENS.

[3] —— my book of *ſongs* and *ſonnets* here.] Slender very probably means the poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were extremely popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567, with this title: *Songs and Sonnets*, written by the right honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others.

Slender laments that he has not this faſhionable book about him, ſuppoſing that it would have aſſiſted him in his addreſs to Anne Page. MALONE.

wait

wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of riddles [4] about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake [5] upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by ſir Hugh here;—Do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, ſir, you ſhall find me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, ſir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, maſter Slender: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin Shallow ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, ſir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to miſtreſs Anne Page.

[4] *The book of riddles*] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The Engliſh Courtier, and Cuntrey Gentleman.* Bl. l. 4to. 1586, Sign. H 4. See quotation in note to *Much ado about nothing.* Vol. II. p. 290. EDITOR.

[5] —— *upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight after Michaelmas?*] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almoſt five weeks after Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is deſigned Simple ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The ſimpleſt creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very preciſe in the knowledge of feſtivals, and marking how the ſeaſons run: and therefore I have ventured to ſuſpect our poet wrote Martlemas, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saint's day, i. e. eleven days, both incluſive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus ſeriouſly and wiſely enforced, is received by ſir Thomas Hanmer; but probably Shakſpeare intended a blunder. JOHNSON.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her, upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that [6] the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, ſir,—I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one

[6] —— *the lips is parcel of the mouth*;] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—"parcel of the *mind*."

To be *parcel* of any thing is an expreſſion that often occurs in the old plays.

So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"And make damnation *parcel* of your oath."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"To make it *parcel* of my empery."

This paſſage, however, might have been deſigned as a ridicule on another, in John Lylly's *Midas*, 1592:

"*Pet.* What lips hath ſhe?

"*Li.* Tuſh! *Lips are no part of the head*, only made for *a double-leaf door for the mouth.* STEEVENS.

The word *parcel*, in this place, ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe as it was both formerly and at preſent in conveyances, "part, *parcel*, or member of any eſtate," are formal words ſtill to be found in various deeds. EDITOR.

another: [7] I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the faul' is in the 'ort diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs Anne;—Would I were young, for your ſake, miſtreſs Ann!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhip's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs Anne.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace. [*Exeunt* Shal. *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, ſir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, ſir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth:—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my couſin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother

[7] ——*I hope upon familiarity will grow more* content:—] Certainly, the editors in their ſagacity have murdered a jeſt here. It is deſigned, no doubt, that Slender ſhould ſay *decreaſe*, inſtead of *increaſe*; and *diſſolved*, *diſſolutely*, inſtead of *reſolved* and *reſolutely*: but to make him ſay, on the preſent occaſion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, inſtead of *contempt*, is diſarming the ſentiment of all its *ſalt* and *humour*, and diſappointing the audience of a reaſonable cauſe for laughter. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by the ſame intentional blunder in *Love's Labour Loſt*.

"Sir, the *contempts* thereof are as touching me."

STEEVENS.

be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, ſir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence [1]; [2] three veneys for

[1] ——— *a maſter of fence.*] *Maſter of defence*, on this occaſion, does not ſimply mean a profeſſor of the art of fencing, but a perſon who had taken his *maſter's degree* in it. I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS (now in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 2530, xxvi. D.) which ſeems to be the fragment of a regiſter formerly belonging to ſome of our ſchools where the "Noble Science of Defence," was taught from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *maſter's*, a provoſt's, and a ſcholar's. For each of theſe a prize was played, as exerciſes are kept in univerſities for ſimilar purpoſes. The weapons they uſed were the axe, the pike, rapier, and target, rapier and cloke, two ſwords, the two-hand ſword, the baſtard ſword, the dagger and ſtaff, the ſword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exerciſed were commonly theatres, halls, or other encloſures ſufficient to contain a number of ſpectators, as Ely-Place, in Holborn; the Bell Savage, Ludgate-Hill; the Curtain in Hollywell; the Gray Friars, within Newgate; Hampton Court; the Bull in Biſhopſgate-Street; the Clink, Duke's Place, Saliſbury-Court; Bridewell; the Artillery garden, &c. &c. &c Among thoſe who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this ſcience, I find *Tarlton* the Comedian, who "was allowed a maſter" the 23d of October, 1587 [I ſupoſe, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus], he being "ordinary grome of her majeſties chamber," and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maiſter's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons, &c." The book from which theſe extracts are made is a ſingular curioſity, as it contains the oaths, cuſtoms, regulations, prizes, ſummonſes, &c. of this once faſhionable ſociety. King *Hen.* VIII. K. *Edward* VI. *Philip* and *Mary*, and queen *Elizabeth*, were frequent ſpectators of their ſkill and activity. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *three veneys for a diſh*, &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different ſet-to's, *bouts*, a technical term. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaſter*:—"thou wouldſt be loth to play half a dozen

for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir.

Slen. [3] That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen [4] Sackerſon looſe, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, [5] that it

dozen *venies* at Waſters with a good fellow for a broken head." Again, in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609: This was a paſs, 'twas fencer's play, and for the after *very*, let me uſe my ſkill." So in *The famous Hiſt.* &c. *of Capt. Tho. Stukely*, 1605:——"for forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet."

Again, in the MSS mentioned in the preceding note, "and at any prize whether it be maiſter's prize, &c. whoſoever doth play agaynſte the prizer, and doth ſtrike his blowe and cloſe with all, the prizer cannot ſtrike his blowe after agayne ſhall wynne no game for any *veneye* ſo given although it ſhold breake the prizer's head. STEEVENS.

[3] *That's meat and drink to me now.*] Dekkar has this proverbial phraſe in *Satiromaſtix*: "Yes faith, 'tis *meat and drink to me.*" WHALLEY.

[4] ——*Sackerſon*—] *Seckerſon* is likewiſe the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*. STEEVENS.

Sacarſon was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris Garden. See an old collection of *Epigrams* [by Sir John Davis] printed at Middlebourg (without date, but in or before 1598):

"Publius a ſtudent of the common law,
"To *Paris garden* doth himſelf withdraw;——
"——Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke alone,
"To ſee old *Harry Hunkes* and *Sacarſon*." MALONE

[5] ——*that it paſs'd:*——] *It paſs'd*, or *this paſſes*, was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore, to ſignify the *exceſs*, or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence completed would be, *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps, *This paſſes all things*. We ſtill uſe *paſſing well*, *paſſing ſtrange*. WARBURTON.

paſs'd :—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle maſter Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, ſir.

Page. [6] By cock and pye, you ſhall not chooſe, ſir, come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, ſir.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, ſir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, ſir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome: you do yourſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of Doctor Caius' houſe, which is the way: and there dwells one miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, ſir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet :—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance [7] with

[6] *By cock and pye,*——] See a note on act V. ſc. 1. *Hen.* IV. P. II. STEEVENS.

[7] *that* altogethers *acquaintance*] Should not this be "that *altogether's* acquaintance," i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted? The Engliſh, I apprehend, would ſtill be bad enough for Evans. TYRWHITT.

I have ailed myſelf of this remark. STEEVENS.

miſtreſs

miſtreſs Anne Page; and the letter is, to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs Ann Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the Garter,—

Hoſt. What ſays my bully-rook[8]? ſpeak ſcholarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully Hercules; caſhier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week,

Hoſt. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar[9], and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap: ſaid I well, bully Hector?

[8] ——*my* bully rock?] The ſpelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is loſt. The old plays have generally *bully-rook*, which is right; and ſo it is exhibited by the folio edition of Shakſpeare, as well as the 4to, 1619. The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of cheſs. STEEVENS.

—*Bully-rook.* This ſeems to have been the reading of ſome editions: in others it is bully-*rock*. Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as alluding to cheſs-men is right. But Shakſpeare might poſſibly have given it bully-*rock*, as *rock* is the true name of theſe men, which is ſoftened or corrupted into *rook*. There is ſeemingly more humour in bully-*rock*. WHALLEY.

[9] ——Keiſar,——] The preface to Stowe's Chronicle obſerves, that the Germans uſe the K for C, pronouncing *Keyſar* for *Cæſar*, their general word for an emperor. TOLLET.

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke; let him follow: [1] Let me ſee thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Hoſt.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſervingman, a freſh tapſter [2]: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*

Piſt. [3] O baſe Gongarian wight! wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym.

[1] ——*Let me ſee thee froth, and* live: ——] This paſſage has paſſed through all the editions without ſuſpicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, *Let me ſee thee froth and lime*, I take to be the true one. The Hoſt calls for an immediate ſpecimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapſter; and *frothing* beer and *liming* ſack were tricks practiſed in the time of Shakſpeare. The firſt was done by putting ſoap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the ſack (i. e. ſherry) to make it ſparkle in the glaſs. *Froth* and *live* is ſenſe, but a little forced; and to make it ſo we muſt ſuppoſe the Hoſt could gueſs by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards ſucceed in the world. Falſtaff himſelf complains of *limed* ſack.

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a wither'd ſervingman, a freſh tapſter:*] This is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Ray's Proverbs, 3d edit. p. 2. STEEVENS.

[3] *O baſe Gongarian wight!* &c.] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombaſt plays, beginnnig,

"O baſe *Gongarian*, wilt thou the diſtaff wield?"

I had marked the paſſage down, but forgot to note the play.

The folio reads *Hungarian.*

Hungarian is likewiſe a cant term. So in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626, the merry Hoſt ſays, "I have knights and colonels in my houſe, and muſt tend the *Hungarians.*"

Again: "Come ye *Hungarian* pilchers."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607:

"Play you louzy *Hungarians.*"

Again, in *News from Hell, wrought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Thomas

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the [4] humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to ſteal [5] at a minute's reſt.

Piſt.

Thomas Decker, 1606: "——— the leane-jaw'd *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of ſack for himſelf."

STEEVENS.

The *Hungarians*, when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England, if they could have come to it. See Stowe, in the year 930, and Holinſhed's Invaſions of Ireland, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baſeneſs. Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1492, and Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 610, ſpell it *Hongarian* (which might be miſprinted *Gongarian*); and this is right according to their own etymology. *Hongyars*, i. e. domus ſuæ ſtrenui defenſores. TOLLET.

The word is *Gongarian* in the firſt edition, and ſhould be continued, the better to fix the alluſion. FARMER.

[4] ——*humour of it.*] This ſpeech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the ſlight ſketch in 1602. I mention it, that thoſe who do not find it in either of the common old editions, may not ſuſpect it to be ſpurious. STEEVENS.

[5] ———*at a minute's reſt.*] Our author probably wrote:

———— at a *minim's reſt.* LANGTON.

This conjecture ſeems confirmed by a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:—"*reſts his minim*," &c. It may however mean, that, like a ſkilful harquebuzeir, he takes a good aim, though he has reſted his piece for a minute only.

So in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. b. vi:

"To *ſet up's reſt* to venture now for all." STEEVENS.

At a minute's reſt.] A *minim* was anciently, as the term imports, the ſhorteſt note in muſick. Its meaſure was afterwards, as it is now, as long as while two may be moderately counted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. ſc. iv. Mercutio ſays of Tibalt, that in fighting he reſts his *minim*, one, two, and the third in your boſom. A minute contains ſixty ſeconds, and is a long time for an action ſuppoſed to be inſtantaneous. Nym means to ſay, that the perfection of ſtealing is to do it in the ſhorteſt time poſſible.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Nym,

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call [6]: Steal! foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I muſt cony-catch; I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. [7] Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol: Indeed, I am in the waiſt two yards about: but I am now [8] about no waſte; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I ſpy entertainment in

Nym, I think, means to ſay, *'Tis true; Bardolph did not keep time, did not ſteal at the critical and exact ſeaſon when he would probably be leaſt obſerved. The true method is, to ſteal juſt at the inſtant when watchfulneſs is off its guard, and* repoſes but for a moment.

The reading propoſed by Mr. Langton certainly correſponds more exactly with the preceding ſpeech; but Shakſpeare ſcarcely ever purſues his metaphors far. MALONE.

[6] Convey, *the wiſe it call:*] So in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*, bl. l. no date:

"Syr, the horeſons could not *convaye* clene;
"For an they could have carried by craft as I can, &c."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Young ravens muſt have food.*] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*about no waſte;*——] I find the ſame play on words in Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562:

"Where am I leaſt, huſband? qouth he, in the *waiſt*;
"Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance ſtrait lac'd.
"Where am I biggeſt, wife? in the waſte, quoth ſhe,
"For all is *waſte* in you, as far as I ſee."

And again, in *The Wedding*, a comedy, by Shirley, 1629:

"He's a great man indeed;
"Something given to the *woſt*, for he lives within *no*
"*reaſonable compaſs.*" STEEVENS.

her;

her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves[9], ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtyle; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be Engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am ſir John Falſtaff's.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her will; and tranſlated her will; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. [1] The anchor is deep! Will that humour paſs?

Fal.

[9] —*ſhe* carves,] It ſhould be remembered, that anciently the young of both ſexes were inſtructed in *carving*, as a neceſſary accompliſhment. In 1508, Wynkyn de Worde publiſhed "A Boke of *Kervynge*." So in *Love's Labour Loſt*, Biron ſays of *Boyet*, the French courtier: "——He can *carve* too, and liſp." STEEVENS.

[1] *The anchor is deep: Will that humour paſs?*] I ſee not what relation *the anchor* has to *tranſlation*. Perhaps we may read, *the* author *is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and ſhould be inſerted lower after Falſtaff has ſaid,

Sail like my pinnace to thoſe golden ſhores.

It may be obſerved, that in the tracts of that time *ancher* and *author* could hardly be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

The *anchor* is deep:] Dr. *Johnſon* very acutely propoſes "the *author* is deep." He reads with the firſt copy, "he hath ſtudy'd her *well*."—And from this equivocal word, *Nym* catches the idea of *deepneſs*. But it is almoſt impoſſible to aſcertain the diction of this whimſical character: and I meet with a phraſe in *Fenner's Comptor's Commonwealth*, 1617, which perhaps may ſupport the old reading, "Maſter *Decker's Bellman of London*, hath ſet forth the vices of the time ſo lively, that it is impoſſible the *anchor* of any other man's braine can ſound the ſea of a more deepe and dreadful miſcheefe." FARMER.

—ſtudied her *will*, and tranſlated her *will*—is the reading of the firſt folio, 1623. The conteſted part of the paſſage may mean, *His hopes are well founded.* So in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Now my lateſt *hope*
"Forſake me not, but fling thy *anchor* out,
"And let it hold."

In the year 1558 a ballad, intituled "Hold the *ancer* faſt," is entered on the books of the Stationers Company.

Tranſlation is not uſed in its common acceptation, but means to *explain*, as one language is explained by another. So in *Hamlet:*

"——theſe

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe; ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. [2] As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: [3] and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious [4] eyliads: ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine [5].

Nym. I thank thee for [6] that humour.

" ——— theſe profound heaves
" You muſt *tranſlate*, 'tis fit we underſtand them."

Again, in *Troïlus and Creſſida:*

" Did in great Ilion thus *tranſlate* him to me."

STEEVENS.

[2] *As many devils entertain*, &c.] The old quarto reads:

As many devils *attend her!* &c. STEEVENS.

I would read with the quarto—*As many devils attend her!* i. e. let as many devils attend her. MUSGRAVE.

[3] ———*and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with moſt judicious eyliads: ſometimes* the beam of her view gilded *my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.*] So, in our author's 20th ſonnet:

" *An eye* more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
" *Gilding* the object whereupon it gazeth." MALONE.

[4] ——*cyliads:*——] This word is differently ſpelt in all the copies. I ſuppoſe we ſhould write *œillades*, French. STEEVENS.

[5] *Then did the ſun on dunghill ſhine.*] So in Lilly's *Euphues*, 1581:

The ſun ſhineth upon the dunghill. T. H. W.

[6] ———*that humour.*] What diſtinguiſhes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falſtaff, is the conſtant repetition of this phraſe. In the time of Shakſpeare ſuch an affectation ſeems to have been ſufficient to mark a character. In *Sir Gyles Gooſecap*, a play of which I have no earlier edition than that of 1606, the ſame peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece:

" ——his only reaſon for every thing is, that *we are all mortal*; then hath he another pretty phraſe too, and that is, he will *tickle the vanity* of every thing." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. [7] O, ſhe did ſo courſe-o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention [8], that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs! Here's another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too; [9] ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. [1] I will be cheater to them both, and they ſhall be exchequers to me; they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs Page; and thou this to miſtreſs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I ſir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, bear you theſe letters tightly [2];
Sail

[7] *O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors*] So in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

——with a gredie eye feedes on my exteryors.
HENDERSON.

[8] ——*intention*,] i. e. eagerneſs of deſire. STEEVENS.

[9]—— *ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at queen Elizabeth's command, this paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then ſo lately diſcovered to the Engliſh, was a very happy compliment to ſir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an addreſs of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impreſſion on the people, when the intelligence of ſuch a golden country was freſh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immenſe gain.
THOEBALD.

[1] —— *I will be* cheater *to them both, and they ſhall be* exchequers *to me:*—] The ſame joke is intended here, as in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, act II:

"—I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater."—
By which is meant *Eſcheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. WARBURTON.

[2] *Bear you theſe letters tightly*——] i. e. cleverly, alertly. So in

Sail like my pinnace [3] to theſe golden ſhores.

[*To Robin.*

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof; ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of this age [4],
French thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.

[*Exeunt Falſtaff and Boy.*

Piſt. [5] Let vultures gripe thy guts! [6] for gourd, and fullam holds;

And

in *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Antony, putting on his armour, ſays,

My queen's a ſquire
More *tight* at this than thou.

Tightly is the reading of the early quarto, and of the firſt folio, the only authentick ancient copy of this play as enlarged by the author. *Rightly* is the arbitrary reading of the quarto 1630, and of the folio 1632. MALONE.

[3] ——*my* pinnace.] A pinnace ſeems anciently to have ſignified a ſmall veſſel, or ſloop, attending on a larger.
So in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1613:

" ——was lately ſent
" With threeſcore ſail of ſhips and *pinnaces*."

Again, in *Muleaſſes the Turk*, 1610:

" Our life is but a ſailing to our death
" Thro' the world's ocean: it makes no matter then,
" Whether we put into the world's vaſt ſea
" Shipp'd in a *pinnace* or an argoſy."

At preſent it ſignifies only a man of war's boat. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the* humour *of* this *age*,] Thus the 4to, 1619: The folio reads—the *honor* of *the* age. STEEVENS.

[5] *Let vultures gripe thy guts!*] This hemiſtich is a burleſque on a paſſage in *Tamburlaine*, or *The Scythian Shepherd*, of which play a more particular account is given in one of the notes to *Henry IV. P. II.* act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*for* gourd, *and* fullam *holds*;

And high *and* low *beguiles the rich and poor:*] *Fullam* is a cant term for falſe dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian dictionary, interprets *Piſe* by *falſe dice*, *high and low men*, *high fullams and low fullams*. Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles upon this cant term: *Who, he ſerve? He keeps* high men and low men, *he has a fair living at* fullam."—As for *gourd*, or rather *gord*, it was another inſtrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: " —*And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but* GORDS *or* nine-pins." WARBURTON.

In

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head[7], which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar!

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to Ford[8].

Piſt. And I to Page ſhall eke unfold,
How Falſtaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool: I will incenſe Ford to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with

In the *London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of falſe dice.—"I bequeath two bale of falſe dice, videlicet, *high men* and *low men*, *fulloms*, ſtop cater-traies, and other bones of function."

Green, in his *Art of Juggling*, &c. 1612, ſays, "What ſhould I ſay more of falſe dice, of *fulloms*, *high* men, *lowe* men, *gourds*, and brizled dice, graviers, demies, and contraries?"

Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640; among the falſe dice are enumerated, "a bale of *fullams*."—"A bale of *gordes*, with as many *high-men* as *low-men* for paſſage."

STEEVENS.

[7] *I have operations* in my head,] The words in Italicks, which are omitted in the folio, were recovered from the early quarto.

MALONE.

[8] *I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to Ford.*]

The very reverſe of this happens. See act II. where *Nym* makes the diſcovery to *Page*, and not to *Ford*, as here promiſed; and *Piſtol*, on the other hand, to *Ford*, and not to *Page*. Shakſpeare is frequently guilty of theſe little forgetfulneſſes.

STEEVENS.

Though Shakſpeare is ſometimes forgetful, it appears from the firſt copy of this play that the editors of the folio alone are anſwerable for the preſent inaccuracy. In the early quarto *Nym* declares, he will make the diſcovery to *Page*; and *Piſtol* ſays, "And I to *Foord* will likewiſe tell, &c." And ſo without doubt theſe ſpeeches ought to be printed. MALONE.

yellowneſs,

[7] yellowneſs, for [8] the revolt of mien is dangerous; that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Dr. Caius houſe.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the king's Engliſh.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit Rugby.*

Quick Go; and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, [9] at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate [1]: his worſt fault is, that he

[7] ——*yellowneſs*,—] *Yellowneſs* is jealouſy. JOHNSON. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"If you have me you muſt not put on *yellow*."

Again, in *The Arraignement of Paris*, 1584:

"——Flora well, perdie,
"Did paint her *yellow* for her *jealouſy*."

[8] —— *the revolt of mien*——] *The revolt of mine* is the old reading. *Revolt of mien*, is *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has juſt been aſcribing to jealouſy. STEEVENS.

This, Mr. Steevens truly obſerves to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for *the revolt of mien* in modern orthography. "Know you that fellow that walketh there? ſays Eliot, 1593—he is an alchymiſt by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to moonſhine." FARMER.

[9] ——*at the latter end*, &c.] That is, when my maſter is in bed. JOHNSON.

[1] ——no breed *bate*:] *Bate* is an obſolete word, ſignifying ſtrife,

he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh [2] that-way; but no body but has his fault;—but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter Slender's your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth: he hath but [3] a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; [4] a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic.

ſtrife, contention. So, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

"Shall ever civil *bate*
"Gnaw and devour our ſtate!"

Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"We ſhall not fall at *bate*, or ſtryve for this matter."

Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582, calls Erinnys a *make bate*. STEEVENS

[2] *He's ſomewhat* peeviſh *that way:*] I believe this is one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that ſhe means *precije*. MALONE.

——*peeviſh*] *Peeviſh* is fooliſh. So in *Cymbeline*, act II. "—he's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a little wee face,*] *Wee*, in the northern dialect, ſignifies very little. Thus, in the Scottiſh proverb that apoligizes for a little woman's marriage with a big man: "—A *wee* mouſe will creep under a mickle cornſtack." COLLINS.

So in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, com 1631: "He was nothing ſo tall as I, but a little *wee* man, and ſomewhat hutch-back."

Again, in *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Some two miles, and a *wee* bit, Sir."

Wee is derived from *wenig*. Dutch. On the authority of the 4to, 1619, we might be led to read *whey*-face: "—Somewhat of a weakly man, and has as it were a *whay*-coloured beard." *Macbeth* calls one of the meſſengers *Whey*-face. STEEVENS.

Little wee is certainly the right reading; it implies ſomething extremely diminutive, and is a very common vulgar idiom in the North. *Wee* alone has only the ſignification of *little*. Thus *Cleiveland:*

"A Yorkſhire *wee bitt*, longer than a mile."

The proverb is a mile and a *wee bit*; i. e. about a league and a half. REMARKS.

[4] ——*a* Cane-*colour'd beard.*] Thus the latter editions. I have

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands [6], as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you?——oh, I ſhould remember him;

reſtored *Cain* from the old copies. Cain and Judas, in the tapeſtries and pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* beards. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be countenanced by a parallel expreſſion in an old play called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-Walk*, 1602:

" ——over all,
" A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd* beard."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, Baſiliſco ſays:

" ——where is the eldeſt ſon of Priam,
" That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?"——

I am not however certain, but that *Abraham* may be a corruption of *Auburn*.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

" And let their beards be of *Judas* his own *colour*."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

" That's he in the *Judas* beard."——

Again, in the *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*.

In an age, when but a ſmall part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from preſentations in painting or tapeſtry. A *cane*-colour'd beard, however, might ſignify a beard of the colour of *cane*, i. e. a ſickly yellow; for *ſtraw*-coloured beards are mentioned in the *Midſummer Night Dream*. STEEVENS.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v. p. 295, aſſerts, that painters conſtantly repreſented *Judas* the traytor with a *red head*. Dr. Plot's *Oxfordſhire*, p. 153, ſays the ſame. This conceit is thought to have ariſen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. TOLLET.

See my quotation in *K. Hen.* VIII. act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[6] —— as *tall as a man of his hands*,——] Perhaps this is an alluſion to the jockey meaſure, *ſo many hands high*, uſed by grooms when ſpeaking of horſes. *Tall*, in our author's time, ſignified not only height of ſtature, but ſtoutneſs of body. The ambiguity of the phraſe ſeems intended. PERCY.

Whatever be the origin of this phraſe, it is very ancient, being uſed by Gower:

" A

him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heaven ſend Anne Page no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon Evans, I will do what I can for your maſter: Anne is a good girl, and I wiſh—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent [7]: Run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet. [*Shuts Simple in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I ſay!—Go, John, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, a-down-a* [8], &c.

Enter Doctor Caius [9].

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like deſe toys; Pray

"A worthie knight was *of his honde*,
"There was none ſuche in all the londe."
De Confeſſione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 118. b.
STEEVENS.

[7] ——we ſhall be *ſhent*:] i. e. Scolded, roughly treated. So in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"——I can tell thee one thyng,
"In fayth you wyll be *ſhent*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*and down, down, a down-a*, &c.] To deceive her maſter, ſhe ſings as if at her work. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This appears to have been the burden of ſome ſong then well known. In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, ſign. E. 1. one of the character ſays, "Hey good boies i'faith now a three man's ſong *or the old downe a downe*, well things muſt be as they may; fil's the other quart: muſkadine with an egge is fine, there's a time for all things bonos nochios. EDITOR.

[9] Enter Doctor *Caius*.] It has been thought ſtrange, that our author ſhould take the name of *Caius* for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakſpeare was little acquainted with literary hiſtory; and without doubt, from this unuſual name, ſuppoſed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor

Pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet [1] *un botier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai à la Cour,——la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. Ouy; mettez le au mon pocket; *Depéchez*, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius By my trot, I tarry too long:——Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublie?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

was handed down as a kind of Roſicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "*Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.*" FARMER.

This character of *Dr. Caius* might have been drawn from the life; as in *Jacke of Dover's Queſt of Enquirie*, 1604, (perhaps a republication), a ſtory called *The Foole of Winſor* begins thus: "Upon a time there was in *Winſor* a certain ſimple *outlandiſhe doctor of phiſicke* belonging to the deane, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*un boitier verd*;——] *Boitier* in French ſignifies a caſe of ſurgeon's inſtruments. Dr. GREY.

I believe it rather means a *box of ſalve*, or caſe to hold *ſimples*, for which Caius profeſſes to ſeek. The ſame word, ſomewhat curtailed, is uſed by Chaucer, in the *Pardoneres Prologue*, v. 12241:

"And every *boſt* full of thy letuarie."

Again, in the *Skynner's Play*, in the Cheſter Collection of Myſteries. MS. Harl. p. 149: Mary Magdalen ſays:

"To balme his bodye that is ſo brighte,
"*Boyſie* here have I brought." STEEVENS.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my cloſet?—Villaine, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the cloſet.*

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon Hugh.

Caius Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs Anne Page for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh ſend-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me ſome paper: Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy;—But notwithſtanding man, I'll do your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my maſter,—I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs Anne Page: but, notwithſtanding

that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'napes; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make:—— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here;—— by gar, I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:——do you not tell-a me dat I ſhall have Anne Page for myſelf!—by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt: and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon;—by gar, I vill myſelf have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate: What, the goujere[1]!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;——By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I ſhall turn your head out of door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quic.[2] You ſhall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windſor knows more of Anne's mind than I do;

[1] —What the *goujere!*] So in *K. Lear:*]

"The *goujeers* ſhall devour them."

The *goujere*; i. e. *morbus Gallicus.* See Hanmer's note, K. Lear, act V. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

[2] *You ſhall have* ann *fool's head.*] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *ann*, ſounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly ſometimes pronounced *on.* In the Scottiſh dialect *one* is written, and I ſuppoſe pronounced, *ane.*

In 1603, was publiſhed *Ane* verie excellent and delectable treatiſe intitulit *Philotus*, &c.

In act II. ſc. i. of this play, *an* ſeems to have been miſprinted for *one*: "What *an* unweigh'd behaviour, &c." The miſtake there probably aroſe from the ſimilarity of the ſounds.

MALONE.

nor

nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs Anne?

Quic. In truth, ſir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkeſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you:——Have not your worſhip a wart about your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale;——good faith, it is ſuch another Nan;—[3] but I deteſt[7], an honeſt maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me—

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haſte now.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your worſhip.—Truly, an ho-

[3] *But I deteſt, an honeſt maid, as ever broke bread.*] Dame Quickly means to ſay——*I* proteſt. MALONE.

T neſt

neſt gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's houſe.

Enter Miſtreſs Page with a letter.

Miſtreſs Page. What, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee:

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for [1] *though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, (at the leaſt, if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice) that*

[1] ——*though love uſe reaſon for his* preciſian, *he admits him not for his counſellor:*——] This is obſcure: but the meaning is, *though love permit reaſon to tell what is fit to be done, he ſeldom follows its advice.*—By *preciſian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and ſanctity. On which account they gave this name to the Puritans of that time. So Oſborne—"*Conform their mode, words, and looks to theſe* PRECISIANS." And Maine, in his *City Match:*

"—— I did commend
"A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman."

WARBURTON.

——*preciſian*,——] Of this word I do not ſee any meaning that is very appoſite to the preſent intention. Perhaps Falſtaff ſaid, *Though love uſe reaſon as his* phyſician, *he admits him not for his counſellor.* This will be plain ſenſe. Aſk not the *reaſon* of my love; the buſineſs of *reaſon* is not to aſſiſt love, but to *cure* it. There may however be this meaning in the preſent reading. *Though love*, when he would ſubmit to regulation, may *uſe reaſon* as

that I love thee, I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night [2],
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhew himſelf a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour [3] has this [4] Flemiſh drunkard pick'd (with

as his preciſian, or director in nice caſes, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reaſon for *his counſellor*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon wiſhes to read *phyſician*; and this conjecture becomes almoſt a certainty from a line in our author's 147th ſonnet,

"My reaſon the *phyſician* to my love, &c." FARMER.

The character of a *preſician* ſeems to have been very generally ridiculed in the time of Shakſpeare. So in the *Malcontent*, 1604: "You muſt take her in the right vein then; as, when the ſign is in Piſces, a fiſhmonger's wife is very ſociable: in Cancer, a *preciſian's* wife is very flexible."

Again, *Dr. Fauſtus*, 1604:

"I will ſet my countenance like a *preciſian?*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

"It is *preciſianiſm* to alter that,
"With auſtere judgment, which is given by nature."

STEEVENS.

If *phyſician* be the right reading, the meaning may be this: A lover uncertain as yet of ſucceſs, never takes reaſon for his counſellor, but, when deſperate, applies to him as his phyſician.

MUSGRAVE.

[2] Thine own true knight,
By day or night.

This expreſſion, which is ludicrouſly employed by Falſtaff, anciently meant, *at all times*.

So, in the third book of Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*:

"The ſonne cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night.*"

Loud and ſtill, was another phraſe of the ſame meaning.

STEEVENS.

[3] What *an* unweigh'd behaviour, &c.] Thus the folio and 4to. 1630. It has been ſuggeſted to me, that we ſhould read, *one*.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Flemiſh drunkard.*] It is not without reaſon that this term of reproach is here uſed. *Sir John Smythe* in *Certain Diſcourſes*, &c. 4to. 1590, ſays, that the habit of drinking to exceſs was intro-

(with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What ſhould I ſay to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth[5]:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit[6] a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How ſhall

duced into England from the Low Countries "by ſome of our "ſuch men of warre within theſe very few years, whereof it is "come to paſſe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feaſtes "where our ſaid men of warre are preſent, but that they do in-"vite and procure all the companie, of what calling ſoever they "be, to carowſing and quaffing; and, becauſe they will not be "denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, cere-"monies, and reverences, drinke to the health and proſperitie "of princes; to the health of counſellors, and unto the health "of their greateſt friends both at home and abroad; in which "exerciſe they never ceaſe till they be dead drunke, or, as the "*Flemings* ſay, *Doot dronken*. He adds, "And this aforeſaid de-"teſtable vice hath within theſe ſixe or ſeven yeares taken won-"derful roote amongeſt our Engliſh Nation, that in times paſt "was wont to be of all other nations of Chriſtendome one of the "ſobereſt." EDITOR.

[5] —— *I was then frugal of my mirth:*] By breaking this ſpeech into exclamations, the text may ſtand; but I once thought it muſt be read, If *I was* not *then frugal of my mirth.* JOHNSON.

[6] —— *a bill in parliament for the putting down of men.*——] Mr. Theobald ſays we muſt neceſſarily read—*for putting down of* fat men. But how is the matter mended? or the thought made leſs ridiculous? Shakſpeare wrote—*for putting down of* MUM, i. e. the fattening liquor ſo called. So Fletcher, in his *Wild Gooſe Chaſe:* "What a cold I have over my ſtomach, would I had ſome MUM." This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character ſhe had juſt before given him of *Flemiſh drunkard.* But the greateſt confirmation of this conjecture is the alluſion the words in queſtion bear to a matter then publicly tranſacting. *The Merry Wives of Windſor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very ſhortly after. And we are informed by Sir Simon D'Ewes' *Journal*, that no home affair made more noiſe in and out of parliament at that time, than the ſuppreſſion and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houſes, ſtrong liquors, and the drinkers of them. In the parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houſes, "For ſuppreſſing the multitude of malſters," &c. Another, "To reſtrain the exceſſive making of malt, and diſorderly brewing of ſtrong beer." Another, "For regulating of inns, taverns," &c. In the next parliament, held 1601, was a bill, "For the ſuppreſſing of the multitude of ale-houſes and tipling-houſes." Another, "Againſt exceſſive and common drunkenneſs;" and ſeveral others of the ſame nature. Some of which, after much canvaſſing, were thrown out, and others paſſed into acts. WARBURTON.

I do

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STEEVENS.

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[3] What *an* unweigh'd behaviour, &c] Thus the folio and 4to, 1630. It has been ſuggeſted to me, that we ſhould read, *one*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Flemiſh drunkard.*] I have, in ſome contemporary writers, ſeen it obſerved, that the vice of drunkenneſs was firſt imported into England by the officers and ſoldiers, who were ſent by Queen Elizabeth, to aſſiſt the Dutch in Flanders. In that country, the habits of exceſſive drinking were firſt contracted, and upon that account Mrs. Page called Falſtaff a *Flemiſh Drunkard*. EDITOR.

[5] —— *I was then frugal of my mirth:*] By breaking this ſpeech into exclamations, the text may ſtand; but I once thought it muſt be read, If *I was* not *then frugal of my mirth.* JOHNSON.

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I do

ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. Page. And, truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—diſpenſe with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. [7] What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs.

I do not ſee that any alteration is neceſſary; if it were, either of the foregoing conjectures might ſerve the turn. But ſurely Mrs. Page may naturally enough, in the firſt heat of her anger, rail at the ſex for the fault of one. JOHNSON.

[7] *What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will* HACK, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonſenſe of this ſpeech is hardly to be matched. The change of a ſingle letter has occaſioned it, which is thus eaſily removed. Read and point——*Theſe knights will* LACK, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had ſaid, *I could be knighted*, meaning, *I could have a knight for my lover*; her companion took it in the other ſenſe, of conferring the title, and ſays, *What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will* lack *a title* [i. e. riſk the puniſhment of degradation] *rather than not make a whore of thee.* For we are to obſerve that—*and ſo thou ſhouldſt*

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light[8]: — here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think

ſhouldſt not, is a mode of ſpeech, amongſt the writers of that time, equivalent to—*rather than thou ſhouldſt not.* WARBURTON.

Upon this paſſage the learned editor has tried his ſtrength, in my opinion, with more ſpirit than ſucceſs.

I read thus—*Theſe knights* we'll *hack*, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The puniſhment of a recreant, or undeſerving knight, was to *hack* off his ſpurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all theſe knights in a little time, by the uſual form of *hacking* off their ſpurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, ſhalt be hacked with the reſt. JOHNSON.

Hanmer ſays, to *hack*, means to turn hackney, or proſtitute. I ſuppoſe he means—*Theſe knights will degrade themſelves, ſo that ſhe will* acquire no honour by being connected with them. Perhaps the paſſage has been hitherto entirely miſunderſtood. To *hack*, is an expreſſion uſed in the ridiculous ſcene between Quickly, Evans, and the Boy; and ſignifies, *to do miſchief.* The ſenſe of this paſſage may therefore be, theſe knights are a riotous, diſſolute ſort of people, and on that account thou ſhould'ſt not wiſh to be of the number.

It is not, however, impoſſible that Shakſpeare meant by—*theſe knights will hack*—theſe knights will ſoon become *hackney'd* characters.—So many knights were made about the time this play was amplified (for the paſſage is neither in the copy 1602, nor 1619) that ſuch a ſtroke of ſatire might not have been unjuſtly thrown in. In *Hans Beer Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618, is a long piece of ridicule on the ſame occurrence;

" 'Twas ſtrange to ſee what *knighthood* once would do:
" Stir great men up to lead a martial life——
" To gain this honour and this dignity.——
" But now, alas! 'tis grown ridiculous;
" Since bought with money, ſold for baſeſt prize,
" That ſome refuſe it who are counted wiſe." STEEVENS.

Theſe knights will *hack* (that is, become cheap and vulgar), and therefore ſhe adviſes her friend not to ſully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this diſcourſe about knighthood is added ſince the firſt edition of this play; and therefore I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting in 1611 a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See Sir Hugh Spelman's epigram on them, *Gloſſ.* p 76, which ends thus:

" ——dum cauponare recuſant
" Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri;

" Interea

think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundreth pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves* [9]. What tempeſt, I trow,

" Interea e caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis,
" Et modo fit dominus, qui modo ſervus erat."

See another ſtroke at them in *Othello*. A. III. S. IV.

To *hick* and to *hack*, in Mrs. Quickly's language, ſignifies to *ſtammer* or *heſitate*, as boys do in ſaying their leſſons.

BLACKSTONE.

Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick in April 1603, and the 20th of May, he made two hundred and thirty-ſeven knights; and, in the July following, between three and four hundred. It is highly probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the ſubſequent year, when this ſtroke of ſatire muſt have been highly reliſhed by the audience.

That the order of *Baronets* was pointed at here, is, I think, highly improbable. See the notion that our author meant to allude to them in *Othello*, controverted, in the *attempt to aſcertain the order of his plays*. Article, *Othello*. MALONE.

[8] *We burn day-light:* ——] i. e. we have more proof than we want. The famé proverbial phraſe occurs in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

Hier. " Light me your torches."
Pedro. " Then we burn day-light."

So in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio uſes the ſame expreſſion, and then explains it:

" *We waſte our lights in vain like lamps by day.*"

STEEVENS.

I think, the meaning rather is, we are waſting time in idle talk, when we ought to read the letter: reſembling thoſe who waſte candles by burning them in the day-time. MALONE.

[9] ——*Green Sleeves.*] This ſong was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in September 1580: " Licenſed unto Richard Jones, a newe northern dittye of the lady *Green Sleeves*." Again, " Licenſed unto Edward White, a ballad, beinge the Lady *Greene Sleeves*, anſwered to Jenkyn hir friend." Again, in the ſame month and year: " *Green Sleeves* moralized to the Scripture, &c." Again, to Edward White:

" *Green Sleeves* and countenaunce.
" In countenaunce is *Green Sleeves*."

Again,

I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs?—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-bother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure more) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the [1] preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantеſs, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal;

Again, "A new Northern Song of *Green Sleeves*, beginning,
"The bonnieſt laſs in all the land."

Again, in February 1580: "A Reprehenſion againſt *Greene Sleeves*, by W. Elderton." From a paſſage in the *Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, it ſhould ſeem that the original was a wanton ditty:

"And ſet our credits to the tune of *Greene Sleeves*."

But whatever the ballad was, it ſeems to have been very popular. Auguſt 1581, was entered at Stationers' Hall, "A new Ballad, entitled:

"*Greene Sleeves* is worn away,
"Yellow ſleeves come to decaie,
"Black ſleeves I hold in deſpite,
"But white ſleeves is my delight."

Mention of the ſame tune is made again in the fourth act of this play. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*preſs*—] *Preſs* is uſed ambiguouſly, for a *preſs* to print, and a *preſs* to ſqueeze. JOHNSON.

withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew [2] ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty [3]. Oh, that my huſband ſaw this letter [4]! it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford with Piſtol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

[2] ——*ſome ſtrain in me*,——] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read, "ſome *ſtain* in me," but, I think, unneceſſarily. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Winter's Tale:*

"With what encounter ſo uncurrent, have I
"*Strain'd* to appear thus?"

And again in *Timon*:

"——— a noble nature
"May catch a *wrench*." STEEVENS.

[3] —the *charineſs* of our honeſty.] i. e. the *caution* which ought to attend on it. STEEVENS.

[4] *Oh, that my huſband ſaw this letter!*] Surely Mrs. Ford does not wiſh to excite the jealouſy, of which ſhe complains. I think we ſhould read—Oh, *if* my huſband, &c. and thus the copy, 1619: "Oh lord, *if* my huſband ſhould ſee the letter! i' faith, this would even give edge to his jealouſie." STEEVENS.

Pist. Hope is a [5] curtail-dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry [6]; Ford, perpend [7].

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, [8] or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

[9] Away

[5] —*curtail-dog* ——] That is, a dog that misses his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound.

JOHNSON.

[6] —— *gally-mawfry*;] i. e. A medley. So in the *Winter's Tale*: "They have a dance, which the wenches say is a *galli-maufry* of gambols." Pistol ludicrously uses it for a woman. Thus, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"Let us show ourselves gallants or *galli-maufries*."

STEEVENS.

The folio reads:

He loves the *gallymaufry* ——

which may be right.—He loves a medley; all sorts of women, high and low, &c.

Ford's reply——*love my wife*——may refer to what Pistol had said before: "*Sir John affects thy wife.*" MALONE.

I am not induced by this reasoning to follow the folio.

STEEVENS.

[7] ——Ford, *perpend.*] This is perhaps a ridicule on a passage in the old comedy of *Cambyses*:

"My sapient words I say *perpend.*"

Again:

"My queen *perpend* what I pronounce."

Shakspeare has put the same word into the mouth of Polonius.

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*cuckoo birds do sign.*——] Such is the reading of the folio, and the quarto 1630. The quartos 1602, and 1619 read—

when

[9] Away, ſir corporal Nym,——
Believe it, Page, he ſpeaks [1]. [*Exit Piſtol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*Speaking to Page.*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but [2] I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort

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Piſt. Hope is a [5] curtail-dog in ſome affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry [6]; Ford, perpend [7].

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, [8] or cuckoo-birds do ſing.—

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"My queen *perpend* what I pronounce."
Shakſpeare has put the ſame word into the mouth

Hope is a curtail'd Dog in ſome affairs] This paſſage appears to have been miſunderſtood by Dr Johnſon. It is ſpoken in anſwer to Ford Well, I hope it be not ſo. & ſeems to compare Hope to a ſpecies of dogs commonly called Curs which ſeldome miſs their game altho from their tails being cut are not alla called Greyhounds for Piſtol endeavouring to plant Jealouſy in the breaſt of Ford who hopes it is not as repreſented by Piſtol who to enforce the ſtronger compares it to a curtail'd Dog Vol. I. p. 288 St.

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ſhort and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falſtaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Page. [3] *The humour of it*, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out Falſtaff.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

I do not ſee the difficulty of this paſſage: no phraſe is more common than——*you may*, upon a need, *thus*. Nym, to gain credit, ſays, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; *he has a ſword, and upon his neceſſity*, that is, *when his need drives him to unlawful expedients*, his ſword *ſhall bite*. JOHNSON.

[3] *The humour of it*,——] The following epigram, taken from an old collection without date, but apparently printed before the year 1600, will beſt account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*. Epig. 27.

Aſke HUMORS what a feather he doth weare,
It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll ſweare.
Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-taile locke;
Or why upon a whore he ſpends his ſtocke?
He hath a *humour* doth determine ſo.
Why in the ſtop-throte faſhion he doth goe,
With ſcarfe about his necke, hat without band?
It is his *humour*. Sweet ſir, underſtand
What cauſe his purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt
That oftentimes is ſcarcely penny-bleſt?
Only a *humour*. If you queſtion why
His tongue is ne'er unfurniſh'd with a lye?
It is his *humour* too he doth proteſt,
Or why with ſerjeants he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to ghoſts they haunt him ev'rie day?
A raſcal *humour* doth not love to pay.
Object why bootes and ſpurres are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His *humour* anſwers: *humour* is his reaſon.
If you perceive his wits in wetting ſhrunke,
It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occaſion is, his *humour* and a whoore.
And every thing that he doth undertake,
It is a veine, for ſenceleſs *humour*'s ſake. STEEVENS.

Ford.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. [4] I will not believe ſuch a Cataian, though the

[4] *I will not believe ſuch a Cataian,*——] Mr. Theobald has here a pleaſant note, as uſual. "This is a piece of ſatire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; though the hiſtory on which it is grounded is become obſolete." And then tells a long ſtory of Martin Frobiſher attempting the north-weſt paſſage, and bringing home a black ſtone, as he thought, full of gold ore: that it proved not ſo, and that therefore Cataians and Frobiſhers became by-words for vain boaſters.——The whole is an idle dream. All the myſtery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the firſt adventurers that travelled thither; ſuch as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told ſuch incredible wonders of this new diſcovered empire (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jeſuits themſelves, who followed them), that a notorious liar was uſually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton have both told their ſtories with confidence, I am afraid, very diſproportionate to any evidence that can be produced. That *Cataian* was a word of hatred or contempt is plain, but that it ſignified a *boaſter* or a *liar* has not been proved. Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, ſays of the Lady Olivia to her maid, "thy Lady's a *Cataian*;" but there is no reaſon to think he means to call her *liar*. Beſides, Page intends to give Ford a reaſon why Piſtol ſhould not be credited. He therefore does not ſay, *I would not believe ſuch a* liar: for that he is a liar is yet to be made probable: but he ſays, *I would not believe ſuch a Cataian on any teſtimony of his veracity.* That is, "This fellow has ſuch an odd appearance, is ſo unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him." To be a foreigner was always in England, and I ſuppoſe every where elſe, a reaſon of diſlike. So Piſtol calls Sir Hugh in the firſt act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of groſs behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight.* JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators is in the right, but am far from profeſſing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakſpeare this expreſſion——*a true man* is always put in oppoſition (as it is in this inſtance) to—*a thief*. So in *Hen.* IV. *Part* I.

"——now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*."

The Chineſe (anciently called *Cataians*) are ſaid to be the moſt dextrous of all the nimble-finger'd tribe; and to this hour they deſerve the ſame character. Piſtol was known at Windſor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called a *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted.

the prieſt o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow[4]: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, ſweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, miſtreſs Page?

That by a *Cataian* ſome kind of *ſharper* was meant, I infer from the following paſſage in *Love and Honour*, a play by Sir W. Davenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*, he indites finely,
"And will live as well by ſending ſhort epiſtles,
"Or by the ſad *whiſper* at your *gameſter*'s ear,
"When the great By is drawn,
"As any *diſtreſt gallant* of them all."

From the uſe Sir Toby Belch makes of the word, little can be inferred with any certainty. Sir Toby is drunk, calls Malvolio by the name of an old ſong, and talks, in ſhort, nonſenſe. *Cathaia* is mentioned in the *Tamer Tamed*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I'll wiſh you in the Indies, or *Cathaia*."

The tricks of the *Cataians* are hinted at in one of the old black letter hiſtories of that country; and again in a dramatic performance, called the *Pedler's Prophecy*, 1595:

"———in the *eaſt part of Inde*,
"Through ſeas and floods, they work all *thieviſh*."

Mr. Malone obſerves, that in a book of Shakſpeare's age, entitled, *A brief Deſcription of the whole World*, "—the people of China are (ſaid to be) very *politick* and *crafty*, and in reſpect thereof contemning the wits of others; uſing a proverb, That all other nations do ſee but with one eye, but they with two."

Again, in the *Treaſury of Ancient and Modern Time*, 1613, the *Cathaians* are deſcribed in the ſame manner: "For myſelf, I condemn this cuſtom as ſavage and brutiſh, and hold the *Cathaians* to be a very groſs people, albeit they both ſay and believe, that the whole world beſide them, doth ſee but with one eye, and they directly with both." STEEVENS.

[4] *'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:*] This, and the two preceding ſpeeches of Ford, are ſpoken to himſelf, and have no connection with the ſentiments of Page, who is likewiſe making his comment on what had paſſed, without attention to Ford. STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aſide to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter Anne?

Quic. Ay, forſooth; And, I pray, how does good miſtreſs Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, maſter Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me: did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but theſe, that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his diſcarded men; [5] very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too con-

[5] *Very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.*] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its conſequential ſignification, a *cheat*.

JOHNSON.

fident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily.—How now, mine hoſt?

Enter Hoſt, and Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero juſtice [7], I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good maſter Page! Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavalero-juſtice; tell him, bully-rook?

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between ſir Hugh the Welch prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o' the Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully-rook?

[*They go a little aſide.*

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle

[7] — *cavalero*-juſtice,] So in *The Stately Moral of three Ladies of London*, 1590:

"Then know, Caſtilian *cavalieros*, this."

There is a book printed in 1599, called, *A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior; by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Paſquil of England*, CAVALIERO. STEEVENS.

of

of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, [8] and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well [9]? and thy name ſhall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—[1] Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt [2].

Page.

[8] —— *and tell him, my name is Brook;* ——] Thus both the old quartos; and thus moſt certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falſtaff anon makes on the name, when Brook ſends him ſome burnt ſack.

Such Brooks *are welcome to me, that overflow with ſuch liquor.* The players, in their editions, altered the name to *Broom.* THEOBALD.

[9] ——*ſaid I well?*] The learned editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols. 8vo, 1775, obſerves, that this phraſe is given to the *hoſt* in the *Pardonere's Prologue:*

"*Said I not well?* I cannot ſpeke in terme:" v. 12246.

and adds, "it may be ſufficient with the other circumſtances of general reſemblance, to make us believe, that Shakſpeare, when he drew that character, had not forgotten his Chaucer." The ſame gentleman has ſince informed me, that the paſſage is not found in any of the ancient printed editions, but only in the MSS. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Will you go* AN-HEIRS?] This nonſenſe is ſpoken to Shallow. We ſhould read, *Will you go* ON, HERIS? i. e. Will you go on, maſter? *Heris*, an old Scotch word for maſter. WARBURTON.

The merry Hoſt has already ſaluted them ſeparately by titles of diſtinction; he therefore probably now addreſſes them collectively by a general one—*Will you go on*, heroes? or, as probably ——*Will you go on*, hearts? He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play, *Farewell my hearts.* Again, in the *Midſummer's Night Dream*, Bottom ſays, "—Where are theſe *hearts?*" *My brave hearts*, or *my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expreſſes the more ſoft and amiable qualities, the *Mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honeſty. Hanmer reads —*Mynheers.* STEEVENS.

Will you go *an-heirs?*] Perhaps we ſhould read, Will you go and *hear us?* So in the next page—"I had rather *hear them* ſcold than fight." MALONE.

[2] *Have with you mine hoſt.*] This ſpeech is given in all the editions to *Shallow*; but it belongs, I think, to *Ford*, to whom the hoſt addreſſes himſelf when he ſays: "*Will you go and hear us?*" It is not likely he ſhould addreſs himſelf to *Shallow*, becauſe Shallow and he had already concerted the ſcheme, and

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his rapier [3].

Shal. Tut, ſir, I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my [4] long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows [5] ſkip like rats.

Hoſt.

agreed to go together; and accordingly, Shallow ſays, a little before, to Page, "Will you go with *us* to behold it?"

The former ſpeech of Ford—*None I proteſt*, &c. is given in like manner, in the firſt folio, to *Shallow*, inſtead of *Ford*. The editors corrected the one, but over-looked the other.

MALONE.

[3] *I have heard the Frenchman hath good ſkill at his rapier.*] In the old quarto, here follow theſe words:

Shal. I tell you what, maſter Page; I believe the doctor is no jeſter, he'll lay it on; for though we be juſtices, and doctors and churchmen, yet we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

Page. True, maſter Shallow.

Shal. It will be found ſo, maſter Page.

Page. Maſter Shallow, you yourſelf have been a great fighter, now a man of peace.

Part of this dialogue is found afterwards in the third ſcene of the preſent act; but it ſeems more proper here, to introduce what Shallow ſays of the proweſs of his youth. MALONE.

[4] ——*my long ſword*,——] Before the introduction of rapiers, the ſwords in uſe were of an enormous length, and ſometimes raiſed with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, cenſures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long ſword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

The *two-handed* ſword is mentioned in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"Somtyme he ſerveth me at borde,
"Somtyme he bereth my *two-hand* ſword."

See a note to the *Firſt Part of K. Hen.* IV. act II. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the *long-ſword* is certainly right; for the early quarto reads my *two-hand* ſword; ſo that they appear to have been ſynonymous.

Carleton, in his *Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy*, 1625, ſpeaking of the treachery of one Rowland York, in betraying the town of Deventer to the Spaniards in 1587, ſays; "he was a Londoner,

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt Hoſt, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a ſecure fool, [6] and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily: She was in his company at Page's houſe; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a diſguiſe to ſound Falſtaff: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of a *rapier* into a man's body. This manner of fight *he* brought *firſt* into *England*, with great admiration of his audaciouſneſs: when in England before that time, the uſe was, with little bucklers, and with broad ſwords, to ſtrike and not to thruſt; and it was accounted unmanly to ſtrike under the girdle." MALONE.

[5] ——tall *fellows*——] The older quartos read—tall *fencers*. See note 5. p. 272. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty*,——] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has *no conception* how any man could ſtand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Becauſe he had *no conception* how he could ſtand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a ſtranger, that the bridge he is about to croſs is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not ſay, when I ſee him upon it, that he ſtands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phraſe, *to ſtand firmly on*, to ſignify *to inſiſt upon*; whereas it ſignifies *to reſt upon*, which the character of a *ſecure fool*, given to him, ſhews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be loſt in the alteration. WARBURTON.

To *ſtand on any thing*, does ſignify *to inſiſt on it*. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "All captains, and *ſtand upon* the honeſty of your wives." Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book 6. chap. 30:

"For ſtoutly *on their honeſties* doe wylie harlots *ſtand*."

The *jealous Ford* is the ſpeaker, and all *chaſtity* in women appears to him as *frailty*. He ſuppoſes Page therefore to inſiſt on that *virtue* as ſteady, which he himſelf ſuſpects to be without foundation. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the*

SCENE II.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falſtaff and Piſtol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why, then the world's mine oyſter [7], which I with ſword will open.— [8] I will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, ſir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym [9]; or elſe you had look'd through

[7] ——*the world's mine oyſter*, &c.] Dr. Grey ſuppoſes Shakſpeare to allude to an old proverb, "——The mayor of Northampton opens *oyſters* with his dagger."—— i. e. to keep them at a ſufficient diſtance from his noſe, that town being fourſcore miles from the ſea. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I will retort the ſum in equipage.*] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in ſtolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. So in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" And boy, be you my guide,
" For I will make a full deſcent in *equipage*."

That *equipage* ever meant *ſtolen goods*, I am yet to learn. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. *In Davies' Papers Complaint*, (a poem which has erroneouſly been aſcribed to *Donne*) we have ſeveral of them:

" Embelliſh, blandiſhment, and *equipage*."

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch ſavour of witleſſe affectation*. FARMER.

[9] ——*your coach-fellow, Nym*;——] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning, but the modern editors read, *couch fellow*. The following paſſage from B. Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels* may juſtify the reading I have choſen: "—'Tis the ſwaggering *coach-horſe* Anaides, that *draws with him* there,"

Again,

through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good ſoldiers, [1] and tall fellows: and when miſtreſs Bridget [2] loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal.

Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606: "Are you he my Page here makes choice of to be his fellow *coach-horſe!*" Again, in *a True Narrative of the entertainment of his Royal Majeſtie, from the time of his departure from Edinburgh, till his receiving in London, &c.* 1603. "——Baſe pilfering theefe was taken who plaid the cutpurſe in the court: his fellow was ill miſt, for no doubt he had a walking mate: they drew together like *coach horſes*, and it is pitie they did not hang together." Again, in *Every Woman in her humour*, 1609:

"For wit, ye may be *coach'd* together."

Again, in 10th B. of *Chapman's Tranſlation of Homer:*

"—their chariot horſe, as they *coach-fellows* were."

STEEVENS.

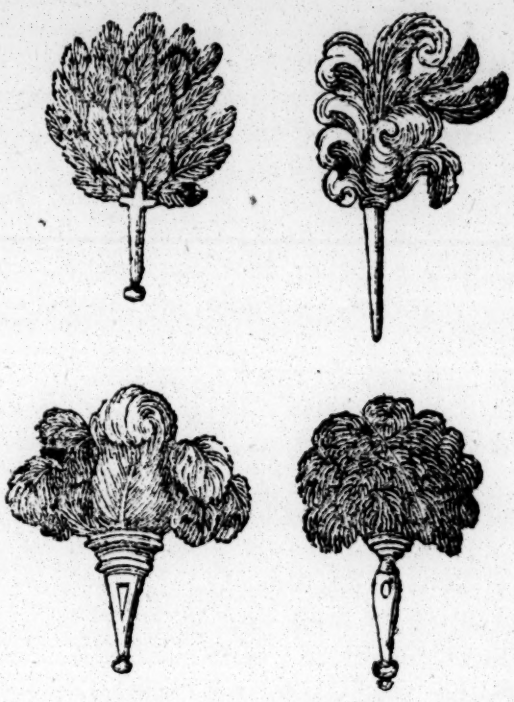
[1] —— *and tall fellows:*—] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant, *a ſtout, bold, or courageous perſon.* In *A Diſcourſe on Uſury*, by Dr. Wilſon, 1584, he ſays, "Here in England, he that can rob a man by the high way, is called a *tall fellow.*" Lord Bacon ſays, "that biſhop Fox cauſed his caſtle of Norham to be fortified, and manned it likewiſe with a very great number of *tall ſoldiers.*" See p. 274. STEEVENS.

[2] —*loſt the handle of her fan,*—] It ſhould be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more coſtly than they are at preſent, as well as of a different conſtruction. They conſiſted of oſtrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility), which were ſtuck into handles. The richer ſort of theſe were compoſed of gold, ſilver, or ivory of curious workmanſhip. One of them is mentioned in *The Fleire*, Com. 1610: "——ſhe hath a fan with a *ſhort ſilver handle*, about the length of a barber's ſyringe." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by ſir W. Davenant, 1649: "All your plate, Vaſo, is the *ſilver handle* of your old priſoner's *fan.*"

In the frontiſpiece to a play, called *Engliſhmen for my Money*, or *A pleaſant Comedy of a Woman will have her Will*, 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of theſe fans, which, after all, may prove the beſt commentary on the paſſage. The three other ſpecimens are taken from the *Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo*, publiſhed at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of *Titian*, and *Ceſare Vecelli*,

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: Think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—[2] A ſhort knife

Vecelli, his brother. This faſhion was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others in the reign of King Henry VIII. if not in that of King Richard II.



STEEVENS.

Thus alſo Marſton, in the *Scourge of Villainie*, lib. iii. ſat. 8:

" ——— Another he
" Her *ſilver-handled* fan would gladly be."

And in other places. And Biſhop Hall, in his *Satires*, publiſhed 1597, lib. v. ſat. 4:

" Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting manne,
" Or buys a hoode, or *ſilver-handled* fanne."

In the Sidney papers, publiſhed by *Collins*, a fan is preſented to queen Elizabeth for a new year's gift, the handle of which was ſtudded with diamonds. WARTON.

It appears from *Marſton's Satires*, that the ſum of 40l. was ſometimes given for a fan in the time of queen Elizabeth.

MALONE.

[2] ——*A ſhort knife and a* throng:—] So Lear: " When cut-purſes come not to *throngs*." WARBURTON.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in *The Moncalf*, to the *Baboon*, ſeems the ſame with this recommended by Falſtaff:

knife and a throng,—to your manor of [3] Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you ſtand

" *He like a gypſy oftentimes would go,*
" *All kinds of gibberiſh he hath learn'd to know:*
" *And with a ſtick, a ſhort ſtring, and a nooſe,*
" *Would ſhow the people tricks at faſt and looſe,*"

Theobald has *throng* inſtead of *thong*. The latter ſeems right. LANGTON.

Both the folio and quarto read *throng*. MALONE.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne*, 1592, ſays: "I had no other ſence but my *ſhort knife*, and a paire of *purſe-ſtrings*." STEEVENS.

See a note on *Anthony and Cleopatra*, that explains the trick of *faſt and looſe*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] ——*Pickt-hatch*,——] A noted place for thieves and pick-pockets. THEOBALD.

Pict-hatch is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So, in B. Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

" From the Bordello it might come as well,
" The Spital, or *Pict-hatch*."

Again, in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, 1638:

" ——— the lordſhip of *Turnbull* ſo
" Which with my *Pict-hatch*, Grange, and Shore-ditch farm, &c."

Pict-hatch was in *Turnbull-ſtreet*:

" ———your whore doth live
" In Pict-hatch, *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Amends for Ladies, a Comedy by N. Field, 1639.

The derivation of the word *Pict-hatch* may perhaps be diſcovered from the following paſſage in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: " —Set ſome *picks* upon your *hatch*, and I pray, profeſs to keep a bawdy-houſe." Perhaps the unſeaſonable and obſtreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age might render ſuch a precaution neceſſary. So in *Pericles P. of Tyre*, 1609: " ———If in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our door *hatch'd*, &c." STEEVENS.

This was a cant name of ſome part of the town noted for bawdy-houſes; as appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Scourge for Villainie*, lib. iii. ſat. 11:

" ———Looke, who yon doth go?
" The meager letcher lewd Luxurio.—
" No newe edition of drabbes come out,
" But ſeene and allow'd by Luxurio's ſnout.
" Did ever any man ere hear him talke
" But of *Pick-hatch*, or of ſome Shoreditch balke,
" Aretine's filth, &c."

Sir

ſtand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconce your rags [4], your cat a-mountain looks, your [5] red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Piſt. I do relent; What wouldſt thou more of man?

Sir T. H. ſays, that this was "a noted harbour for thieves and pickpockets," who certainly were proper companions for a man of Piſtol's profeſſion. But Falſtaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend's vices; and there is ſome humour in calling Piſtol's favourite brothel, his manor of *Pickt-hatch*. Marſton has another alluſion to *Pickt-hatch* or *Pick-hatch*, which confirms this illuſtration:

"———His old cynicke dad
"Hath forc't them cleane forſake his *Pick-hatch* drab."
Lib. i. ſat. 3. WARTON.

[4] ———*enſconce* your rags, &c.] A *ſconce* is a petty fortification. To *enſconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. The word occurs again in *K. Hen.* IV. *Part* I. STEEVENS.

[5] ———*red-lattice phraſes*, —] Your ale-houſe converſation. JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-houſe. So, in *A Fine Companion*, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays:——— "A waterman's widow at the ſign of the *red lattice* in Southwark." Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"— his ſign pulled down, and his *lattice* born away."

Again, in the *Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"—'tis treaſon to the *red lattice*, enemy to the ſign-poſt."

Hence the preſent *chequers*. Perhaps the reader will expreſs ſome ſurprize, when he is told that ſhops, with the ſign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand ſtreet of Pompeii, (No. 9) preſented by Sir William Hamilton (together with ſeveral others, equally curious), to the *Antiquary Society*. STEEVENS.

——— *your* red lattice *phraſes*.] Again, more appoſitely, in *A Strapado for the Divell*, by R. Braithwaite 1615: "To the true diſcoverer of ſecrets, Monſieur *Bacchus*,---Maſter-gunner of the *pottle-pot* ordnance, prime founder of *red-lattices*, &c. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good-morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.
Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Fal. Good maid, then.
Quic. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: What with me?
Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?
Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.
Quic. There is one miſtreſs Ford, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor Caius.
Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs Ford, you ſay,——
Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.
Quic. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!
Fal. Well: miſtreſs Ford;——what of her?
Quic. Why, ſir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worſhip's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!
Fal. Miſtreſs Ford;—come, miſtreſs Ford,——
Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a [6] canaries, as 'tis wonder-

[6] ——*canaries*,——] This is the name of a briſk light dance, and is therefore properly enough uſed in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

wonderful. The beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windſor, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary, Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift: ſmelling ſo ſweetly, (all muſk) and ſo ruſling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms; and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any ſuch ſort as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty;—and, I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been [7] earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe Mercury.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quic.

So, Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſays: "A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if ſhe were dancing the *canaries*." It is highly probable, however, that *canaries* is only a miſtake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*; and yet the Clown, in, *As you like it*, ſays, "we that are true lovers run into ſtrange *capers*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*earls, nay, which is more, penſioners*;——] This may be illuſtrated by a paſſage in Gervaſe Holles's *Life of the Firſt Earl of Clare. Biog. Brit.* Art. HOLLES. "I have heard the earl of Clare ſay, that when he was *penſioner* to the queen, he did not know a worſe man of the whole band than himſelf; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000l. a year." TYRWHITT.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, ſays, that a *penſioner* was "a gentleman about his prince alwaie redie, with his ſpeare." STEEVENS.

"In

Quic. Ay; forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of [8]; —maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very [9] frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſs Page has her hearty

"In the month of December, 1539, ſays Stowe [Annals, p. 973. edit. 1605], were appointed to wait on the King's perſon fifty gentlemen, called *penſioners*, or ſpears, like as they were in the firſt yeare of the king; unto whom was aſſigned the ſumme of fiftie pounds yearly for the mayntenance of themſelves, and every man two horſes, or one horſe and a gelding of ſervice."

Their dreſs was remarkably ſplendid, and therefore likely to ſtrike Mrs. Quickly.—Hence, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, our author ſelected from all the tribes of flowers, the *golden-coated* cowſlips for *penſioners* to the Fairy Queen:

"The cowſlips tall, her *penſioners* be;
"In their *gold coats* ſpots you may ſee, &c."

MALONE.

[8] —you *wot* of——] To *wot* is to know. Obſolete. So in *K. Henry* VIII. "——*wot* you what I found?" STEEVENS.

[9] ——*frampold*——] This word I have never ſeen elſewhere, except in Dr. Hacket's *Life of Archbiſhop Williams*, where a *frampul* man ſignifies a peeviſh troubleſome fellow. JOHNSON.

In *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently ſpelt, appears to be the ſame.

Lax. "Coachman.

Coach. "Anon, ſir!

Lax. "Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?"

Ray, among his *South* and *Eaſt* country words, ſays, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, ſignifies *fretful*, *peeviſh*, *croſs*, *froward*. As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*, ſo may *frampard*.

Naſh, in his *Praiſe of the Red Herring*, 1599, ſpeaking of Leander, ſays: "the churliſh *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fiſh-broth."

So, in *The Inner Temple Maſque*, by Middleton 1619:——"'tis ſo *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it." So, in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green*, by John Day: "I think the fellow's *frample*," &c. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*:

"Is Pompey grown ſo malapert, ſo *frample*?"

STEEVENS.

commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windſor, whoe'er be the other: and ſhe bade me tell your worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo dote upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed!—they have not ſo little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But miſtreſs Page would deſire you [1] to ſend her your little page, of all loves; her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, maſter Page is an honeſt man. Never a wife in Windſor leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windſor, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe,

[1] —— *to ſend her your little page*, of all loves:——] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and ſignifies no more, than if ſhe had ſaid, deſires you to ſend him *by all means*.

It is uſed in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, *Part* I. 1635:—"conjuring his wife, *of all loves*, to prepare cheer fitting," &c. Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, p. 1064: "Mrs. Arden deſired him, *of all loves*, to come backe againe. See Vol. III. p. 60. STEEVENS.

have

have a nay-word [2], that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purſe; I am yet thy debtor.---Boy, go along with this woman.---This news diſtracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Piſt. [3] This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:---
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Piſtol.*

Fal.

[2] ——A *nay-word*,——] i. e. a *watch-word*. So in a ſubſequent ſcene: "—We have a *nay-word* to know one another, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *This* PUNK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize,——] *This* punk *is one of Cupid's carriers*, is a plauſible reading, yet abſurd on examination. For are not all *punks Cupid's carriers?* Shakſpeare certainly wrote:

This PINK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*

And then the ſenſe is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a veſſel of the ſmall crafts employed as a *carrier* (and ſo called) for merchants. Fletcher uſes the word in his *Tamer Tamed:*

"This PINK, this painted foiſt, this cockle-boat,
"To hang her *fights* out, and defy me, friends!
"A well-known man of war."——

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common ſea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his Voyages, p. 66, ſays: "For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have ſpared but a dozen men, doubtleſs we had done with her what we would; for ſhe had no cloſe FIGHTS," i. e. if I underſtand it right, *no ſmall arms*. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either ſmall arms or cannon. So, Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna:*

"Up with your FIGHTS,
"And your *nettings* prepare, &c."

But, not conſidering this, I led the Oxford editor into a ſilly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into *his* text, which is indeed a proper place for it:

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, ſir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah!

"Up with YOND FRIGAT." WARBURTON.

So, in *The Ladies Privilege*, 1640: "Theſe gentlemen know better to cut a caper than a cable, or board a *pink* in the Bordells, than a pinnace at ſea." A ſmall ſalmon is called a ſalmon-*pink*.

Dr. Farmer, however, obſerves, that the word *punk* has been unneceſſarily altered to *pink*. In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, juſtice Overdo ſays of the pig-woman; "She hath been before me, *punk*, *pinnace*, and bawd, any time theſe two and twenty years. STEEVENS.

The quotation from Dryden might at leaſt have raiſed a ſuſpicion that *fights* were neither *ſmall arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *cloaths* hung round the ſhip to conceal the men from the enemy, and *cloſe-fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other ſhelter that the fabrick of a ſhip affords. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called *Fortune by Land and Sea*:——"diſplay'd their enſigns, *up with all their feights*, their matches in their cocks," &c. So, in the *Chriſtian turned Turk*, 1612: "Lace the netting, and let down the *fights*, make ready the ſhot, &c." Again, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"Then now *up with your fights*, and let your enſigns,
"Bleſt with St. George's croſs, play with the winds."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"—— while I were able to endure a tempeſt,
"And bear my *fights* out bravely, till my tackle
"Whiſtled i' th' wind."——

ha!

ha! miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſs'd you? [4] go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford diſguis'd.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir.

Fal. And you, ſir: Would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good maſter Brook, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good ſir John, I ſue for yours: [5] not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, ſir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, ſir John, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, ſir, if you will give me the hearing.

[4] ——*go to*: via!] This cant phraſe of exultation is common in the old plays. So, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable:*

"*Via* for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all." STEEVENS.

Markham uſes this word as one of the vocal helps neceſſary for reviving a horſe's ſpirits in galloping large rings when he grows ſlothful. Hence this cant phraſe (perhaps from the Italian, *via*) may be uſed on other occaſions to quicken or pluck up courage. See Vol. II. 499. TOLLET.

[5] ——*not to charge you*;—] That is, not with a purpoſe of putting you to expence, or *being burthenſome.* JOHNSON.

Fal. Speak, good maſter Brook; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good ſir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know, how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well, ſir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; followed her with a doting obſervance; engroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed[6], I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught to ſay this:

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

[6] —— *meed,*——] i. e. reward. See p. 229. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built upon another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that, though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet, in other places, ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, ſir John, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance [7], authentic in your place and perſon, generally allow'd [8] for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O ſir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, [9] as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this Ford's wife: uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright [1] to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with

[7] —— of *great admittance*,—] i. e. admitted into all, or the greateſt companies. STEEVENS.

[8] —— generally *allowed*———] *Allowed* is *approved*. So in *K. Lear*:

" ——— if your ſweet ſway
" *Allow* obedience, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *to lay an* amiable *ſiege*.] i. e. a ſiege of love. MALONE.

[1] *She's too bright to be look'd againſt*.]
" Nimium lubricus aſpici." *Hor.* MALONE.

any detection in my hand, my desires had [3] instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity [4], her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuck-

[3] —instance *and argument*—] *Instance* is *example.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——the *ward* of her purity,——] i. e. The *defence* of it. STEEVENS.

old's

old's horns: maſter Brook, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhall lye with his wife.—Come to me ſoon at night:—Ford's a knave, [4] and I will aggravate his ſtile; thou, maſter Brook, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean raſcal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon [5] ſounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaſon, well: yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a Fleming with my butter, parſon Hugh the Welchman with my cheeſe, an Iriſhman with my aqua vitæ bottle [6], or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my

[4] ——— *and I will aggravate his* ſtile:—] *Stile* is a phraſe from the Heralds office. Falſtaff means, that *he will add more titles to thoſe he already enjoys.* So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"I will create lord of a greater *ſtyle.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 2.

"As to abandon that which doth contain
"Your honour's *ſtile*, that is, your warlike ſhield."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *Amaimon—Barbaſon,*———] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning theſe dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's *Inventorie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Government, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their ſeveral Seignories and Degrees, a ſtrange Diſcourſe worth the reading*, p. 377, &c. From hence it appears that *Amaimon* was *king of the Eaſt*, and *Barbatos* a great *countie or earl.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——An *Iriſhman* with my *aqua vitæ* bottle,—] Heywood, in

my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſy!—[7] Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falſtaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it;—better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Windſor park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, ſir, that ſir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come:

in his *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, mentions the love of *aqua vitæ* as characteriſtic of the *Iriſh*:

" The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
" The *Iriſh*, *aqua vitæ*."

By *aqua vitæ*, was, I believe, underſtood, not brandy but *uſquebaugh*, for which the Iriſh have been long celebrated. So, in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604:

" The Dutchman for a drunkard,
" The Dane for golden locks,
" The *Iriſhman* for *uſquebaugh*,
" The Frenchman for ——" MALONE.

Dericke in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581. Sign. F 2. mentions *Uſkebeaghe*, and in a note explains it to mean *aqua vitæ* EDITOR.

[7] —*Eleven o'clock*—] Ford ſhould rather have ſaid *ten o'clock*: the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient ſuſpicion was not likely to ſtay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

by

by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, ſir; he knew, your worſhip would kill him.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I will kill him, Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, ſir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, maſter doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good maſter doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foin[8], to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there; to ſee thee paſs thy punto, thy ſtock[9], thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Franciſco? ha, bully! What ſays my

[8] —— to ſee the *foin*,——] To *foin*, I believe, was the ancient term for making a thruſt in fencing, or tilting. So in *The wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638:

" I had my wards, and *foins* and quarter blows."

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

" —— ſuppoſe my duelliſt
" Should falſify the *foine* upon me thus,
" Here will I take him."

Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, often uſes the word *foin*. So in b. ii. c. 8:

" And ſtrook and *foyn'd*, and laſh'd outrageouſly."

Again, in Holinſhed: p. 833: " Firſt ſix *foines* with hand-ſpeares, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] — thy *ſtock*,—] Stock is a corruption of *ſtocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow are likewiſe adopted. STEEVENS.

Æſcu-

Æſculapius? my Galen? [1] my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale [2]? is he dead?

Caius. By gar he is de coward Jack prieſt of the vorld; he is not ſhew his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a [3] Caſtilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear vitneſs that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, maſter doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould

[1] ——*my heart of elder?*——] It ſhould be remember'd, to make this joke reliſh, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I ſuppoſe this expreſſion was made uſe of in oppoſition to the common one, *heart of oak*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——bully *Stale?*——] The reaſon why Caius is called bully *Stale*, and afterwards *Urinal*, muſt be ſufficiently obvious to every reader, and eſpecially to thoſe whoſe credulity and weakneſs have enrolled them among the patients of the preſent *German* empiric, who calls himſelf *Doctor* Alexander Mayerſbach. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Caſtilian*——] Sir T. Hanmer reads *Cardalian*, as uſed corruptedly for *Cœur de lion*. JOHNSON.

Caſtilian and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. So, in a deſcription of the *Armada* introduced in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

" To carry as it were a careleſs regard
" Of theſe *Caſtilians*, and their accuſtom'd bravado."

Again:—" To parly with the proud *Caſtilians*."

I ſuppoſe *Caſtilian* was the cant term for *Spaniard* in general. STEEVENS.

" Thou art a *Caſtilian king*, Urinal!" quoth mine hoſt to Dr. Caius. I believe this was a popular ſlur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the buſineſs of the *Armada*. Thus we have a *Treatiſe Paræuetical, wherein is ſhewed the right way to reſiſt the* Caſtilian king: and a ſonnet, prefixed to *Lea's Anſwer to the Untruths publiſhed in Spain, in glorie of their ſuppoſed Victory atchieved againſt our Engliſh Navie*, begins:

" Thou fond *Caſtilian king!*" and ſo in other places. FARMER.

Dr.

ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair [4] of your profeſſions: is it not true, maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, maſter Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, maſter Page, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

Page. 'Tis true, maſter Shallow.

Sha. It will be found ſo, maſter Page. Maſter doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhew'd yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir Hugh hath ſhewn himſelf a wiſe and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt juſtice:—A word, monſieur [5] mock-water.

Caius.

Dr. Farmer's obſervation is juſt. Don Philip the Second affected the title of King of Spain; but the realms of Spain would not agree to it, and only ſtyled him King of *Caſtile* and Leon, &c. and ſo he wrote himſelf. His cruelty and ambitious views upon other ſtates rendered him univerſally deteſted. The *Caſtilians*, being deſcended chiefly from Jews and Moors, were deemed to be of a malign and perverſe diſpoſition; and hence, perhaps, the term *Caſtilian* became opprobrious. I have exracted this note from an old pamphlet, called *The Spaniſh Pilgrime*, which I have reaſon to ſuppoſe is the ſame diſcourſe with the *Treatiſe Paræneticall*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer. TOLLET.

[4] ——againſt the *hair*, &c.] This phraſe is proverbial, and is taken from ſtroking the *hair* of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows—We now ſay againſt the *grain*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*mock-water*.] The hoſt means, I believe, to reflect on the inſpection of urine, which made a conſiderable part of practical phyſick in that time; yet I do not well ſee the meaning of *mock-water*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps by *mock-water* is meant—*counterfeit*. The *water* of a gem is a technical term. So in *Timon*, act I. ſc. i: "——here is a *water*, look you." *Mock-water* may therefore ſignify *a thing of counterfeit luſtre*. To *mock*, however, in *Antony and Cleopatra*,

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Engliſhman: — Scurvy-jack-dog-prieſt! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-law! vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully,—But firſt, maſter gueſt and maſter Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aſide to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there: ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good maſter doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hoſt. Let him die: but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where miſtreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her[6]: Cry'd game, ſaid I well?

Caius.

undoubtedly ſignifies to *play with*. Shakſpeare may therefore chuſe to repreſent Caius as one to whom a *urinal* was a play-thing.

Dr. Farmer propoſes to read *muck-water*, i. e. the drain of a dunghill. STEEVENS.

[6] In old editions,

—— *I will bring thee where Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her:* CRY'D GAME, *ſaid I well?*] Mr. Theobald

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure-a you de good gueſt, de

Theobald alters this nonſenſe to *try'd game*; that is, to nonſenſe of a worſe complexion. Shakſpeare wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *ſaid I well?* i. e. conſent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good propoſal? for *to cry aim* ſignifies to conſent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play: *And to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall* CRY AIM, i. e. approve them. And again, in *King John*, act II. ſc. ii:

" It ill becomes this preſence to CRY AIM
" To theſe ill-tuned repetitions."

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phraſe was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to ſhoot at the butts (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe, of that time), the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, act V. make the Duke ſay:

" ——— *muſt I cry* AIME
" To this unheard of inſolence?" ———

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the requeſt of the duel, which one of his ſubjects had inſolently demanded againſt the other. —— But here it is remarkable, that the ſenſeleſs editors, not knowing what to make of the phraſe, *Cry aim*, read it thus:

" ——— muſt I cry AI-ME,"

as if it was a note of interjection. So again, Maſſinger, in his *Guardian*:

" I will CRY AIM, and in another room
" Determine of my vengeance" ——

And again, in his *Renegado*:

" ———to play the pander
" To the viceroy's looſe embraces, and CRY AIM,
" While he by force or flattery" ——

But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game*; and his improvements of Shakſpeare's language abound with theſe modern elegancies of ſpeech, ſuch *as mynheers, bull-baitings*, &c.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of *cry aim*, and in ſuppoſing that the phraſe was taken from *archery*; but is certainly wrong in the particular practice which he aſſigns for the original of it. It ſeems to have been the office of the *aim-crier*, to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper diſtance of his mark, or in a direct line with it, and to point out why he failed to ſtrike it. So, in *All's loſt by Luſt*, 1633:

" He *gives* me *aim*, I am three bows too ſhort;
" I'll come up nearer next time."

de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my pa-tients.

Hoſt.

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" I'll *give aim* to you,
" And tell how near you ſhoot."

Again, in the *Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Rowley and Middleton, 1653: " Though I am no great mark in reſpect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you, great bobbers have ſhot at me, and ſhot golden arrows; but I myſelf *gave aim* thus:——wide, four bows; ſhort, three and a half,: &c." Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque* (no date) " We'll ſtand by, and *give aim*, and holoo if you hit the clout" Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607: " Thou ſmiling *aim-crier* at princes' fall." Again, *ibid.* ——" while her own creatures, like *aim criers*, beheld her miſchance with nothing but lip-pity." In Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 402, a book is mentioned, called *Ayme for Finſburie Archers*, or an Alphabetical Table of the name of every *Mark* in the ſame Fields, with their *true Diſtances*, both by the Map and the Dimenſuration of the Line, &c. 1594." Shakſpeare uſes the phraſe again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ſcene the laſt, where it undoubtedly means to *encourage*:

" Behold her that *gave aim* to all thy vows."

So, in *The Palſgrave*, by W. Smith, 1615:

" Shame to us all if we *give aim* to that."

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

" A mother to *give aim* to her own daughter!"

Again, in *Fenton's Tragical Diſcourſes*, bl. l. 1567. "——Standyng rather in his window to—*crye ayme*, than helpyng any waye to part the fraye," p. 165. b.

The original and literal meaning of this expreſſion, may be aſcertained from ſome of the foregoing examples, and its figurative one from the reſt; for, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, it can mean nothing in theſe latter inſtances, but to *conſent to*, *approve*, or *encourage*.——It is not, however, the reading of *Shakſpeare* in the paſſage before us, and therefore, we muſt ſtrive to produce ſome ſenſe from the words which we find there——*cry'd game*.

We yet ſay, in colloquial language, that ſuch a one is—*game*—or *game to the back*. There is ſurely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with ſuch ſeverity. *Cry'd game* might mean, in thoſe days—a *profeſs'd buck*, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by *proclamation*. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" On whoſe bright creſt, fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
" *Cries*, this is he."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, act II. ſc. i:

" ——find

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward Anne Page; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good maſter Slender's ſerving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for maſter Caius, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, ſir, [7] the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way; old Windſor way, and every way but the town way.

" ——find what you ſeek,
" That fame may *cry you loud.*"

Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

" A gull, an arrant gull *by proclamation.*"

Again, in *King Lear*: " ——A *proclaim'd* prize." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" Thou art *proclaim'd* a fool, I think."

Cock of the game, however, is not, as Dr. Warburton pronounces it, a *modern elegancy of ſpeech*, for it is found in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602: b. xii. c. 74. " This *cocke of game*, and (as might ſeeme) this hen of that ſame fether." Again, in the *Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" On craven chicken of a *cock o' th' game.*"

And in many other places. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the Pitty wary,*——] The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that anſwers to either name at Windſor. The author might poſſibly have written the *City-ward*, i. e. towards London. *Petty-ward* might, however, ſignify ſome ſmall diſtrict in the town which is now forgotten. STEEVENS.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Sim. I will, ſir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I ſhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings.*

[s] *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*
Melodious birds ſing madrigals;

There

[s] *By ſhallow rivers*, &c] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the anſwer to it, the reader will not be diſpleaſed to find here.

The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roſes
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold:
A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy ſilver diſhes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning:

If

There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.
By ſhallow —

Mercy

If theſe delights thy mind may move *,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come:
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.
Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
What ſhould we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
Theſe are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath bleſs'd, and ſent for food.
But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Theſe two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakſpeare, are, by writers nearer that time, diſpoſed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh. They are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In *England's Helicon*, a collection of love-verſes printed in Shakſpeare's life-time, viz. in 1600, the firſt of them is given to Marlow,

* The concluſion of this and the following poem ſeem to have furniſhed Milton with the hint for the laſt lines both of his *Allegro* and *Penſeroſo*.

Mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry.

Melodious

Marlow, the ſecond to a perſon unknown; and Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, obſerves, that there is good reaſon to believe that (not Shakſpeare, but) Chriſtopher Marlow wrote the ſong, and Sir Walter Raleigh the *Nymph's Reply*; for ſo we are poſitively aſſured by Iſaac Walton, a writer of ſome credit, who has inſerted them both in his *Compleat Angler*, under the character of "That ſmooth ſong which was made by *Kit Marlow*, now at leaſt fifty years ago; and an *anſwer* to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days..... Old faſhioned poetry, but choicely good." See the *Reliques*, &c. vol. I. p. 218, 221, third edit.

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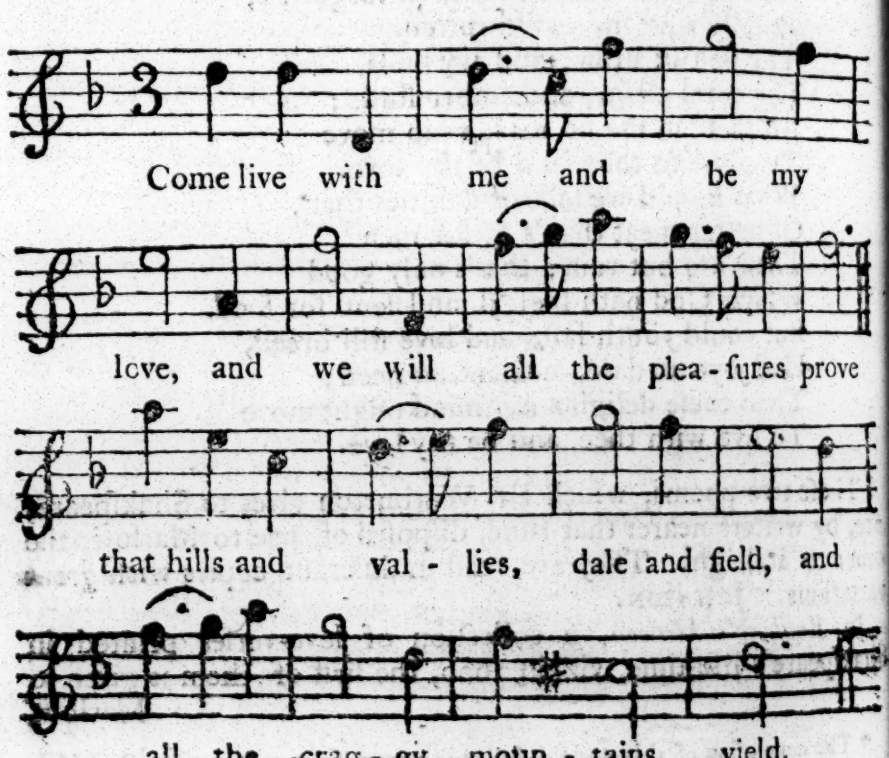
"Thou in thoſe groves, by Dis above,
"*Shalt live with me, and be my love.*" STEEVENS.

The tune to which the former was ſung, I have lately diſcovered in a MS. as old as Shakſpeare's time, and it is as follows:



Sir J. HAWKINS.

Melodious birds ſing madrigals;—
[9] When as I ſat in Babylon——
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.
By ſhallow——

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, ſir Hugh.
Eva. He's welcome:——

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls——

Heaven proſper the right!—What weapons is he?
Simp. No weapons, ſir: There comes my maſter, maſter Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ſtile, this way.
Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter parſon? Good-morrow, good ſir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.
Slen. Ah, ſweet Anne Page!
Page. Save you, good ſir Hugh!
Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you!
Shal. What! the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

[9] *When as I ſat in Babylon*——] This line is from the old verſion of the 137th Pſalm:

"*When we did ſit in Babylon,*
"The *rivers* round about,
"Then in remembrance for Sion,
"The tears for grief burſt out."

The word *rivers*, in the ſecond line, may be ſuppoſed to have been brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of Marlowe's Madrigal, that he has juſt repeated; and in his fright he blends the ſacred and prophane ſong together. The old quarto has—— "There liv'd a man *in Babylon*,"——which was the firſt line of an old ſong, mentioned in *Twelfth Night:* but the other line is more in character. MALONE.

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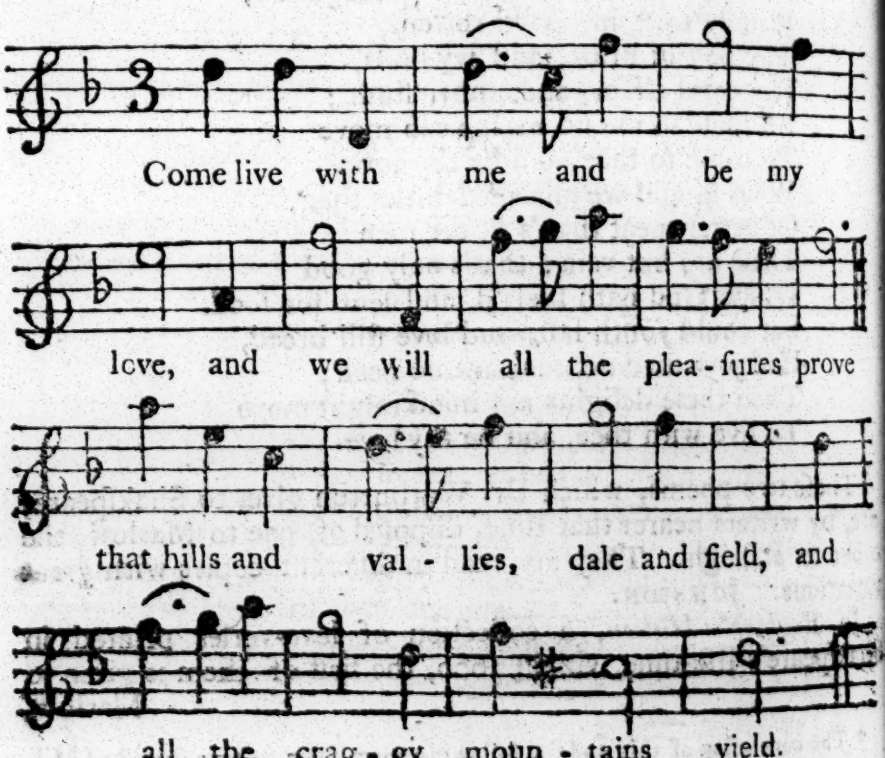

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Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter parſon.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; maſter doctor Caius, the renowned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave, as you would deſires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

Enter Hoſt, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons:—Keep them aſunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good maſter parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtogs to other men's humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs,[1] for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtians ſoul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch[2], ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I loſe my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I loſe my parſon? my prieſt? my ſir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtial; ſo:—Give me thy hand, celeſtial: ſo.—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue.——Come, lay their ſwords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

[1] ——*for miſſing your meetings and appointments.*] Theſe words, which are not in the folio, were recovered from the early quarto, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *Peace, I ſay,* Gallia *and* Gaul, *French* and *Welch*,——] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *Gallia* and *Wallia*: but it is objected that *Wallia* is not eaſily corrupted into *Gaul*. Poſſibly the word was written *Guallia*. FARMER.

Thus, in *K. Hen.* VI. *Gualtier* for *Walter*. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1602, confirms Dr. Farmer's conjecture. It reads——Peace I ſay, *Gawle* and *Gawlia*, French and Welch, &c. MALONE.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Hoſt.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you [3] make-a de ſot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog.—I deſire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame [4] ſcald, ſcurvy, cogging companion, the hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promiſe to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles:—Pray you follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſtreet in Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

[3] ——make de *ſot* of us?] *Sot*, in French, ſignifies *a fool*. MALONE.

[4] ——ſcall, *ſcurvy*,]—— *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *ſcab* was afterwards.

Chaucer imprecates on his *ſcrivener*:

"Under thy longe lockes mayeſt thou have the *ſcalle*."

JOHNSON.

Scall, as Dr. J. interprets it, is a ſcab breaking out in the hair, and approaching nearly to the leproſy. It is uſed by other writers of Shakſpeare's time. You will find what was to be done by perſons afflicted with it by looking into Leviticus, 13 ch. v. 30, 31, and ſeqq. WHALLEY.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, ſir, to ſee your wife; Is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be ſure of that,—two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falſtaff.

Ford. Sir John Falſtaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is ſuch a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, ſir;—I am ſick, 'till I ſee her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve ſcore. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage; and now ſhe's going to my wife, and Falſtaff's boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind!—and Falſtaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modeſty

from

from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs Page [5], divulge Page himſelf for a ſecure and wilful Actæon; and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim [6]. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find Falſtaff: I ſhall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that Falſtaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, maſter Ford.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, maſter Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, ſir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. [7] We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, maſter Slender; I ſtand wholly for you:—but my wife, maſter doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young maſter Fenton? he

[5] ——ſo *ſeeming* miſtreſs Page,——] *ſeeming* is *ſpecious*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"If ought within that little *ſeeming* ſubſtance."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— ſhall *cry aim*.] i. e. ſhall *encourage*. The phraſe is taken from archery: See a note on the firſt ſcene of this act, and another in *K. John*, act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[7] *We have linger'd*——] They have not linger'd very long. The match was propoſed by Sir Hugh but the day before.

JOHNSON.

Shallow repreſents the affair as having been *long in hand*, that he may better excuſe himſelf and *Slender* from accepting *Ford's* invitation on the day when it was to be concluded. STEEVENS.

capers,

capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, [8] he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day [9], he ſmells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; [1] 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page, Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is [2] of no having: he kept company with

[8] —— *he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day*,—] i. e. in an high-flown, fuſtian ſtyle. It was called *a holy-day ſtyle*, from the old cuſtom of acting their farces of the *myſteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombaſt, on holy-days. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*——"I cannot woo in *feſtival terms*." And again, in *The Merchant of Venice*——"thou ſpend'ſt ſuch *high-day wit* in praiſing him." WARBURTON.

[9] ——he ſpeaks *holy day*,—] So in *K. Hen.* IV. *P.* I. "With many *holiday* and lady terms." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*'tis in his buttons*;——] Alluding to an ancient cuſtom among the country fellows, of trying whether they ſhould ſucceed with their miſtreſſes, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whoſe flowers reſemble a coat button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad ſucceſs by their growing, or their not growing there. SMITH.

Greene mentions theſe *batchelor's buttons* in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*:——"I ſaw the *batchelor's buttons*, whoſe virtue is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worne them forty weeks under their aprons, &c."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?"

Again, in *The Conſtant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640:

"I am a *batchelor*.

"I pray, let me be one of your *buttons* ſtill then."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617:

"I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* ſtill."

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632:

"Go, go and reſt on Venus' violets; ſhew her

"A dozen of *batchelor's buttons*, boy."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606: "Here's my huſband, and no *batchelor's buttons* are at his doublet." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*of no* having:——] *Having* is the ſame as *eſtate* or *fortune*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Again, *Twelfth Night*.

"——My having is not much,

"I'll make diviſion of my preſent ſtore,

"Hold, there is half my coffer." STEEVENS.

the

the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter.—Maſter doctor, you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon,

Hoſt. [3] Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight

[3] Hoſt. *Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.*

Ford. [Aſide.] *I think, I ſhall drink* IN PIPE-*wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance.*——] To *drink in pipe-wine* is a phraſe which I cannot underſtand. May we not ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare rather wrote, *I think I ſhall drink* HORN-PIPE *wine firſt with him: I'll make him* dance?

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both ſenſes; but, for an obvious reaſon, makes the dance a *horn-pipe*. It has been already remarked, that Shakſpeare has frequent alluſions to a *cuckold's horns*. TYRWHITT.

Pipe is known to be a veſſel of wine, now containing two hogſheads. *Pipe*-wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word, which ſignifies both a caſk of wine, and a muſical inſtrument. JOHNSON.

The phraſe,—"to drink *in* pipe-wine"—always appeared to me a very ſtrange one, till I met with the following paſſage in King James's firſt ſpeech to his parliament, in 1604; by which it appears that "to drink *in*" was the phraſeology of the time: "——who either being old have retained their firſt drunken-*in* liquor upon a certain ſhame-facedneſs, &c." MALONE.

I have ſeen the phraſe often in books of Shakſpeare's time, but neglected to mark the paſſages. The following, however, though of ſomewhat later authority, will confirm Mr. Malone's obſervation. "A player acting upon a ſtage a man killed; but being troubled with an extream cold, as he was lying upon the ſtage

knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aſide.*] I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Ford's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and ſervants with a baſket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-baſket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:——What, Robin, I ſay.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe; and when I ſuddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

ſtage fell a coughing; the people laughing, he ruſhed up, ran off the ſtage, ſaying, thus it is for a man to *drink-in* his porridg, for then he will be ſure to cough in his grave." *Jocabella, or a Cabinet of Conceits*, by Robert Chamberlaine, 1640, N° 84.

EDITOR.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. [4] How now, my eyas-muſket? what news with you?

Rob. My maſter ſir John is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs Ford; and requeſts your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent [5], have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: My maſter knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

[4] *How now, my eyas-muſket?*——] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk; I ſuppoſe from the Italian *Niaſo*, which originally ſignified any young bird taken from the neſt unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and uſed it in both thoſe ſignifications; to which they added a third, metaphorically *a ſilly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais*, *un niais*. *Muſket* ſignifies a *ſparrow hawk*, or the ſmalleſt ſpecies of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muſchetto*, a ſmall hawk, as appears from the original ſignification of the word, namely, *a troubleſome ſtinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-muſket* is very intelligible. WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608; "—no hawk ſo haggard but will ſtoop to the lure: no *nieſſe* ſo ramage but will be reclaimed to the lunes." *Eyas-muſket* is the ſame as *infant Liliputian*. Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c.——

"—— youthful gay
"Like *eyas-hauke*, up mounts into the ſkies,
"His newly budded pinions to eſſay."

In the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*, bl. l. no date, is the following derivation of the word; but whether true or erroneous, is not for me to determine: "An hauk is called an *eyſſe* from her *eyen*. For an hauke that is brought up under a buſſarde or puttock, as many ben, have watry *eyen*, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] —*Jack-a-lent*,—] A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like ſhrove-cocks. So, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1618:

"A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*."

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

"Now you old *Jack of Lent*, ſix weeks and upwards."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "—for if a boy, that is throwing at his *Jack o' Lent*, chance to hit me on the ſhins, &c." See a note on the laſt ſcene of this comedy. STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do ſo:—Go tell thy maſter, I am alone. Miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then;—we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays [6].

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel* [7]? Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough [8]; this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O ſweet ſir John!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs Ford. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, ſir John! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou haſt the right arched bent [9] of the brow, [1] that becomes

[6] ——from *jays.*] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— ſome *jay* of Italy,

" Whoſe mother was her painting, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*] This is the firſt line of the ſecond ſong in Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella.* TOLLET.

[8] —*Why, now let me die; for I have lived long enough;* ———] This ſentiment, which is of ſacred origin, is here indecently introduced. It appears again, with ſomewhat leſs of profaneneſs, in the *Winter's Tale*, act IV. and in *Othello*, act II. STEEVENS.

[9] —arched *bent*——] Thus the quartos 1602, and 1619. The folio reads——arched *beauty.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*that becomes the ſhip tire, the tire-*VALIANT, *or any* Venetian attire.] The old quarto reads, *tire-vellet*, and the old folio reads, *or any tire of Venetian admittance.* So that the true reading of the whole is this, *that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-*VALIANT, *or any*

comes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs.

any tire of Venetian admittance. The ſpeaker tells his miſtreſs, ſhe had a face that would become all the head dreſſes in faſhion. The *ſhip-tire* was an open head dreſs, with a kind of ſcarf depending from behind. Its name of *ſhip-tire* was, I preſume, from its giving the wearer ſome reſemblance of *a ſhip* (as Shakſpeare ſays) *in all her trim:* with all her pennants out, and flags and ſtreamers flying. Thus Milton, in *Sanſon Agoniſtes*, paints Dalila:

" But who is this, that thing of ſea or land?
" Female of ſex it ſeems,
" That ſo bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
" Comes this way ſailing
" Like a ſtately ſhip
" Of Tarſus, bound for the iſles
" Of Javan or Gadier,
" With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
" Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
" Courted by all the winds that hold them play."

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wit without Money*:—" She ſpreads ſattens as the king's ſhips do canvas every where, ſhe may ſpace her miſen, &c." This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I ſuſpect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dreſs: I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ſhip-tire* was an *open* head-dreſs, ſo the *tire-vailant* was a *cloſe* one; in which the head and breaſt were covered as with a *veil*. And theſe were, in fact, the two different head-dreſſes then in faſhion, as we may ſee by the pictures of that time: One of which was ſo open, that the whole neck, breaſts, and ſhoulders, were opened to view: the other, ſo ſecurely incloſed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be ſeen above the eyes, or below the chin. WARBURTON.

In the fifth act, Fenton mentions that his miſtreſs is to meet him,—

" With ribbons *pendant* flaring 'bout her head."

This, it is highly probable, was what is here called the *ſhip-tire*. MALONE.

——— *or any Venetian* attire.] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here uſed for a woman's *head-dreſs:* whereas it ſignifies the dreſs of any part. We ſhould read, therefore, *or any* 'tire *of Venetian admittance.* For the word *attire*, reduced by the apharesis, to *'tire*, takes a new ſignification, and means only the head dreſs. Hence *tire-woman*, for a dreſſer of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the ſentence, this may be ſeen by a paraphraſe of the whole ſpeech.—

Your

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, ſir John: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor [2] to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. [3] I ſee what thou wert, if fortune

Your face is ſo good, ſays the ſpeaker, that it would become any head-dreſs worn at court, either the open or the cloſe, or indeed any rich and faſhionable one worth adorning with Venetian point, or *which will admit to be adorned*. [Of Venetian admittance.] The faſhionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point*.

WARBURTON.

This note is plauſible, except in the explanation of *Venetian admittance:* but I am afraid this whole ſyſtem of dreſs is unſupported by evidence. JOHNSON.

——— *of Venetian admittance.*] i. e. of a faſhion received from Venice. So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606, by Decker and Webſter: "——now ſhe's in, that Italian *head-tire* you ſent her." Dr. Farmer propoſes to read——"of Venetian remittance." Dr. Warburton might have found the ſame reading in the quarto, 1630. Inſtead of *tire-valiant*, I would read *tire-volant*. Stubbs, who deſcribes moſt minutely every article of female-dreſs, has mentioned none of theſe terms, but ſpeaks of vails depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in looſe folds. The word *volant* was in uſe before the age of Shakſpeare. I find it in *Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion*, 1537:

"high *volant* in any thing divine."

Tire vellet, in the old 4to, may be printed, as Mr. Tollet obſerves, by miſtake, for tire-*velvet*. We know that *velvet-hoods* were worn in the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Among the preſents ſent by the Queen of Spain to the Queen of England, in April 1606, was a *velvet* cap with gold buttons.

MALONE.

[2] ——— a *traitor*———] i. e. to thy own merit. STEEVENS.

The folio reads: thou art a *tyrant* to ſay ſo. MALONE.

[3] ——*fortune thy foe.*] "Was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind, through the caprice of fortune. See note on *The Cuſtom of the Country*, A 1. S 1. by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves, that this ballad is mentioned again in a comedy by John Tatham, printed 1660, called *The Rump, or Mirror of the Times*, wherein a Frenchman is introduced at the bonfire made for the burning of the rumps, and, catching hold of Priſcilla, will oblige her to dance, and orders the muſick to play *Fortune my Foe*. See alſo *Lingua*, Vol. V. Dodſley's collection, p. 188; and *Tom Eſſence*,

tune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury [4] in ſimple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford! here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

1677, p. 37. The author of *The Remarks* obſerves, that the tune is the identical air now known by the ſong of *Death and the Lady*, to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been uſually chanted for upwards of theſe two hundred years. EDITOR.

The firſt and ſecond folio read:—I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy friend. The paſſage is not in the early quarto.

[4] ——like *Bucklers-bury*, &c.] *Bucklers-bury*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggiſts, who ſold all kind of herbs, green as well as dry. STEEVENS.

So, in Decker's *Weſtward Hoe*, a comedy, 1607: "Go into *Buckler's bury*, and fetch me two ounces of *preſerved meloones*, look there be no tobacco taken in the ſhop when he weighs it." Again, in the ſame play: "Run into *Buckler's-bury* for two ounces of *dragon-water*, ſome *ſpermaceti*, and *treacle*. MALONE.

Fal.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.— [*Falſtaff hides himſelf.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? you're ſham'd you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, miſtreſs Ford! having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?—Out upon you!—how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder[5].—[*Aſide*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you; if you know yourſelf clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo

[5] *Speak louder* ——] i. e. that Falſtaff who is retired may hear. This paſſage is only found in the two elder quartos. STEEVENS.

much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, ſend him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't! O let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counſel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What ſir John Falſtaff? Are theſe your letters knight?

Fal. [6] I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: Call your men, miſtreſs Ford:—You diſſembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go take up theſe clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, [7] how you drumble: carry them to the laundreſs in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter

[6] I love thee——*and none but thee*;] The words printed in italicks, which are characteriſtick, and ſpoken aſide, deſerve to be reſtored from the old quarto. He had uſed the ſame words before to Mrs. Ford. MALONE.

[7] ——*how you drumble:*——] The reverend Mr. Lamb, the editor of the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Flodden*, obſerves, that——*look how you drumble*, means——*how confuſed you are*; and that in the North, *drumbled* ale is *muddy*, *diſturbed ale*. Thus, a Scottiſh proverb in Ray's collection:

"It is good fiſhing in *drumbling* waters."

Again,

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; [8] and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, this word occurs: "—gray-beard *drumbling* over a diſcourſe." Again: "—your fly in a boxe is but a *drumble*-bee in compariſon of it." Again: "—this *drumbling* courſe."

STEEVENS.

To *drumble*, in Devonſhire, ſignifies to mutter in a ſullen and inarticulate voice. No other ſenſe of the word will either explain this interrogation, or the paſſages adduced in Mr. Steevens's note. To *drumble and drone* are often uſed in connexion.

HENLEY.

A *drumble* drone, in the weſtern dialect, ſignifies a drone or humble-bee. MALONE.

[8] ——*And of the ſeaſon too it ſhall* appear.] I would point differently.

And of the ſeaſon too;——it ſhall appear.

Ford ſeems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: "And ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *peer* out, *peer* out." MALONE.

I am ſatisfied with the old punctuation. In the *Rape of Lucrece*, our poet makes his heroine compare herſelf to an "*unſeaſonable doe*;" and, in Blunt's *Cuſtoms of Manors*, p. 168, is the ſame phraſe employed by Ford.——"A bukke delivered him *of ſeaſſone*, by the woodmaſter and keepers of Needwoode." STEEVENS.

out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me ſtop this way firſt;—[9] So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page.—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of Falſtaff's being here; for I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

[9] ——*So now uncape.*] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which ſignifies to dig out the fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to ſay, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The alluſion in the foregoing ſentence is to the ſtopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncape* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. I ſuppoſe every one has heard of a *bag-fox*. STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs Quickly, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be ſent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the reſt at a diſtance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:——You uſe me well, maſter Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourſelf mighty wrong, maſter Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heaven forgive my ſins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, maſter Ford! are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not have your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windſor Caſtle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, maſter Page: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a 'omans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done

this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh: ſhall it be ſo?

Fort. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall mak-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth[1]:—for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, maſter Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar vit all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Page's houſe.

Enter Fenton and Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Fent. I ſee, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth:
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible

[1] *In your teeth:*——] This dirty reſtoration was made by Mr. Theobald. Evans's application of the doctor's words is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

I ſhould

I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy [2] father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle maſter Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love; ſtill ſeek it, ſir:
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Miſtreſs Anne go apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs Quickly; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

[4] *Slen.* I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

[2] ——*father's wealth*] Some light may be given to thoſe who ſhall endeavour to calculate the increaſe of Engliſh wealth, by obſerving, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's proſperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, ſeven hundred pounds were ſuch a temptation to courtſhip, as made all other motives ſuſpected. Congreve makes twelve thouſand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet would now fly his favourite character at leſs than fifty thouſand. JOHNSON.

[3] *If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit*] Dr. Thirlby imagines, that our author with more propriety wrote,

If importunity *and humbleſt ſuit.*

I have not ventur'd to diſturb the text, becauſe it may mean, "If the frequent opportunities you find of ſolliciting my father, and your obſequiouſneſs to him, cannot get him over to your party, &c" THEOBALD.

[4] *I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't.*] *To make a bolt or a ſhaft of a thing* is enumerated by *Ray*, amongſt others, in his collection of proverbial phraſes. *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 179, Edin. 1742.

EDITOR.

Shal.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quic. Hark ye; maſter Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aſide.*

Quic. And how does good maſter Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, miſtreſs Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell miſtreſs Anne the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, [5] come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'ſquire.

Shal.

[5] —— come *cut* and *long tail.*——] i. e. come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himſelf as my rival. The following is the origin of the phraſe. According to the foreſt laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog among other modes of diſabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog ſo cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore ſignified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman.

Again, in *The firſt part of the Eighth liberal Science, entituled, Ars Adulandi, &c. deviſed and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel*, 1576: "—yea, even their very *dogs*, Rug, Rig, and Riſbie, yea, *cut and long-taile*, they ſhall be welcome." STEEVENS.

——come *cut* and *long-tail*,—] I can ſee no meaning in this phraſe. Slender promiſes to make his miſtreſs a gentlewoman, and probably means to ſay, he will deck her in a gown of the *court-cut*, and with a *long* train or *tail*. In the comedy of *Eaſtward Hoe*, is this paſſage: "The one muſt be ladyfied forſooth, and be attired juſt

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

juſt to the *court cut* and *long tayle*;" which ſeems to juſtify our reading———*Court* cut and long tail. SIR J. HAWKINS.

——*Come cut and long-tail.*] This phraſe is often found in old plays, and ſeldom, if ever, with any variation. The change therefore propoſed by ſir John Hawkins cannot be received without great violence to the text. Whenever the words occur, they always bear the ſame meaning, and that meaning is obvious enough without any explanation. The origin of the phraſe may however admit of ſome diſpute, and it is by no means certain that the account of it, here adopted by Mr. Steevens from Dr. Johnſon, is well-founded. That there ever exiſted ſuch a mode of diſqualifying dogs by the laws of the foreſt as is here aſſerted, cannot be acknowledged without evidence, and no authority is quoted to prove that ſuch a cuſtom at any time prevailed. The writers on this ſubject are totally ſilent as far as they have come to my knowledge. *Manhood*, who wrote on the Foreſt Laws before they were entirely diſuſed, mentions *expeditation* or cutting off three claws of the fore-foot, as the *only* manner of lawing dogs; and with his account the *Charter of the Foreſt* ſeems to agree. Were I to offer a conjecture, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the phraſe originally referred to horſes, which might be denominated *cut and long tail*, as they were curtailed of this part of their bodies, or allowed to enjoy its full growth; and this might be practiſed according to the difference of their value, or the uſes to which they were put. In this view, *cut and long tail* would include the whole ſpecies of horſes good and bad. In ſupport of this opinion it may be added, that formerly a *cut* was a word of reproach in vulgar colloquial abuſe, and I believe is never to be found applied to horſes but to thoſe of the worſt kind. After all, if any authority can be produced to countenance Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I ſhall be very ready to retract every thing that is here ſaid. See alſo note on *the Match at midnight*. Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. VII. p, 424, Edit. 1780. EDITOR.

The laſt converſation I had the honour to enjoy with ſir William Blackſtone was on this ſubject; and by a ſeries of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient *Foreſt Laws*, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genuſciſſion*, being the only eſtabliſhed and technical modes ever uſed for diſabling the canine ſpecies. Part of the *tails* of ſpaniels indeed are generally *cut off* (*ornamenti gratia*) while they are puppies, ſo that (admitting a looſe deſcription) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phraſe of *cut and long-tail*, and every rank of people in the ſame expreſſion, if metaphorically uſed. STEEVENS.

Shal.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter Slender.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean, maſter Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole[6]! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Miſtreſs Page.

Page. Now, maſter Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why how now! what does maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, ſir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, ſir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good maſter Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter Fenton.
Come, maſter Shallow;—come, ſon Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs Page.

[6] ——*happy man be his dole!*] a proverbial expreſſion. See Ray's collection, p. 116. edit. 1737. Alſo, Vol. III. 444. IV. 312. V. 323. STEEVENS.

Fent. Good miſtreſs Page, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter doctor.

[7] *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourſelf: Good maſter Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy;
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, ſir;—She muſt needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewell, gentle miſtreſs; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now;—Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a [8] fool, and a phyſician? Look on maſter Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent.

[7] Anne. *Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i' the earth,*
And bowl'd to death with turnips.] Can we think the ſpeaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be ſure the laſt line ſhould be given to the procureſs, Quickly, who would mock the young woman's averſion for her maſter the doctor. WARBURTON.

———*be ſet quick i' the earth,*
And bowl'd to death with turnips.]

This is a common proverb in the ſouthern counties. I find almoſt the ſame expreſſion in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair:* "Would I had been *ſet in the ground*, all but the head of me, and had *my brains bowl'd at.*" COLLINS.

[8] ——*fool, and a phyſician?*] I ſhould read *fool* or a *phyſician*, meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

Sir Tho. Hanmer reads according to Dr. Johnſon's conjecture. This may be right.——Or my Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *phyſician*; but ſhe aſſerts her maſter to be both. FARMER.

So,

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night[9] give my ſweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit*

Quic. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs Anne; or I would maſter Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but ſpeciouſly[1] for maſter Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; What a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.—

Bard. Here, ſir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Ex. Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be ſerv'd ſuch another

So, in *Microcoſmus*, a maſque by Nabbes, 1637:

"*Choler.* Phlegm's a *fool.*

"*Melan.* Or a *phyſician.*"

Again, in a *Maidenhead well loſt*, 1632:

"No matter whether I be a *fool* or a *phyſician.*"

Mr. Dennis of iraſcible memory, who altered this play, and brought it on the ſtage, in the year 1702, under the title of *The Comical Gallant*, (when, thanks to the alterer, it was fairly damn'd) has introduced the proverb at which Mrs. Quickly's alluſion appears to be pointed. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*once* to-night——] i. e. *ſometime* to-night. So in a letter from the ſixth earl of Northumberland (quoted in the notes on the houſehold book of the fifth earl of that name): "—notwithſtanding I truſt to be able *ons* to ſet up a chapell off myne owne." See Vol. VII. 206 Vol. VIII. 306. STEEVENS.

[1] —*ſpeciouſly*—] She means to ſay *ſpecially*. STEEVENS.

trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe [2] as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Bard. Here's Miſtreſs Quickly, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe chalices: Go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

[2] In former copies:
——*as they would have drown'd a* blind bitch's *puppies*,—] I have ventured to tranſpoſe the adjective here, againſt the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horſes, a colt from a blind ſtallion loſes much of the value it might otherwiſe have; but are *puppies* ever drown'd the ſooner, for coming from a *blind bitch?* The author certainly wrote, *as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies.* THEOBALD.

The tranſpoſition may be juſtified from the following paſſage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and ſiſters went to it." STEEVENS.

Bar.

Bar. With eggs, ſir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage.—(*Exit. Bardolph*)—How now?

Quic. Marry, ſir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day; good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, ſir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her: Tell her ſo; and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, ſir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, ſir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir!

Fal. Now, maſter Brook? you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, ſir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, ſir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook: but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket!

Fal. [1] By the Lord, a buck-baſket: ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's

[1] *Yea*, a buck baſket:] The old quarto has.—*By the lord*, a buck-baſket, which ſurely ought to be reſtored. The editor of the firſt folio, to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute of King James I. reads—*Yea*, &c. and the editor of the ſecond, which has been followed by the moderns, has made Falſtaff deſert his own character, and aſſume the language of a Puritan. MALONE.

knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in the door; who aſk'd them once or twice, what they had in their baſket: I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, maſter Brook: I ſuffer'd the pangs of three [2] ſeveral deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected with [3] a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compaſs'd, like a good [4] bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be ſtopp'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that,—a man of my [5] kidney—think of that; that am as ſubject to heat, as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that—hiſſing hot—think of that, maſter Brook.

[2] ——*ſeveral deaths:*] Thus the folio and the moſt correct of the quartos. The firſt quarto reads——*egregious deaths.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*detected* with——] Thus the old copies. *With* was ſometimes uſed for *of*. So, a little after,

"I ſooner will ſuſpect the ſun *with* cold."

Detected *of* a jealous, &c.] would have been the common grammar of the times. The modern editors read *by*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*bilbo*——] A *bilbo* is a Spaniſh blade, of which the excellence is flexibleneſs and elaſticity. JOHNSON.

—*bilbo*, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biſcay, where the beſt blades are made. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*kidney*;] *Kidney* in this phraſe now ſignifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falſtaff means, *a man whoſe kidnies are as fat as mine.* JOHNSON.

Ford.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, ſir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a birding: I have receiv'd from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, ſir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me [6] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You ſhall have her, maſter Brook; maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter Ford, awake; awake, maſter Ford; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baſkets!—Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my houſe: he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper box: but, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, [7] I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

[6] —— *addreſs me*——] i. e. make myſelf ready. So in *K. Henry* V:

"To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt*." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *I'll be horn-mad.*] There is no image which our author appears ſo fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by ſome alluſion to horned huſbands. As he wrote his plays for the ſtage rather than the preſs, he perhaps reviewed them ſeldom, and did not obſerve this repetition; or finding the jeſt, however frequent, ſtill ſucceſsful, did not think correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

[8]ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at maſter Ford's already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be preſently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool: Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, ſir Hugh? no ſchool to-day?

Eva. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

[8] This is a very trifling ſcene, of no uſe to the plot, and I ſhould think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakſpeare beſt knew what would pleaſe. JOHNSON.

We may ſuppoſe this ſcene to have been a very entertaining one to the audience for which it was written. Many of the old plays exhibit pedants inſtructing their ſcholars. Marſton has a very long one in his *What you Will*, between a ſchoolmaſter, and *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, &c. his pupils. The title of this play was perhaps borrowed by Shakſpeare, to join to that of *Twelfth Night*. *What you Will* appeared in 1607. *Twelfth Night*, in 1623. STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more; becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter*, *nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*.

Eva. Nominativo, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo*, *hujus*: Well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, *hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accuſativo*, *hung*, *hang*, *hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, o'man. What is the focative caſe, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, William?

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum [9].

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's* caſe! fie on her!—never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he [1] teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? haſt thou no underſtanding for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art a fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies* [2], your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches [3]. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

[9] ——*horum, harum, horum.*] Taylor, the water-poet, has borrowed this jeſt, ſuch as it is, in his character of a ſtrumpet:

"And come to *horum, harum, scehorum*, then
"She proves a great proficient among men."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*to hick and to hack,*] Sir William Blackſtone thought that this, in Dame Quickly's language, ſignifies "to ſtammer or heſitate, as boys do in ſaying their leſſons;" but Mr. Steevens, with more probability, ſuppoſes that it ſignifies, in her dialect, *to do miſchief.* MALONE.

[2] ——your *kies*, your *kæs*, &c.] All this ribaldry is likewiſe found in Taylor the water-poet. See fol. edit. p. 106. STEEVENS.

[3] —— you muſt be *preeches.*] Sir Hugh means to ſay——you muſt be *breech'd*, i. e. flogg'd. To *breech* is to *flog*. See Vol. III. p 482. STEEVENS.

Eva.

Eva. He is a good ſprag[4] memory. Farewell, miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good ſir Hugh. Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ford's houſe.

Enter Falſtaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, ſweet ſir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, ſir John. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, ſweetheart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your huſband is in his

[4]—*ſprag*—] I am told that this word is ſtill uſed by the common people in the neighbourhood of Bath, where it ſignifies *ready, alert, ſprightly*, and is pronounced as if it was written—*ſprack*. STEEVENS.

A *ſpackt* lad or wench, ſays Ray, is *apt to learn, ingenious*. EDITOR.

old lunes[5] again: [6] he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband; ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, [7] *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs, I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carried out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket: proteſts to my huſband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murther.

[5] ——*lunes*———] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. See a note on the *Winter's Tale*. The quarto 1630, and the folio, read *lines*, inſtead of *lunes*. The elder quartos———his old *vaine* again. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *he ſo takes on*——] *To take on*, which is now uſed for *to grieve*, ſeems to be uſed by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any paſſion. JOHNSON.

It is likewiſe uſed for *to rage*, by Naſhe, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication*, &c. 1592: "Some will *take on* like a madman, if they ſee a pig come to table." MALONE.

[7] —*Peer-out,*] That is, *appear horns*. Shakſpeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

And buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, peer out, peer out!] Shakſpeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a ſnail to puſh forth his horns:

Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole.
Or elſe I beat you black as a coal. HENLEY.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the baſket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out; otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came.—[8] But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will ſeek there on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract[9] for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, ſir John. Unleſs you go out diſguis'd—— Mrs. Page, how might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

[8] *But what make you here?*] An obſolete expreſſion for *what do you here.* See Vol. V, 252. VII. 30. MALONE.

[9] ——an *abſtract* ——] i. e. a liſt, an inventory. STEEVENS.

—— *an abſtract.*] i. e. a ſhort note or deſcription. So, in *Hamlet:*

"The *abſtract*, and brief chronicle of the times."

MALONE.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too [1]: Run up, ſir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet ſir John: miſtreſs Page, and I, will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men what they ſhall do with the baſket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight.

[1] ———her *thrum* hat, and her *muffler* too:—] The *thrum* is the end of a weaver's warp, and we may ſuppoſe, was uſed for the purpoſe of making coarſe hats. In the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"O fates, come, come,
"Cut thread and *thrum*."

A *muffler* was ſome part of dreſs that covered the face. So, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"Now is ſhe bare fac'd to be ſeen:—ſtrait on her *Muffler* goes."

Again, in Laneham's account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth caſtle, 1575: "———his mother lent him a nu *muffler* for a napkin, that was tyed to hiz gyrdl for lozyng."

STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuſe him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Servants with the baſket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You youth[2] in a baſket!—Oh, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: Now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What! wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes[3]! Maſter Ford, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

Eva.

[2] *You youth*] This is the reading of the old quarto, and in my opinion preferable to that of the folio, which only has—"Youth in a baſket!" MALONE.

[3] —this *paſſes!*] The force of the phraſe I did not underſtand when our former impreſſion of Shakſpeare was prepared; and therefore gave theſe two words as part of an imperfect ſentence. One of the obſolete ſenſes of the verb, *to paſs*, is, *to go beyond bounds*. So, in *Sir Clyomon, &c. Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"I

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, maſter Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs Ford;—miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband!—I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable! Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; Why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

" I have ſuch a deal of ſubſtance here when Brian's men are ſlaine,
" That it *paſſeth.* Oh that I had while to ſtay!"

Again, in the tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "This *paſſeth*, that I meet with none, but thus they vexe me with ſtrange ſpeeches." STEEVENS.

Shal.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter Ford; [4] this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearch'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman [5]. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms [6], by ſpells, by the

[4] ——*this wrongs you.*] This is below your character, unworthy of your underſtanding, injurious to your honour. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged ſiſter, ſays:

"You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourſelf."

JOHNSON.

[5] —— his wife's *leman.*] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. STEEVENS.

[6] *She works by charms*, &c.] Concerning ſome *old woman of Brentford*, there are ſeveral ballads; among the reſt, *Julian of Brentford's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1599. STEEVENS.

This, without doubt, was the perſon alluded to; for in the early quarto Mrs. Ford ſays, "my maid's aunt, *Gillian* of Brentford, hath a gown above."

So alſo in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607: "I doubt that old hag, *Gillian* of Brainford, has bewitched me, &c." MALONE.

the figure, and ſuch daubery [7] as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, ſweet huſband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Falſtaff in women's cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you [8] ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard [9];

Mr. Steevens, perhaps, has been miſled by the vague expreſſion of the Stationers book. *Iyl of Breyntford's Teſtament*, to which he ſeems to allude, was written by Robert, and printed by William Copland, long before 1599. But this the only publication it is believed concerning the above lady at preſent known, is certainly *no ballad.* REMARKS.

[7] —— ſuch *daubery*—] *Dauberies* are *diſguiſes*. So, in *K. Lear*, Edgar ſays: "I cannot *daub* it further." STEEVENS.

[8] ———*ronyon!*—] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the ſame with *ſcall* or *ſcab* ſpoken of a man. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"Aroint thee witch, the rump-fed *ronyon* cries."

From *Regneux*, Fr. So again: "The *roynish* clown," in *As you like it.* STEEVENS.

[9] —a great *peard*;—] One of the marks of a ſuppoſed witch was a *beard.*

So, in the *Duke's Miſtreſs*, 1638:

"———a chin, without all controverſy, good
"To go a fiſhing with; a *witches beard* on't." See Vol. IV. 475. STEEVENS.

[1] I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I [2] cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again [3].

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat

[1] ——*I ſpy a great peard under her muffler,*] As the ſecond ſtratagem, by which Falſtaff eſcapes, is much the groſſer of the two, I wiſh it had been practiſed firſt. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been ſo deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would ſuffer him to eſcape in ſo ſlight a diſguiſe. JOHNSON.

[2] —*cry out thus upon no trail,*—] The expreſſion is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the ſcent left by the paſſage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" How chearfully on the falſe *trail* they *cry:*
" Oh this is counter, ye falſe Daniſh *dogs!*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *in the way of waſte, attempt us again.*] i. e. he will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and deſtroying our reputation. STEEVENS.

knight

knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period [4] to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans deſire to have three of your horſes: the duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak Engliſh?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes; but I'll make them pay, I'll ſauce them: they have had my houſes a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts: [5] they muſt come off; I'll ſauce them; come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[4] ——*no period*——] Shakſpeare ſeems, by no period, to mean, *no proper cataſtrophe*. Of this Hanmer was ſo well perſuaded, that he thinks it neceſſary to read—no *right* period. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *they muſt come off*;] *To come off*, is, *to pay*. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Maſſinger, in *The Unnatural Combat*, act IV. ſc. ii. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his baſtard, ſays; "*Will you come off, ſir?*" Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"Do not your gallants *come off* roundly then?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, p. 2: "——and then if he will not *come off*, carry him to the compter." Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1616:

"Hark

SCENE IV.

Ford's houſe.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

" Hark in thine ear:—will he *come off* think'ſt thou, and pay my debts?"

Again, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" It is his meaning I ſhould *come off*."

Again, in *The Widow*, by B. Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: " I am forty dollars better for that: an 'twould *come off* quicker 'twere nere a whit the worſe for me." Again, in *A merye Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: " Therefore *come of* lightly, and geve me my mony," STEEVENS.

" They muſt *come off*, ſays mine hoſt; I'll ſauce them." This paſſage has exerciſed the critics. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation, however, from *Maſſinger*, which is referred to likewiſe by Mr. Edwards in his Canons of Criticiſm, ſcarcely ſatisfied Mr. Heath, and ſtill leſs the laſt editor, who gives us, " They muſt *not* come off." It is ſtrange that any one, converſant in old language, ſhould heſitate at this phraſe. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood's play of the *Four P's*, the *pedlar* ſays:

——— " If you be willing to buy,
" Lay down money, *come of* quickly."

In *The Widow*, by Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton,—" if he will *come off* roundly, he'll ſet him free too." And, again, in *Fennor's Comptor's Commonwealth*:—" except I would *come off* roundly, I ſhould be bar'd of that priviledge," &c. FARMER.

The phraſe is uſed by Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 338. edit. Urry:

" *Come off*, and let me riden haſtily,
" Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie."

TYRWHITT.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
[9]I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How! to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park
At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.

Eva. You ſay, he has been thrown in the rivers; and hath been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him hither.

[9] *I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,*] Thus the modern editions.——The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather will ſuſpect the ſun can be a thief, or be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour can be betrayed to wantonneſs. Mr. Rowe ſilently made the change, which ſucceeding editors have as ſilently adopted. A thought of a ſimilar kind occurs in *Hen.* IV. *Part* I.

"Shall the bleſſed *ſun* of heaven prove a *micher?*"

I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Rowe's emendation; as a zeal to preſerve old readings without diſtinction may ſometimes prove as injurious to the author's reputation, as a deſire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintneſs of phraſeology then in uſe. STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, [1]and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld[2],
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;——
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us,
[3]Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page.

[1] ——*and takes the cattle:*] To *take*, in Shakſpeare, ſignifies to ſeize or ſtrike with a diſeaſe, to blaſt. So, in *Lear:*

" ——Strike her young bones,
" Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs." JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's *Treatiſe of Horſes*, 1595, chap. 8. "Of a horſe that is *taken*. A horſe that is bereft of his feeling, mooving or ſtyrring, is ſaid to be *taken*, and in ſooth ſo hee is, in that he is arreſted by ſo villainous a diſeaſe; yet ſome farriors, not well underſtanding the ground of the diſeaſe, conſter the word *taken*, to be ſtriken by ſome planet or evil-ſpirit, which is falſe, &c." Thus our poet:

—— " No planets *ſtrike*, no fairy *takes*." TOLLET.

[2] ——idle-headed *eld*] *Eld* ſeems to be uſed here, for what our poet calls in *Macbeth*—the *olden time*. It is employed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, to expreſs *age* and *decrepitude:*

" ——doth beg the alms
" Of palſied *eld*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge* horns on his head.] This line, which is not in the folio, was reſtored from the old quarto by Mr. Theobald. He at the ſame time introduced another from the ſame copy——" We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field"—which is clearly unneceſſary, and indeed improper; for

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape; When you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins [5], ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
[6] With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
[7] And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And

the word *field* relates to two preceding lines of the quarto, which have not been introduced:

"Now, for that Falſtaff has been ſo deceiv'd,
"As that he dares not meet us in the *houſe*,
"We'll ſend him word to meet us in the *field*."

MALONE.

[5] —*urchins, ouphes,*—] The primitive ſignification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. In this ſenſe it is uſed in the *Tempeſt*. Hence it comes to ſignify any thing little and dwarfiſh. *Ouph* is the Teutonic word for a *fairy* or *goblin*. STEEVENS.

[6] *With ſome diffuſed ſong:*——] A *diffuſed ſong* ſignifies a ſong that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy land. WARBURTON.

Diffuſed may mean *confuſed*. So in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 553: "Rice, quoth he, (i. e. Cardinel Wolſey,) ſpeak you Welch to them: I doubt not but thy ſpeech ſhall be more *diffuſe* to him, than his French ſhall be to thee." TOLLET.

By *diffuſed ſong*, Shakſpeare may mean ſuch irregular ſongs as mad people ſing. Kent, in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to aſſume the appearance of a travelling lunatic, declares his reſolution to *diffuſe his ſpeech*, i. e. to give it the turn peculiar to madneſs. STEEVENS.

[7] *And, fairy-like,* TO *pinch the unclean knight*;] The grammar requires

And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him ſound[7],
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent, I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan ſhall be the queen of all the fairies,

requires us to read:

And, fairy-like TOO, *pinch the unclean knight.* WARBURTON.

This ſhould perhaps be written *to-pinch*, as one word. This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but muſt have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakſpeare. See, Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. iv. fol. 7:

"All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169:

"——mouth and noſe *to-broke*."

The conſtruction will otherwiſe be very hard. TYRWHITT.

I add a few more inſtances to ſhew that this uſe of the prepoſition *to* was not entirely antiquated. Spenſer's *F. Q.* b. iv. c. 7:

"With briers and buſhes all *to-rent* and ſcratched."

Again, b. v. c. 8:

"With locks all looſe, and raiment all *to-tore*."

Again, b. v. c. 9:

"Made of ſtrange ſtuffe, but all *to-worne* and ragged,
"And underneath the breech was all *to-torne* and jagged."

Again, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"The poſt at which he runs, and all *to-burns* it."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"watchet ſattin doublet, all *to-torn*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——pinch him *ſound*,] i. e. *ſoundly*. The adjective uſed as an adverb. The modern editors read——*round*. STEEVENS.

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. [9] That ſilk will I go buy;—and, in that time
Shall maſter Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eaton——Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties[1]
And [2] tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, miſtreſs Ford,
Send Quickly to ſir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will;
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

[9] *That ſilk will I go buy;—and, in* that time] Mr. Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the ſilk, alters it to *tire*. But there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the maſk with which Falſtaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole ſubject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARBURTON.

[1] ——*properties*——] *Properties* are little incidental neceſſaries to a theatre, excluſive of ſcenes and dreſſes. See vol. III. p. 23. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*tricking* for our fairies.] To *trick*, is to dreſs out. So, in *Milton:*

"Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as ſhe was wont,
"With the Attic boy to hunt;
"But kerchief'd in a homely cloud." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Hoſt and Simple.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin[3]? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, ſir, I come to ſpeak with ſir John Falſtaff from maſter Slender.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his [4] ſtanding-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian*[5] unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, 'till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robb'd;

[3] ——what *thick-ſkin?* –] I meet with this term of abuſe in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book vi. chap 30:

" That he ſo foul a *thick-ſkin* ſhould ſo fair a lady catch."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſtanding-bed, and truckle-bed*;—] The uſual furniture of chambers in that time was a ſtanding-bed, under which was a *trochle, truckle*, or *running* bed. In the ſtanding-bed lay the maſter, and in the truckle bed the ſervant. So, in Hall's *Account of a Serville Tutor:*

" He lieth in the *truckle-bed*,

" While his young maſter lieth o'er his head." JOHNSON.

So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" When I lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor."

And here the tutor has the upper bed. Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637: " ——ſhew theſe gentlemen into a cloſe room with a *ſtanding-bed* in't, and a *truckle* too." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Anthropophaginian*——] i. e. a canibal. See *Othello*, act I. ſc. iii. It is here uſed as a ſounding word to aſtoniſh *Simple*. *Epheſian*, which follows, has no more meaning. STEEVENS.

I'll call.——Bully knight! Bully ſir John! ſpeak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine Epheſian, calls.

Falſtaff above.

Fal. How now, mine hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a [5] Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, ſir, was't not the [6] wiſe woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, [7] muſſel-ſhell; What would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, ſir, maſter Slender ſent to her, ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know, ſir, whether one Nym, ſir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

[5] ——*Bohemian-Tartar*——] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypſey*; but I believe the Hoſt means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to inſinuate that Simple makes a ſtrange appearance. JOHNSON.

In Germany there were ſeveral companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and Zigens. "Theſe were the ſame in my opinion," ſays Mezeray, "as thoſe the French call *Bohemians*, and the Engliſh Gypſies." Bulteel's *Tranſlation of Mezeray's Hiſtory of France*, under the year 1417. TOLLET.

[6] ——*wiſe woman*] In our author's time female dealers in palmiſtry and fortune-telling were uſually denominated *wiſe women*. So the perſon from whom Heywood's play of *The Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638, takes its title, is employed in anſwering many ſuch queſtions as are the objects of *Simple's* enquiry. EDITOR.

[7] —— *muſſel-ſhell*;——] He calls poor Simple *muſſel-ſhell*, becauſe he ſtands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, ſir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoke with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, ſir [8].

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, ſir?

Fal. To have her—or no: Go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir [9]?

Fal. Ay, ſir Tike; who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Hoſt. Thou art clerkly [1], thou art clerkly, ſir John; Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my

[8] *I may not* conceal *them, ſir,*
Conceal *them or thou dy'ſt*]
In both theſe inſtances, Dr. Farmer thinks we ſhould read, *reveal.* STEEVENS.

[9] Simple. *May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir?*
Falſtaff, *Ay, ſir, like who more bold.*] In the firſt edition, the latter ſpeech ſtands:
I Tike, who more bolde.——And ſhould plainly be read here, Ay, *ſir Tike*, &c. FARMER.

[1] ——*clerkly*,—] i. e. ſcholar-like. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" ——'Tis very *clerkly* done. STEEVENS.

life:

life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning[4].

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fauſtus's[5].

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not ſay, they are fled; Germans are honeſt men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, ſir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin-germans, that has cozen'd all the hoſts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtogs; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd: Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

[4] ——I *paid* nothing for it neither, but was *paid* for my learning.] He alludes to the beating which he had juſt received. The ſame play on words occurs in *Cymbeline*, act V. "———ſorry you have *paid* too much, and ſorry that you are *paid* too much." STEEVENS.

[5] —three *German* devils, three *Doctor Fauſtus's*.] *John Fauſt*, commonly called *Doctor Fauſtus*, was a *German*. STEEVENS.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Hoſt de Jarterre?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know, to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone;—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been tranſform'd, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I foreſwore myſelf at [6] *Primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers [7], I would repent.——

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the

[6] ——*Primero.*] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

——ſince I foreſwore myſelf at *Primero.*] *Primero* was in Shakſpeare's time the faſhionable game. In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Joſc. Percy was playing at *Primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conſpirator, called on him at Eſſex Houſe. This game is again mentioned in our author's *Hen.* VIII. PERCY.

[7] —— *to ſay my prayers.*---] Theſe words are reſtored from the early quarto. They were probably omitted in the folio, on account of the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. MALONE.

other,

other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd! I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant; ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the [7] action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i' the ſtocks, i' the common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, [8] what ado is here to bring you together! ſure, one

[7] —*action of an old woman,*—] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falſtaff to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch?* Surely, one would imagine, this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape: for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches.* The text muſt certainly be reſtor'd *a wood* woman, a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or miſchievous ſubtlety of a witch in her. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reaſonable enough. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this change is neceſſary. Falſtaff, by counterfeiting ſuch weakneſs and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the puniſhment to which he would otherwiſe have been ſubjected, on the ſuppoſition that he was a witch. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is fully ſupported by what Falſtaf ſays afterwards to Ford: "I went to her, Maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor *old* woman." MALONE.

[8] ——*what ado is here to bring you together!*—] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expreſſions ſo profane, that no neceſſity

one of you does not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak: Aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh: I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both: [9] Fat ſir John Falſtaff
Hath

neceſſity of preſerving character can juſtify them. There are laws of higher authority than thoſe of criticiſm. JOHNSON.

[9] ——Fat *Sir John* Falſtaff,] The words,——*Sir John*,— which are not in the firſt folio, were arbitrarily inſerted in the ſecond, to ſupply the metre. The correſponding paſſage in the early quarto, —— "*Whereon* fat Falſtaffe hath a mighty *ſcarre* [a miſprint for ſcene], renders it highly probable that the omitted word was that above printed in italicks. I would therefore read.

——Without the ſhew of both; *wherein* fat Falſtaff
Hath a great ſcene; —— MALONE.

——————*Sir John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you at large.

A ſimilar alluſion to a cuſtom ſtill in uſe of hanging out painted repreſentations of ſhows, occurs in *Buſſy d'Ambois*:

" The

Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt [1]
[*Shewing a letter.*
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt:
To night at Herne's oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet Nan preſent the fairy queen;
The purpoſe why, is here [2]; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot [3],
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented: now, ſir,
Her mother, even ſtrong againſt that match [4],
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taſking of their minds [5],
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the doctor:—Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him:—her mother hath intended,

"The witch policy makes him like a monſter
"Kept onely to ſhew men for goddeſſe money:
"That falſe hagge often paints him in her cloth
"Ten times more monſtrous than he is in troth."
HENLEY.

[1] ——the *image* of the jeſt] *Image is repreſentation.* So, in *K. Rich.* III:
"And liv'd by looking on his *images*." STEEVENS.

[2] ——is *here*;——] i. e. in the letter. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*are ſomewhat rank on foot,*] i. e. while they are hotly purſuing other merriment of their own. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*even* ſtrong againſt that match,] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read *ever*, but perhaps without neceſſity. *Even* ſtrong, is *as ſtrong, with a ſimilar degree of ſtrength.* So, in *Hamlet*: "——*even* chriſtian" is *fellow* chriſtian. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*taſking* of their minds,] So, in another play of our author:
"——ſome things of weight
"That *taſk* our thoughts concerning us and France."
STEEVENS.

The

The better to denote [6] her to the doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green [7], ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,

[6] ——to *denote*——] We might read—*denote*. So afterwards: "——the white will *decipher* her well enough." STEEVENS.

Surely we not only may, but ought, to read—*denote*. In the folio 1623, the word is exhibited thus:—deuote. It is highly probable that the *n* was reverſed at the preſs. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, we meet: "He is *turn'd* orthographer"——inſtead of *turn'd*. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"*Louely* apart——" for "*Lonely* apart."

Again, in *Hamlet*, quarto, 1605, we meet this very word put by an error of the preſs for *denote*:

"Together with all forms, modes, ſhapes of grief,
"That can *deuote* me truly."

Again, in *Othello*: "——to the contemplation, mark and *deuotement* of her parts"—inſtead of *denotement*. Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act I. "——the myſtery of your *louelineſs*." inſtead of *lonelineſs*. Again, in *K. John*: "This *expedition's* charge." Again, ib. "*inuolnerable*," for—"involnerable." Again, in *K. Henry V.* act III. ſc. vi. "*Leuity* and cruelty," for "*Lenity* and cruelty." MALONE.

[7] ——*quaint* in green,] ——may mean fantaſtically dreſt in green. So, in Milton's *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

"——leſt the place,
"And this *quaint* habit, breed aſtoniſhment."

Quaintneſs, however, was anciently uſed to ſignify *gracefulneſs*. So, in Greene's *Dialogue betweene a He and She Conny-catcher*, 1592: "I began to think what a handſome man he was, and wiſhed that he would come and take a night's lodging with me, ſitting in a dump to think of the *quaintneſs* of his perſonage." In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act III. ſc. i. *quaintly* is uſed for *ingeniouſly*:

"——ladder *quaintly* made of cords." STEEVENS.

In *Daniel's Sonnets* 1594, it is uſed for *fantaſtick*.

Prayers prevail not with a *quaint* diſdayne. MALONE.

And,

And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Falſtaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling;—go.—I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Fal. Away, I ſay; time wears: hold up your head, and mince[8].

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter Brook? Maſter Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, ſir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man: but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, Ford her

[8] ——*hold up your head, and* mince.] To *mince* is to walk with affected delicacy. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" —— turn two *mincing* ſteps
" Into a manly ſtride." STEEVENS.

huſband

huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte; go along with me; I'll tell you all, maſter Brook. Since I pluck'd geeſe, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, maſter Brook! follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Windſor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word [9] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! [1] No man means

[9] ——a *nay-word*——] i. e. a watch-word. Mrs. Quickly has already uſed it in this ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*No* MAN *means evil but the devil,*——] This is a double blunder; for ſome, of whom this was ſpoke, were women. We ſhould read them, *No* ONE *means.* WARBURTON.

means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, Miſtreſs Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Maſter doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and diſpatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, ſir. My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of Falſtaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? [2] and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by

There is no blunder. In the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of ſupreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occaſionally ſtyled *men*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Dogberry ſays: "God's a good *man*." Again, in an Epitaph, part of which has been borrowed as an abſurd one, by Mr. Pope and his aſſociates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient phraſeology:

"Do all we can,
"Death is a *man*.
"That never ſpareth none."

Again, in *Jeronimo, or the Firſt Part of the Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"You're the laſt *man* I thought on, ſave the *devil*."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and the Welch devil Evans?*] The former impreſſion, *and the Welch devil Herne?* But Falſtaff was to repreſent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or ſagacity of our editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewiſe diſcover'd the blunder of this paſſage. THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe only the letter *H.* was ſet down in the MS; and therefore, inſtead of *Hugh* (which ſeems to be the true reading), the editors ſubſtituted *Herne*. STEEVENS.

Herne's

Herne's oak [3], with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of Falſtaff's and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me!—Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns.—Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda;—Oh, omnipotent love! how

[3] ——in a *pit* hard by *Herne's oak*,——] An *oak*, which may be that alluded to by Shakſpeare, is ſtill ſtanding cloſe to a *pit* in Windſor foreſt. It is yet ſhewn as the *oak of Herne*.

STEEVENS.

near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;——O Jove, a beaſtly fault!—and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do[4]? For me, I am here a Windſor ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i' the foreſt: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow[5]? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford and Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes[6]: let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*;

[4] ——*When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do?*] Shakſpeare had perhaps in his thoughts the argument which Cherea employed in a ſimilar ſituation. *Ter. Eun. act* III. *ſc.* v:

" ——————Quia conſimilem luſerat
" Jam olim ille ludum, impendio magis animus gaudebat mihi
" Deum ſeſe in hominem convertiſſe, atque per alienas tegulas
" Veniſſe clanculum per impluvium, fucum factum mulieri.
" At quem deum? qui templa cœli ſumma ſonitu concutit.
" *Ego homuncio hoc non facerem?* Ego vero illud ita feci, ac
" lubens."

A tranſlation of Terence was publiſhed in 1598. MALONE.

[5] —— *Send me a cool rut-time, Jove; or who can blame me to* piſs my tallow? ——] This, I find, is technical. In Turberville's *Booke of Hunting*, 1575: " During the time of their rut, the harts live with ſmall ſuſtenance.——The red muſhroome helpeth well to make them *pyſſe their greace*, they are then in ſo vehement heate, &c." FARMER.

In Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, the phraſe is yet further explained: " *He has piſs'd his tallow.* This is ſpoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men." STEEVENS.

[6] ——rain *potatoes*;——] *Potatoes*, when they were firſt introduced in England, were ſuppoſed to be ſtrong provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note on a paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*, act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

hail kiſſing-comfits [7], and ſnow eringoes [8]; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page is come with me, ſweetheart.

Fal. [9] Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the [1] fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands.

[7] ——*kiſſing-comfits*,—] Theſe were ſugar-plums, perfum'd to make the breath ſweet. So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623;

" ——Sure your piſtol holds
" Nothing but perfumes or *kiſſing-comfits*."

In *Swetman Arraign'd* 1620, theſe confections are called—" *kiſſing-cauſes*." " Their very breath is ſophiſticated with amber-pellets, and *kiſſing-cauſes*." Again, in *The Siege*, or *Love's Convert*, by Cartwright: " ——kept *muſk-plumbs* continually in my mouth, &c." Again, in *A Very Woman*, by Maſſinger:

" *Comfits* of ambergris to help our *kiſſes*."

For eating theſe, queen Mab may be ſaid, in *Romeo and Juliet*, to *plague their lips with bliſters*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*eringoes*.] So in *Drayton's Polyolbion*,

Whoſe root th' Eringo is the reines that dôth inflame,
So ſtrongly to performe the Cytherean game.

HENDERSON.

[9] *Divide me like a* brib'd buck,—] Thus all the old copies, miſtakingly: it muſt be *brib'd-buck*; i. e. a buck ſent for a bribe. THEOBALD.

[1] ——*fellow of this walk*,——] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his ſhoulders for him, I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

To the keeper the *ſhoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquiſite. GREY.

So, in *Friar Bacon*, and *Friar Bungay*, 1599,

" Butter and cheeſe, and *humbles* of a deer,
" Such as poor keepers have within their lodge."

So, in Holinſhed, 1586, vol. I. p. 204: " The keeper, by a cuſtom——hath the ſkin, head, *umbles*, chine and *ſhoulders*."

Holinſhed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of prince Alaſco, was performed " a verie ſtatelie tragedie named *Dido*, wherein the queen's banquet (with Æneas narration of the deſtruction of Troie) was livelie deſcribed in a marchpaine patterne,—*the tempeſt wherein it hailed ſmall confects, rained roſewater, and ſnew an artificial kind of ſnow*, all ſtrange, marvellous and abundant." On this circumſtance very probably Shakſpeare was thinking, when he put the words quoted above into the mouth of Falſtaff. STEEVENS.

huſbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhall this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away.
Mrs. Page. }

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he never would elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a ſatyr; Quickly, Piſtol, and others dreſs'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
[2] You orphan-heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend

A *walk*, is that diſtrict in a foreſt, to which the juriſdiction of a particular keeper extends. So, in *Lodge's Roſalynd*, 1592; "Tell me, foreſter, under whom maintaineſt thou thy *walks?*" Again, *ib. d.* "Thus, for two or three days he walked up and down with his brother, to ſhew him all the commodities that belonged to his *walke.*" MALONE.

[2] *You* ORPHAN *heirs of fixed deſtiny,*] But why *orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, whom they ſucceeded, was yet in being. Doubtleſs the poet wrote:

You OUPHEN *heirs of fixed deſtiny,*

i. e. you *elves*, who miniſter, and ſucceed in ſome of the works of deſtiny. They are called, in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon Alfenne, *lamiæ, dæmones.* Or it may be underſtood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woollen, golden*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plauſibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquieſcence to the vulgar doctrine, the addreſs in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in reſpect of their real parents, and

Attend your office, and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

[3] *Piſtol.* Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys [4].

Cricket, to Windſor chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry [5]:

Our

and now only dependent on *deſtiny* herſelf. A few lines from Spenſer will ſufficiently illuſtrate this paſſage:

" The man whom *heavens* have *ordaynd* to bee
" The ſpouſe of *Britomart* is *Arthegall.*
" He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
" Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne ſib at all,
" To elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
" And whilome by falſe *Faries* ſtolen away,
" Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall, &c,"

Edit. 1590. b. iii. ſt. 26.

FARMER.

The old orthography of *elf* is thus, elphe and phayrie. See *Middleton's Family of Love*, 1608. Might we not read *elphen?*

HENDERSON.

[3] *Elves, liſt your names, &c.*] The modern editors, without any authority, have given theſe lines to *Sir Hugh*. But in the only authentick antient copy, the firſt folio, they are attributed to *Piſtol*; and ought to be reſtored to him. Neither he indeed, nor Mrs. Quickly, ſeem to have been introduced with much propriety here; nor are they named by Ford in a former ſcene, where the intended plot againſt Falſtaff is mentioned. It is highly probable, as a modern editor has obſerved, that the ſame performers, who had repreſented Piſtol and Quickly, were afterwards from neceſſity employed as fairies. Their names thus crept into the copies. MALONE.

[4] *Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.*

Eva. *Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.*] Theſe two lines were certainly intended to rhime together, as the preceding and ſubſequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed, *oyes* and *toyes*. This, therefore, is a ſtriking inſtance of the inconvenience which has ariſen from modernizing the orthography of Shakſpeare.

TYRWHITT.

[5] ——as *bilberry.*] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*. Fairies were always ſuppoſed to have a ſtrong averſion to ſluttery. Thus, in the old ſong of *Robin Good Fellow*. See Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, &c. vol. III;

Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die:
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
[6] Rein up the organs of her fantaſy,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy:

But

" When houſe or hearth doth ſluttiſh lye,
" I pinch the maidens black and blue, &c."
STEEVENS.

[6] RAISE *up the organs of her fantaſy*;] The ſenſe of this ſpeech is——that ſhe, who had performed her religious duties, ſhould be ſecure againſt the illuſion of fancy; and have her ſleep, like that of infancy, undiſturbed by diſordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil ſpirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inſpire wicked dreams into thoſe who, on their going to ſleep, had not recommended themſelves to the protection of heaven. So Shakſpeare makes Imogen, on her lying down, ſay:

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye!

As this is the ſenſe, let us ſee how the common reading expreſſes it;

Raiſe *up the organs of her fantaſy*;

i. e. inflame her imagination with ſenſual ideas; which is juſt the contrary to what the poet would have the ſpeaker ſay. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote;

REIN *up the organs of her fantaſy*;

i. e. *curb* them, that ſhe be no more diſturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their ſleep. For he adds immediately:

Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy.

So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" Give not dalliance too much the REIN."

And, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" I give my ſenſual race the REIN."

To give the rein, being juſt the contrary *to rein up*. The ſame thought he has again in *Macbeth:*

" —— Merciful powers!
" Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
" Gives way to in repoſe." WARBURTON.

This

But thoſe, as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Quic. About, about;
Search Windſor caſtle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room;
That it may ſtand till the perpetual doom,
[7] In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
[8] Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

This is highly plauſible; and yet, *raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy*, may mean, *elevate her ideas above ſenſuality, exalt them to the nobleſt contemplation.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton appears to me to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage; and his alteration of the text, is in my opinion unneceſſary. I would, therefore, by no means diſturb the old reading—*raiſe*. Bede is injoined, wherever he finds a maid, *though* ſhe, after having prayed to the deity, ſhould ſleep in conſequence of her innocence, as ſoundly as an infant, to *elevate* her fancy, and amuſe her mind with ſome delightful viſion.—A comma ſhould, I think, be placed after *fantaſy*, and a ſemicolon after *infancy*. *Sleep ſhe*—has the force of—*though* ſhe ſleep. MALONE.

[7] *In* ſtate *as wholeſome*,——] The Oxford editor, not knowing the meaning of *wholeſome*, has altered it to,

In ſite *as wholeſom*,

and ſo has made the wiſh a moſt abſurd one. For the ſite or ſituation muſt needs be what it is, till the general deſtruction. But *wholſom* here ſignifies *integer*. He wiſhes the caſtle may ſtand in its preſent ſtate of perfection, which the following words plainly ſhew;

——— *as in ſtate 'tis fit.* WARBURTON.

[8] *Worthy the owner*, AND *the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to queen Elizabeth directs us to another:

—— AS *the owner it.*

For, ſure, he had more addreſs than to content himſelf with wiſhing a thing *to be*, which his complaiſance muſt ſuppoſe actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner. WARBURTON.

Surely this change is unneceſſary. The fairy wiſhes that the caſtle and its owner, *till the day of doom*, may be worthy of each other. Queen Elizabeth's worth was not devolvable, as we have ſeen by the conduct of her fooliſh ſucceſſor. The prayer of the fairy is therefore ſufficiently reaſonable and intelligible without alteration. STEEVENS.

The

[9] The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair inſtalment coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the Garter's compaſs, in a ring:
The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Penſe*, write,
[1] In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like

[9] *The ſeveral chairs of order, look you ſcour*
With juice of balm, &c.] It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us, that the Romans did the ſame, to drive away evil ſpirits. STEEVENS.

[1] *In emerald tufts, flowers* PURPLE, *blue, and white*;
Like ſaphire, pearl, AND *rich embroidery*,] Theſe lines are moſt miſerably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue, and white*—the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the editors, who ſeem to have been ſenſible of the imperfection of the compariſon, read, AND *rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to ſaphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus, inſtead of mending one falſe ſtep, they have made two, by bringing *ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet:

In emerald-tufts, flowers PURFLED, *blue, and white*;
Like ſaphire, pearl, IN *rich embroidery.*

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the green-ſward, like ſaphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinſel, gold thread, &c. ſo our anceſtors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So Spenſer:

" ——ſhe was yclad,
" All in a ſilken camus, lilly white,
" PURFLED upon, with many a folded plight."

The change of *and* into *in*, in the ſecond verſe, is neceſſary. For flowers worked, or *purfled* in the graſs, were not like ſaphire and pearl ſimply, but ſaphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have ſhewn above. WARBURTON.

Whoever is convinced by Dr. Warburton's note, will ſhew he has very little ſtudied the manner of his author, whoſe ſplendid incor-

Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flowers for their [2] charactery.
Away; diſperſe: But, till tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man [3] of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

incorrectneſs in this inſtance, as in many others, is ſurely preferable to the inſipid regularity propoſed in its room. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*charactery.*] For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

So, in another of our author's plays:

"All the *charactery* of my ſad brows."

i. e. all that ſeems to be written on them. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*of middle earth.*] Spirits are ſuppoſed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground; men therefore are in a middle ſtation. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Thou mayſt them flea with dint of ſwearde,
"And win the fayreſt mayde *of middle erde.*"

Again:

"——————the beſt knight
"That ever was *in middle earde.*"

Again, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, fol. 26:

"Adam, for pride loſt his price
"In *mydell erth.*"

Again, in an ancient alliterative ode, quoted by Mr. Warton, in his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*:

"*Middle-erd* for mon was made"

Again, the MSS. called *William and the Werwolf* in the library of King's College, Cambridge, p. 15.

"And ſeide God that madeſt man and all *middle erthe.*"

STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS ſays, the phraſe ſignifies neither more nor leſs, than the *earth* or *world*, from its imaginary ſituation in the *midſt* or *middle* of the Ptolemaic ſyſtem, and has not the leaſt reference to either ſpirits or fairies. EDITOR.

Eva.

Eva. Vile worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth[4].

Quic. [5] With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire!—
About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. [6] It is right; indeed he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on ſinful phantaſy!
Fie on luſt and luxury[7]*!*

[4] *Vile* worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.] The old copy reads—*vild*. That *vild*, which ſo often occurs in theſe plays, was not an error of the preſs, but the pronunciation of the time, appears from theſe lines of Heywood, in his *Pleaſant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

" EARTH. What goddeſs, or how *ſtyl'd*?
" AGE. *Age*, am I call'd
" EARTH. Hence falſe virago *vild*." MALONE.

[5] *With trial-fire*, &c.] So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

" In this flame his finger thruſt,
" Which will burn him if he luſt;
" But if not, away will turn,
" As loth unſpotted fleſh to burn." STEEVENS.

[6] Eva. *It is right, indeed,*——] This ſhort ſpeech, which is very much in chracter for ſir Hugh, I have inſerted from the old quarto, 1619. THEOBALD.

[7] —— and *luxury!*] *Luxury* is here uſed for *incontinence*. So, in *King Lear*: " To't *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Luſt*

[9] *Luſt is but a bloody fire,*
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart; whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

[1] *During this ſong, they pinch him.*[2]. *Doctor Caius comes one way, and ſteals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and ſteals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falſtaff pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter, ſerve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher:—
Now, good ſir John, how like you Windſor wives?

[9] *Luſt is but a* bloody *fire,*] A *bloody fire*, means *a fire in the blood.* In *The Second Part of Hen.* IV. act iv. the ſame expreſſion occurs:

"Led on by *bloody* youth," &c.

i. e. ſanguine youth. STEEVENS.

Again, in *the Tempeſt*, we have the very expreſſion of the text:

——— "the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
"To the *fire i' the blood.*"

And in *Othello*: "It is merely a luſt in the blood."

MALONE.

[1] *During this ſong,*——] This direction I thought proper to inſert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

[2] —— *they* pinch *him.*] So, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591: "The fairies dance, and, with a ſong, *pinch* him." And, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600, they threaten the ſame puniſhment. STEEVENS.

See

[3] See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair yoaks
Become the foreſt better than the town?

Ford. Now, ſir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter Brook, Falſtaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, maſter Brook: And, maſter Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which muſt be paid to maſter Brook; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent [4], when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva.

[3] *See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair* oaks
Become the foreſt better than the town?] What *oaks*, in the name of nonſenſe. do our ſagacious editors make Mrs. Page talk of? The *oaks* in the *park?* But there was no intention of tranſplanting them into the *town.*——*Talis inſcitiæ me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The firſt folio reads, as the poet intended, *yoaks:* and Mrs. Page's meaning is this. She ſpeaks to her own, and Mrs. Ford's huſband, and aſks them, if they ſee the *horns* in Falſtaff's hand; and then, alluding to them as the types of *cuckoldom*, puts the queſtion, whether thoſe *yoaks* are not more proper in the *foreſt* than in the *town*, i. e. than in their families, as a reproach to them? THEOBALD.

Shakſpeare may uſe *oaks* for *branches*. *Branching* is an epithet as commonly beſtowed on *horns* as on *trees*. STEEVENS.

Oaks is the corrupt reading of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] ——*how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,*—] A Jack o'Lent appears to have been ſome puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So,

Eva. Sir John Falſtaff, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealouſies alſo, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the ſun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize[5]? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter! have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of Engliſh? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, ſir John, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

So, in the old comedy of *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

" ——— throwing cudgels
" At *Jack-a-lents*, or Shrove-cocks."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed:*

" ——if I forfeit,
" Make me a *Jack o'Lent*, and break my ſhins
" For untagg'd points, and counters."——

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" ——— on an Aſh-Wedneſday,
" Where thou didſt ſtand ſix weeks the *Jack o' Lent*,
" For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

STEEVENS.

[5] —*a coxcomb of Frize?*] i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in *K. Edward* I. 1599: " Enter Lluellin, alias prince of Wales, &c. with ſwords and bucklers, and *frieze* jerkins." Again: " Enter Suſſex, &c. with a mantle of *frieze*." " —my boy ſhall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm." STEEVENS.

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel[6]; [7] ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me: uſe me as you will.

Ford.

[6] —the Welch *flannel*;——] The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, ſo that it is almoſt unneceſſary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of *King Edward* I. 1599: "Enter Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench in *flannel*, and Jack his novice." Again:

"Here's a wholeſome Welch wench,
"Lapt in her *flannel*, as warm as wool." STEEVENS.

[7] —*ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me:*—] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confeſſing his dejection. I ſhould wiſh to read:

——*ignorance itſelf* has a plume o' *me:*

That is, I am ſo depreſſed, that ignorance itſelf plucks me, and decks itſelf with the ſpoils of my weakneſs. Of the preſent reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am ſo enfeebled, that *ignorance itſelf* weighs me down and oppreſſes me. JOHNSON.

"Ignorance itſelf, ſays Falſtaff is a *plummet* o'er me." If any alteration be neceſſary, I think, "Ignorance itſelf is a *planet* o'er me," would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil excuſes his cowardice: "Sure I was ſtruck with a *planet*, for I had no power to touch my *weapon*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have ſupported his conjecture by a paſſage in *K. Henry* VI. where queen Margaret ſays, that Suffolk's face:

"——rul'd like a wandring *planet over* me." STEEVENS.

Perhaps Falſtaff's meaning may be this: "Ignorance itſelf is a plummet *o'er me:* i. e. *above me*;" ignorance itſelf it not ſo low as I am, by the length of a *plummet-line*. TYRWHITT.

A paſſage

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one maſter Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pandar; over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

[8] *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, huſband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will deſire thee to [9] laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, maſter Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aſide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd!—I'll make the beſt in Gloceſterſhire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

A paſſage in our author's 78th *Sonnet* adds ſome ſupport to the emendation propoſed by Dr. Johnſon:

"Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
"And *heavy ignorance aloft to fly*—."

If *plume* be the true reading, Falſtaff, I ſuppoſe, meant to ſay, that even ignorance, however heavy, could *ſoar* above him.

MALONE.

[8] Mrs. Ford, *Nay, huſband,*—] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I preſume, was by the players. Sir John Falſtaff is ſufficiently puniſhed, in being diſappointed and expoſed. The expectation of his being proſecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the concluſion too tragical a turn. Beſides, it is *poetical juſtice* that Ford ſhould ſuſtain this loſs, as a fine for his unreaſonable jealouſy.

THEOBALD.

[9] ——*laugh at my wife*—] The two plots are excellently connected, and the tranſition very artfully made in this ſpeech.

JOHNSON.

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry miſtreſs Anne Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but marry boys[1]?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is miſtreſs Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor. [*Exit Caius.*

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me: Here comes maſter Fenton.

[1] —— *marry boys?*] This and the next ſpeech are likewiſe reſtorations from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, maſter Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with maſter doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedienee, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

[2] *Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What

[2] Page. *Well, what remedy?*——] In the firſt ſketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope obſerves, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only ſentiment of which I regret the omiſſion, occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. *Come, Mrs. Page, I muſt be bold with you,*
'Tis pity to part love that is ſo true.

Mrs. Page. [Aſide.] *Although that I have miſs'd in my intent,*
Yet I am glad my huſband's match is croſs'd.
——*Here Fenton, take her.*——

Eva. *Come, maſter Page, you muſt needs agree.*

Ford. *I' faith, ſir, come, you ſee your wife is pleas'd.*

What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further:—Maſter Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!——
Good Huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:—Sir John,
To maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*
And yet it doth me good the doctor miſs'd.
Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter.

Of this play there is a tradition preſerved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was ſo delighted with the character of Falſtaff, that ſhe wiſhed it to be diffuſed through more plays; but ſuſpecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diverſify his manner, by ſhewing him in love. No taſk is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakſpeare knew what the queen, if the ſtory be true, ſeems not to have known, that by any real paſſion of tenderneſs, the ſelfiſh craft, the careleſs jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falſtaff muſt have ſuffered ſo much abatement, that little of his former caſt would have remained. Falſtaff could not love, but by ceaſing to be Falſtaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his profeſſions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleaſure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, ſeems not to have been able to give Falſtaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the perſonages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and diſcriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakſpeare was the firſt that produced upon the Engliſh ſtage the effect of language diſtorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide*. This mode

* In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an *Italian* merchant, very ſtrongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. *Dodypoll*, in the comedy

mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praiſe only on him, who originally diſcovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgement: its ſucceſs muſt be derived almoſt wholly from the player, but its power in a ſkilful mouth, even he that deſpiſes it, is unable to reſiſt.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the concluſion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius ſhall finally be tried, is ſuch, that perhaps it never yet had reader or ſpectator who did not think it too ſoon at an end. JOHNSON.

comedy which bears his name, is, like *Caius*, a French phyſician. This piece appeared at leaſt a year before the *Merry Wives of Windſor*. The hero of it ſpeaks ſuch another jargon as the antagoniſt of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his miſtreſs. In ſeveral other pieces, more ancient than the earlieſt of Shakſpeare's, provincial characters are introduced. STEEVENS.

*** The ſtory of *The Two Lovers of Piſa*, from which (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved) Falſtaff's adventures in this play ſeem to have been taken, is thus related in *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, bl. let. no date *.

" In Piſa a famous cittie of Italye, there liued a gent'eman of good linage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but indeed well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onlye daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and deſired of many: but neither might their ſutes, nor her owne preuaile about her fathers reſolution, who was determyned not to marrye her, but to ſuch a man as ſhould be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Diuers young gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine: a maide ſhee muſt bee ſtill: till at laſt an olde doctor in the towne, that profeſſed phiſicke, became a ſutor to her; who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthieſt men in all Piſa. A tall ſtripling he was and a proper youth, his age about fourſcore; his heade as white as milke, wherein for offence ſake there was left neuer a tooth, but it is no matter; what he wanted in perſon he had in the purſe; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wiſhing rather to tie her ſelf to one that might fit her content, though they liued meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But ſhee was yong and forceſt to follow her fathers direction, who vpon large couenants was content his daughter ſhould marry with the doctor, and whether ſhe likte him or no, the match was made vp, and in ſhort time ſhe was married. The poore wench was bound to the ſtake, and had not onely an olde impotent man, but one that was ſo iealous, as none might enter into his houſe without ſuſpicion, nor ſhee doo any thing without blame: the leaſt glance, the ſmalleſt countenance, any ſmile was a manifeſt inſtance to him, that ſhee thought of others better than himſelfe; thvs he himſelfe liued in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At laſt it chaunced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her houſe, and ſeeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and that ſo ex-

* Entered on the Stationers' Books, June 26, 1590.

treamely,

treamely, as his paſſions had no means till her fauour might mitigate his heartſicke diſcontent. The yong man, that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had neuer been vſed to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reueale his paſſions to ſome one freend, that might give him counſaile for the winning of her loue; and thinking experience was the ſureſt maiſter, on a daye ſeeing the olde doctor walking in the churche, (that was Margarets huſband,) little knowing who he was, he thought this the fitteſt man to whom he might diſcouer his paſſions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a phiſition that with his drugges might helpe him forward in his purpoſes; ſo that ſeeing the old man walke ſolitary, he ioinde vnto him, and after a curteous ſalute, tolde him he was to impart a matter of great import vnto him; wherein if hee would not onely be ſecrete, but indeuour to pleaſure him, his pains ſhould bee euery way to the full conſidered. You muſt imagine, gentleman, qouth Mutio, for ſo was the doctors name, that men of our profeſſion are no blabs, but hold their ſecrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reueale what you pleaſe, it ſhall not onely be concealed, but cured; if either my art or counſaile may do it. Upon this Lionell (ſo was the young gentleman called) told and diſcourſt vnto him from point to point how he was falne in loue with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profeſſion; diſcouered her dwelling and the houſe; and for that he was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in loue matters, he required his fauour to further him with his aduiſe. Mutio at this motion was ſtung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in loue withall: yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wiue's chaſtity, and that if ſhe plaide falſe, he might be reuengde on them both, he diſſembled the matter, and anſwered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but ſaide, ſhe had a churle to her huſband, and therefore he thought ſhee would be the more tractable: trie her man quoth hee; ſainte hart neuer wonne fair lady; and if ſhee will not be brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide ſuch a potion as ſhall diſpatch all to your owne content; and to giue you further inſtructions for oportunitie, knowe that her huſband is foorth euery afternoone from three till ſixe. Thus farre I

haue aduiſed you, becauſe I pitty your paſſions as my ſelfe, being once a louer: but now I charge thee reueale it to none whomſoeuer, leaſt it doo diſparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The young gentleman not onely promiſed all carefull ſecrecy, but gaue him harty thanks for his good counſell, promiſing to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almoſt mad for feare his wife any way ſhould play falſe. He ſaw by experience, braue men came to beſiege the caſtle, and ſeeing it was in a womans cuſtodie, and had ſo weake a gouernor as himſelfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered up: which fear made him almoſt franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riual. Lionello, he haſtes him home, and ſutes him in his brauery, and goes downe towards the houſe of Mutio, where he ſees her at her windowe, whome he courted with a paſſionate looke, with ſuch an humble ſalute, as ſhee might percieue how the gentleman was affectionate. Margaretta looking earneſtlye upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Piſa; thinkte her ſelf fortunate if ſhe might haue him for her freend, to ſupply thoſe defaultes that ſhee found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he paſt by her windowe, and he caſt not vp more louing lookes, then he receiued gratious fauours: which did ſo encourage him, that the next daye betweene three and ſixe hee went to her houſe, and knocking at the doore, deſired to ſpeake with the miſtris of the houſe, who hearing by her maids deſcription what he was, commanded him to come in, where ſhe interteined him with all curteſie.

" The youth that neuer before had giuen the attempt to court a ladye, began his exordium with a bluſhe; and yet went forward ſo well, that hee diſcourſt vnto her howe hee loued her, and that if it might pleaſe her ſo to accept of his ſeruice, as of a freende euer vowde in all duetye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour ſhould bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to priſe her diſcontent with his bloude at all times.

" The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day at foure of the clock hee ſhould come thither and eat a pound of cherries, which was reſolved on with a ſuccado des labres; and ſo with a

loath to departe they tooke their leaues. Lionello, as ioyful a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, ſyr, quoth Mutio? How haue you ſped? Euen as I can wiſhe quoth Lionello; for I haue been with my miſtreſſe, and haue found her ſo tractable, that I hope to make the olde peaſant her huſband looke broad-headded by a pair of brow-antlers. How deepe this ſtrooke into Mutios hart, let them imagine that can coniecture what iealoſie is; inſomuch that the olde doctor aſkte, when ſhould be the time: marry, quoth Lionello, to-morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoon; and then maiſter doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde ſquire knight of the forked order.

" Thus they paſt on in that, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his houſe, couering all his ſorrowes with a merrye countenaunce, with full reſolution to reuenge them both the next day with extremetie. He paſt the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it ſhould be foure of the clocke. At the houre iuſtly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curteſie: but ſcarſe had they kiſt, ere the maide cried out to her miſtreſſe that her maiſter was at the doore; for he haſted, knowing that a horne was but a little while in grafting. Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a ſhifte chopt Lionello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and ſat her downe cloſe to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing; and as though hee came to looke ſomewhat in haſte, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in euery place, ſearching ſo narrow ye in euerye corner of the houſe, that he left not the very priuie vnſearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee ſaide nothing, but layning himſelfe not well at eaſe, ſtaide at home, ſo that poore Lionello was fayne to ſtaye in the driſatte till the olde churle was in bed with his wife: and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

" Well, the next daye he went againe to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his wonted walke. What news, quoth Mutio? How haue you ſped? A poxe of the olde ſlaue, quoth Lionello, I was no ſooner in, and had giuen my miſtreſſe one kiſſe, but the iealous aſſe was at the doore; the maide

maide ſpied him, and cryed *her maiſter:* ſo that the poore gentlewoman for verye ſhifte, was faine to put me in a drie-fatte of feathers that ſtoode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and aſleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

" But it is no matter: twas but a chance; and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: ſhe ſent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thurſday next the old churle ſuppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Piſa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thank you, quoth Lionello; and ſo after a little more prattle they departed.

" To bee ſhorte; Thurſday came; and about ſixe of the clooke foorth goes Mutio, no further than a freendes houſe of his, from whence hee might deſcrye who went into his houſe. Straight hee ſawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, inſomuche that hee was ſcarſelye ſitten downe, before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maiſter comes.* The good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two ſeelings of a plauncher, and there ſhe thruſt Lionello; and her huſband came ſweting. What news, quoth ſhee, driues you home againe ſo ſoone huſband? Marrye ſweete wife (quoth he) a fearful dreame that I had this night which came to my remembrance, & that was this; Methought there was a villeine that came ſecretly into my houſe with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himſelfe, but I could not finde the place; with that mine noſe bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will ſeeke euery corner in the houſe for the quiet of my minde. Marry I pray you doo, huſband, quoth ſhe. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to ſearch euery chamber, euery hole, euery cheſt, euery tub, the very well; he ſtabed euery fetherbed through, and made hauocke, like a mad man, which made him think all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eies that thought they ſaw that which they did not. Upon this he reſte halfe lunaticke, aud all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he fell into a dead ſleepe, and then was Lionello conueighed away.

" In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no meanes hee ſhould be able to take Lyonello

tardy,

tardy: yet he laid in his head a moſt dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I muſt the next Monday ride to Vicenſa to viſit an old patient of mine; till my returne, which will be ſome ten dayes, I will haue thee ſtay at our little graunge houſe in the countrey. Marry very well content, huſband, quoth ſhe: with that he kiſt her, and was verye pleaſant, as though he had ſuſpected nothing, and away hee flings to the church, where hee meetes Lionello. What ſir, quoth he, what newes? Is your miſtreſſe yours in poſſeſſion? No, a plague of the old ſlave, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magick: for I can no ſooner enter in the doors, but he is at my backe, and ſo he was againe yeſternight; for I was not warme in my ſeate before the maide cried, *my maiſter comes*; and then was the poore ſoule faine to conueigh me between two ſeelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpoſe: wher I laught hartely to myſelf, to ſee how he ſought euery corner, ranſackt euery tub, and ſtabd euery featherbed,—but in vaine; I was ſafe enough till the morning, and then when he was faſt aſleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio: Ay, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the laſt time, and now ſhee wil begin to ſmile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicenſa, and his wife lyes at a grange houſe a little of the towne, and there in his abſeuce I will reuenge all forepaſſed misfortunes. God ſend it be ſo, quoth Mutio; and took his leaue. Theſe two louers longed for Monday, and at laſt it came. Early in the morning Mutio horſt himſelfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange houſe; where after he had brok his faſt he took his leaue, and away towards Vicenſa. He rode not far ere by a falſe way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of country peaſants lay in an ambuſcade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping; and aſſoon as he came within ſight of the houſe, he ſent back his horſe by his boy, & went eaſily afoot, & there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him up ye ſtaires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber, ſaying he was welcome into ſo mean a cottage: but quoth ſhe, now I hope fortune ſhal not enuy the purity of our loues. Alas, alas, miſtris, (cried the maid,) heer is my maiſter, and 100 men with him, with bills and ſtaues. We are betraid,

quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth ſhe, but follow me; and ſtraight ſhe carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where ſtoode an old rotten cheſt full of writinges. She put him into that, and couered him with olde papers and euidences, and went to the gate to meet her huſband. Why ſignior Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth ſhe? Vile and ſhameleſſe ſtrumpet as thou art, thou ſhalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy loue? All we haue watcht him, & ſeen him enter in: now quoth he, ſhal neither thy tub of feathers nor thy ſeeling ſerue; for periſh he ſhall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy worſt, iealous foole, quoth ſhe; I aſk thee no fauour. With that in a rage he beſet the houſe round, and then ſet fire on it. Oh in what a perplexitie was poor Lionello that was ſhut in a cheſt, and the fire about his eares? And how was Margaret paſſionat, that knew her louer in ſuch danger? Yet ſhe made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maide to her and ſaid: Come on wench; ſeing thy maiſter mad with ielouſie hath ſet the houſe and al my liuing on fire, I will be reuenged vpon him; help me heer to lift this old cheſt where all his writings and deeds are, let that burne firſt, and aſſoon as I ſee that on fire I will walk towards my freends: for the old foole wil be beggard, and I will refuſe him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and ſtatutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the cheſt into the feeld, and ſee it were ſafe; himſelf ſtanding by and ſeeing his houſe burnd downe, ſticke and ſtone. Then quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking aſſuredly yt he had burnd her paramour; cauſing his cheſt to be carried in a cart to his houſe at Piſa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her brethren of the iealouſie of her huſband; who maintained her it be true, and deſired but a daies reſpite to prooue it. Wel, hee was bidden to ſupper the next night at her mothers, ſhe thinking to make her daughter and him freends againe. In the mean time he to his woonted walk in the church, & there præter expectationem he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he ſtraight enquires, what news? What newes, maiſter docter, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yeſterday I ſcapt a ſcowring: for, ſyrrah, I went to the

grange

grange houſe, where I was appointed to come, and I was no ſooner gotten vp the chamber, but the magical villeine her huſband beſet the houſe with bils & ſtaues, and that he might be ſure no ſeeling nor corner ſhould ſhrowde me, he ſet the houſe on fire, and ſo burnt it downe to the ground. Why quoth Mutio, and how did you eſcape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a womans wit! She conueighed me into an old cheſt ful of writings, which ſhe knew her huſband durſt not burne; and ſo was I ſaued and brought to Piſa, and yeſternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleaſanteſt ieſt that euer I heard; and vpon this I haue a ſute to you. I am this night bidden footh to ſupper; you ſhall be my gueſt; onleye I will craue ſo much favour, as after ſupper for a pleaſant ſport to make relation what ſucceſſe you haue had in your loues. For that I will not ſticke, quoth he; and ſo he caried Lionello to his mother in-lawes houſe with him, and diſcouered to his wiues brethren who he was, and how at ſupper he would diſcloſe the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets huſband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, & ſo did the mother too; and Margaret ſhe was kept out of ſight. Supper time being come, they fell to their victals, & Lionello was carrowſt vnto by Mutio, who was very pleaſant to draw him to a merry humour that he might to the ful diſcourſe the effect & fortunes of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requeſted him to tell to the gentlemen what had hapned between him & his miſtreſſe. Lionello with a ſmiling countenance began to deſcribe his miſtreſſe, the houſe and ſtreet where ſhe dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, and how he vſed the counſell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his ſecretarye. Margaret heard all this with a great feare: & when he came at the laſt point ſhe cauſed a cup of wine to be given him by one of her ſiſters wherein was a ring that he had given Margaret. As he had told how he eſcape burning, and was ready to confirm all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who taking the cup, and ſeing the ring, hauing a quick wit and a reaching head, ſpide the ſetch, and perceiued that all this while this was his louers huſband, to whome hee had reuealed thee eſcapes. At this drinking ye wine, and ſwallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth

he,

he, how like you of my loues and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true quoth he, as if I would be ſo ſimple as to reueal what I did to Margarets huſband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her huſband whom I notified to be my louer; and for yt he was generally known through Piſa to be a iealous fool, therfore with theſe tales I brought him into this paradice, which indeed are follies of mine owne braine: for truſt me, by the faith of a gentleman, I neuer ſpake to the woman, was neuer in her companye, neither doo I know her if I ſee her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was aſhamde that Lionello had ſo ſcoft him: but all was well,——they were made friends; but the ieſt went ſo to his hart, that he ſhortly after died, and Lionello enioyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles."

It is obſervable that in the foregoing novel (which, I believe, our author had read,) there is no trace of the buck-baſket.——In the firſt tale of *The Fortunate, The Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers*, 1684, a young ſtudent of Bologna is taught by an old doctor how to make love; and his firſt eſſay is practiſed on his inſtructor's wife. The jealous huſband having tracked his pupil to his houſe, enters unexpectedly, fully perſuaded that he ſhould detect his wife and her lover together; but the gallant is protected from his fury by being concealed *under a heap of linen half-dried*; and afterwards informs him (not knowing that his tutor was likewiſe his miſtreſs's huſband) what a lucky eſcape he had. It is therefore, I think, highly probable that Shakſpeare had read both ſtories. MALONE.

THE END OF VOL. I.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM